

# MUSEUM

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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From the Examiner, May 19.

### THE PROJECT FOR SLAVERY.

Further consideration has confirmed the opinion we expressed upon the first glance at this project—that it is impracticable. It meddles with slavery without bestowing freedom; it breaks in upon the master's authority and yet it continues the negroes' forced labour. It takes away the fear of immediate punishment, and it does not substitute the immediate rewards of industry. It attempts to eke out the motives to labour by compulsion removed to the hands of the magistrate, and the far distant application of wages to the purchase of liberty. The first change will make the negro fear the whip less, but will the second inspire him with a love of labour? Look at human nature in circumstances most favourable to forecast and fortitude. Consider how weak are motives which are drawn from a distance of a dozen years; how faintly they operate on conduct; how uncertain seems the object so far removed; how languid the expectations, and incapable of combating the temptation to present indulgence and enjoyment? It is reckoned that for twelve years the negro will lay by the wages of the fourth of his labour, and live meanwhile on the allowances of a slave, foregoing all allurements of ease and pleasure for the distant blessing of liberty. This plan is not framed, as alleged, for men unfit for freedom, but for sages, for miracles of self-denial for self-ennoblement. Their reward after all is only to rank with men, but in the attainment of it they must practice more than the common virtues of men; and this perfection is to be exhibited in the preparation, the mere preparation, for the use of liberty! Why, according to these views, the great school of philosophy should be the slave gangs; our divines should repair to them for examples of victory of the elevated desires over the instant sensual solicitations. They see no such instances at Oxford and Cambridge—no such training for the right use of power as is expected for the right use of liberty. The black skins are expected to do for earth what the black-coats

will not do for heaven. The forethought of our own labouring people does not generally extend from one Saturday to another, but the forethought of the poor negroes is to extend to the end of twelve years. They must toil and hoard, and toil and hoard, patiently and abstinently, and never flag and sink at heart with the thought that death may overtake them in their yet slavish condition, and cut off the enjoyment for which they have made all exertions and all sacrifices. There are men in civilized society who submit to a state of uneasiness and privations, for the attainment of remote objects, (often of an unworthiness which has the strongest temptation for unworthiness,) and their energy and fortitude are admired, however the direction of them may be condemned by the moralist; and the poor slave, for the distant prize of self-possession, is expected to display the same rare qualities, though it is said that he is yet unqualified for freedom!

What is to be the condition of the negro during the period between the passing of the law and the purchase of his own body. In the project the name of slavery is abolished and apprenticeship substituted, and we admit that, if there were any magical force in words, there are many parts of the project under consideration which would be well conceived, but the fault is that the words and the men are at odds, on both the black and the white side. The legislation of Mr. Stanley would have many recommendations which it wants, if the nature of the men, with which it has to do, were wholly different from what it is, and were the geography of the West Indies accommodated to the Secretary's superintendence of the administration of the laws. Though blacks were stoic philosophers, yet whites remaining no better than whites are, it would be necessary, to the effect of Mr. Stanley's legislation, to bring the West Indies alongside of Great Britain, we say alongside, because we have experience of the ill effect of any geographical division in the government of Ireland. If Jamaica were as Yorkshire we think Mr. Stanley might, by great energy, and the watchfulness of

an Argus, compel the observance of the rights of the slaves, (or apprentices, as he prefers to call them). Mr. Finlay will tell him that the laws hitherto framed for the regulation of infant labour in factories, not farther distant than the North of Great Britain, under the very eyes of the Legislature, and the hands of their power, have never been enforced. It is, indeed, always of passing difficulty to procure the performance of regulations where there is an interested and stubborn local hostility, and especially when the law has to put forth a long arm, which, though capable of striking forcibly in a peremptory blow, feeble in minute and protracted directions. Mr. Stanley relies on the example of Venezuela, where the governing power had immediate cognizance and immediate action. The West Indian is a very different case, and the Minister has misled himself with an obviously false analogy. Were the slaves in Great Britain, Mr. Stanley's project would be more feasible.

But supposing time and space were annihilated, and that the authority of England could secure the rights of the blacks, what would then be their condition? We are told that slavery would be abolished. "*The slave*," says an advocate for the plan, "*would immediately acquire all the rights enjoyed by his fellow men.*" How? The choice offered to him is to be apprenticed labourer, or unconditionally slave. Is this alternative consistent with the rights of freemen? But if he accept the first branch of it, he may in a dozen years become a freeman, if he have fair play from the master and the magistrate, and self-denial, prudence, and length of days; and he may enjoy liberty if he have youth and vigour on his side, and strength remaining, after twelve years of labour, to profit by the possession of his own body. An apprenticed labourer is to be a being three-fourths of compelled labour, and one-fourth of pledged labour to be carried to the account of his self-purchase. This fourth part of the labour, which is for the slave's ultimate benefit supposing he live, and live prudently and industriously, must in some way be compelled, for out of it is to be rendered a tax for the repayment of a loan (as it is fraudulently called) to the proprietor, in default of which the proprietor is responsible. Now if this tax out of the negro's wages must be paid by the negro or the planter, the work for the wages must be compulsory, and thus the apprenticed labourer is not his own master as to that portion of his time which is ostensibly set apart for his own benefit and free-will. If he fail to render his portion of the repayment of the loan to his proprietor, he loses a corresponding portion of his labour for the next half year, and what is to be the consequence should he then again be in default? The fourth of the negro's labour which is set apart for him is his in what way? *his* that he may make himself his own. His for redemption from slavery. His toil for his master's compensation. His composition of the original felony; his buying off the wrongs against himself. Disguise it as

you may, call it apprenticeship or what you please, it is the labour of slavery with an application to satisfy the slave's demand. The apprenticed labourer has agreed to the terms; but the agreement is the agreement of one who has no choice but of terminable or interminable slavery.

The scheme is that the master shall fix the slave's price, and that the wages for a fourth of his labour shall annually be a twelfth of the price, and thus it is supposed that the negro will earn his ransom in twelve years; but how can this be, if a portion of the wages be taken half yearly in liquidation of the planter's debt to the public? Why should the negro pay the planter's debt out of the labour reserved to him for the purchase of his freedom? The negro owes nothing to the master; let the planter's claim to compensation be what it may, and lay where it may, it cannot attach to the slave, robbed of his liberty, and whose wrongs are the planter's rights.

The loan of fifteen millions (proposed when the remission of taxes to the amount of the interest is declared impossible) is proposed in consideration of the planter's sacrifice of the fourth part of the slave's labour, which fourth part, be it observed, is to render back to the planter the whole price he has fixed on the slave, and besides that to pay a portion of the planter's debt. But it is far from clear that the loan is to be a loan. Mr. Stanley thinks it prudent to call it a loan, but he says significantly enough:—

It will be a question for Parliament to decide in what manner and on what conditions that loan shall be granted, and how it shall be repaid—and further, if they shall be prepared to go so far as to say that they will not require repayment, it will be for Parliament, if it shall think fit to do so, to convert the loan into a gift. In the first instance, however, our proposition is to advance to the planter a loan of fifteen millions.

Such is the wisdom of Whig Ministers—the crooked cunning which for the sake of evasion and shuffling foregoes true policy.

Call the advance a loan and ultimately convert it to a gift, and what is the consequence? Why that you lose the terms which the gift in the first instance would have procured. You have parted with the money without the grace of a gift or the benefit of a bargain. In every way, in conciliation, in negotiation, the least has been made of the grant. If the country be content to afford fifteen millions for the purpose of emancipating the slaves, let as much advantage as possible be made of the money. Don't treat with the planter upon the terms of a borrower, when it is in contemplation to benefit him to the amount of the advance. The planters have no claim on the national generosity. Worse subjects, men more turbulent and demoralized, don't exist. They will part with no advantage (real or fancied) which, *per fas aut nefas*, they can retain; and nothing should be made over to them without an equivalent concession. Whatever



money is advanced to them will never be returned, and therefore if it be granted let it be paid away out and out for such improvement of terms as may be had for it. As the project is opened, Mr. Stanley evidently proposes a double boon for the West India proprietary; he proposes to make them a gift under cover of a loan, (thus avoiding a demand on them for any return,) and he proposes to tighten their monopoly of the British market,—compensation in disguise, and the very worst and most extravagant mode in which compensation can be given. We have often been induced to think that the cheapest way of settling the slave question would be by giving compensation for the emancipated slaves, and throwing open the sugar market.

Many as are the projects to the present project (and they are more than we have now the opportunity of stating, but not more than might be supposed to attach to a scheme conceived in the fervour of Mr. Stanley's presumption in the brief period since his promotion to the Colonial Office,) it cannot be said that the plan is not promotive of emancipation, for we are confident that two years, or less, after the measure has been attempted, (carried into effect it will never be,) the negroes will have settled the question in their own way. In the mazes of this complicated scheme, which puzzles the clearest heads, the poor blacks are to unravel their rights and find their way to liberty! To the temper of Stoics they must add the wit of *Œdipus*. No, no, they will make a short cut to the object too much involved and too far removed for patience.

The slave question allows of no mixed settlement. The choice is the whip or wages, and there can be no composition of the two without a consequence at variance with the design. Humanity will no longer endure the whip, and wages, with complete emancipation, must be substituted as motive to labour.

Lord Howick's opposition to the plan of his father's Ministry is very remarkable. He affords the rare and honourable example of a man whose experience in office has corrected the opinions he had before shared with the party in power, and caused him to abandon office. Having objected to the project, Lord Howick said:—

It might be alleged that he was arguing inconsistently with his former opinions, and he admitted that his opinions upon the subject had undergone a very great change; the more he had inquired the more his views of it had enlarged. He was now ashamed to think how lightly he had imbibed the notion that it was all a delusion to talk of the evils of slavery, and that the slave was not to be pitied. When he was appointed to the office he lately filled, he became satisfied that the negro ought to have protection against an abuse of the power which the master possessed. But he was not then convinced of the evil inherent in the system itself, and it was only by the progress of discussion that he became convinced of the practical failure of the experiment on which

we had been acting of late years, and particularly during the last two years; and that if the present system was to be maintained, and the negroes were to work by force and not by will, the evil was less where the master was an irresponsible despot.

Having argued the impossibility of procuring an administration of the proposed law by the unwilling Colonists, his Lordship came to the conclusion:—

That there were only two possible courses to be adopted; we must recognise perfect slavery or perfect freedom; the present scheme was neither.

There might be danger in carrying any measure into effect against the wish of the legislatures, but a greater danger in attempting to carry a complicated plan, which was neither one thing nor the other. It would not satisfy the slave, and would create discontent amongst the masters. What would be the result if emancipation were carried without the consent of the local legislatures? He confessed that only bad consequences were likely to result from it; but he did not anticipate bloodshed. The negro would gain all he wished; and what had he to expect from disorder? It had been suggested that the colonists would resist; but how far had the colonists the power of resistance? How was slavery maintained? It was by our military force; withdraw it and slavery fell to the ground.

From the *Athenæum*.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. INCHBALD.—By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE broad outline of Mrs. Inchbald's history is sufficiently well known; it is equally well known that she wrote her own Memoirs, for which no less a sum than one thousand pounds was offered, and yet, from some scruple of conscience or delicacy of feeling, she destroyed them. What the nature or the merit of the work would have been, it is difficult to say; her present biographer seems to have possessed himself of her papers, including a sort of diary which abounds in minute information; but, to the writer herself, many an unimportant word and seemingly trifling memorandum would have had a long chain of connecting interests, and it is not improbable that by the skilful and faithful hand of the author of 'The Simple Story,' the history it recalled would have been graced with some deeply pathetic or humorous moral. We must, however, rest content with the work before us. As it is not yet published, we shall confine ourselves generally to extract,—only observing, that the second volume is by far the more interesting, and that we can forgive Mr. Boaden for a good deal of trifling, and some tediousness, because, on the whole, Mrs. Inchbald's character comes out delightfully—she was indeed a most amiable and excellent woman, and such is the impression left on the mind after reading these volumes.

It is in the narrative of her early life that we have most reason to regret the destruction of the

autobiographic memoir. There, no doubt, lay the romance of it; yet occasional letters give us a pleasant insight into characters and circumstances of those times that to us seem strange. Think, for instance, of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons being hooted off the stage as unworthy to appear before the critics of Liverpool! Here is the proof:

Liverpool, June 18th. 1778.

"MADAM,—I know you love news. I hope you will find mine entertaining, and excuse my boldness in taking my sister's employment from her. But why should I endeavour to find excuses for doing what I think an honour to me? Without more preamble, then, our affairs here are dreadful. On Monday night we opened our theatre. Before the play began, Mr. Younger advanced before the curtain, if possible to prevent any riot, with which he had publicly been threatened for presuming to bring any company to Liverpool who had not played before the King. In vain did he attempt to oratorize; the remorseless villains threw up their hats, hissed, kicked, stamped, bawled, did everything to prevent his being heard. After two or three fruitless entrances, and being saluted with volleys of potatoes and broken bottles, he thought proper to depute Siddons as his advocate, who entered bearing a board large enough to secure his person, inscribed with Mr. Younger's petition to be heard. The rogues would hear nothing, and Siddons may thank his wooden protector that his bones are whole. Mrs. Siddons entered next P. S. and Mrs. Kniveton O. P.—*mais aussi infortunées—he bien! Madame Kniveton a la mauvaise fortune de tomber dans une convulsion sur les planches*: the wretches laughed and would willingly have sent a peal of shouts after her into the next world loud enough to have burst the gates of her destination. They next extinguished all the lights round the house: then jumped upon the stage: brushed every lamp out with their hats: took back their money; left the theatre, and determined themselves to repeat this till they have another company. Well, madam, I was going to ask what you think of all this—but I can see you laughing!—I had almost forgot to tell you every wall in the city is covered with verse and prose expressive of the contempt they hold us in.

"My tragedy has long been finished—long in Mr. Harris's hands, who sent it back to me a month ago unopened, with an assurance that it would not do.

"Mrs. Siddons's best respects to yourself and Mr. Inchbald, with mine, who am, Madam,

"Your very humble servant,

"J. P. KEMBLE."

"Mrs. Inchbald, Leeds.

The following discussion between an actress and a manager fifty years ago, may be interesting at this moment. We should like to compare amounts with the *half salaries* offered by La Porte:—

"We have seen the line of business she supported in the theatre. Her salary for it was 11. 6s. 8d. per week, till the 28th of October, from which day to the end of the year she had

2l.—with the necessity of working steadily at her dresses, to keep up to the splendour or the fashion of the characters she represented. It is not very unreasonable in a lady like Mrs. Inchbald, if she represent to a manager that these are hard conditions. She is no novice, who comes there to learn her profession, such as we have seen by shoals in the present day, and who really ought to pay rather than be paid; but had acted in theatres of the highest respectability, and with performers of either sex, who (whether they had played before the King or not) were fully equal to any under the management of the London patentees, whatever they might conceive of we know not what taste and refinement demanded by the spectators of the Capital. Harris had little argument against her plea of *quantum meruit*. What he had we shall see reflected by Wilson, in a letter which shall follow these remarks; no other than this, that 'it she had a low salary, she did high business; and could not be paid in consequence and money too.' "

A twelvemonth after, her salary was raised to three pounds a week, on condition that she walked in the pantomime! In the summer, Mrs. Inchbald engaged with Colman at the Haymarket for thirty shillings a week! and, being resolved, with an honest mind, that her expenses should not exceed her income, she now removed to a single room at 3s. 6d. a week, where she continued all the summer; yet, and it is worthy of admiration, poor as she may appear to have been, she found money both to lend and to give. The world, indeed, which never troubles itself to unravel the mystery of human nature, gave Mrs. Inchbald, while living, little credit for her noble liberality to all her relatives and friends, but formed their hasty judgment of her character on her evident self-denial: that she was penurious, there is no doubt, but not in giving; her early life had been a struggle for independence—she had therefore taught herself to disregard those superfluous luxuries which tempt so many of her profession to disgrace and shame—and the habit thus induced, continued through life, but was in fine and noble contrast to her generosity to others. We put the two following passages in juxtaposition, that our readers may truly comprehend the conduct of this excellent woman:—

"My evenings now begin to be dull, they are so long, and no fire to cheer them. I would give a good deal, could I call on you one hour every evening; it would make my days work go off with more spirit: but I have no evening's reward for the labour of the day; and in that I am poorer than the poorest wife or mother in the world. All the entertainment I require is the exchange of a few sentences, and that I do not sometimes obtain for days together."

Yet the following was about the same time addressed to her by a casual acquaintance:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—My acknowledgment of your kindness cannot be too soon expressed; be pleased to accept the thanks of a grateful

heart. It is to your goodness I was indebted for a fire last winter; and the comfort you have now afforded me will be ever imprinted on my memory. As Mrs. Wood has written you all the news, I have nothing further to add, but my best wishes for your health and happiness in whatever situation you may move.

"I remain, my dear Madam, your obliged and affectionate friend,

"MARY HOPKINS."

Here is another pair of companion pictures; the first is a clever sketch of her own apartment:

"My present apartment is so small, that I am all over black and blue with thumping my body and limbs against my furniture on every side: but then I have not far to walk to reach anything I want; for I can kindle my fire as I lie in bed; and put on my cap as I dine; for the looking glass is obliged to stand on the same table with my dinner. To be sure, if there was a fire in the night, I must inevitably be burnt, for I am at the top of the house, and so removed from the front part of it, that I cannot hear the least sound of anything from the street; but then, I have a great deal of fresh air, more day-light than most people in London, and the enchanting view of the Thames; the Surrey Hills; and of three windmills, often throwing their giant arms about, secure from every attack of the Knight of the woful countenance."

Contrast this with the following, written to a friend in the country on the illness of her Sister Bigsby:—

"April 14. 1799.

"Whether you write to me or not, I feel every satisfaction that the present circumstances will admit of. I know that you are not neglecting anything that may conduce to my welfare; and I want no professions or attention to me, to increase the confidence I have in you.

"I am more apt than most people to start at expense, but believe me 'tis only when I witness expenses that are superfluous. Upon an occasion like the present, with you for the manager of my purse, I shall consider every farthing expended as indispensably necessary, and from my heart rejoice that I have earned and saved a little money for so good a purpose.

"I have no one direction to give you, because you perfectly understand my wishes—everything requisite to the comfort and decency of her and those about her, and nothing further. I will add, it would be more satisfactory if the weekly expenses, after you come away, could be ascertained; and that no bill of any kind should be run on her account, but an immediate demand sent to me, or an immediate statement of anything taken up on an emergency. I do this, to preserve myself from the temptation of thinking I have been imposed on by unnecessary expenses, and a kind of selfish surprise, which too frequently accompanies the receipt of the most just bill.

"Whatever money is weekly wanted shall be most punctually sent."

Again:

"I have met with no lodgings that suit me.

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My sister's illness will most likely keep me here some time longer, for in this house my decreased expenses do not suffer me to feel the weight of hers."

Mrs. Inchbald, soon after her engagement in London, became a successful writer, and from her prudence accumulated a small property; we are not, therefore, contrasting her liberality with her income—which, of course varied greatly—but her liberality to others, with her own self-denial: she seems, indeed, to have aided or supported nearly all her family. Relations are not easily satisfied—her sister Dolly pouted a little upon occasion, and it is quite amusing to see the formality with which the balance sheet is drawn out against her in consequence:

"Annuity, with the Income Tax	- £88 0 0
When my play came out	- - 5 0 0
When I went to the country	- - 2 0 0
When I drew on Longman	- - 3 0 0
Her broken finger	- - 1 0 0
Heavy Head	- - 1 0 0

£100 0 0

To this there is yet a *Nota Bene*:—"I charge no income tax but for the annuity, though I pay it upon all my gifts alike, but this would add to the present account no less than 5*l.* 2*s.*"

It being, however, suggested to her by a friend that thirty pounds a year would be desirable and sufficient, it was allowed; and as Dolly was ill, we have immediately minute dietetic regulations forwarded as anxiously as if she had paid, instead of received, the annuity.

At fifty-six Mrs. Inchbald found herself almost alone in the world—one sister only survived. A letter or two written at this time tells her history very admirably:—

"You are hard-hearted in your censure of my floor;—forgetting that it is both my eating-room and my kitchen; nay, my scullery, for there my saucepans are cleaned. Thank, God, I am not like Vivian, I can say *no*,—and from that quality may I date my peace of mind, not to be sullied or much disturbed by ten thousand grease spots. I say *no* to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall have to say that I allow my poor infirm sister a hundred a year. I have raised my allowance to eighty; but, in the rapid stride of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred.

"I have not been in bed these five nights; my bed-chamber due north, 'where the sun never shines,' has a chimney that will admit of no fire, because it will not draw up the smoke. This *might* be remedied by a bricklayer, and I might buy a curtain to the window, and carpet for the floor to keep me warm; but as my residence here is uncertain, and it is certain that I cannot stay longer than Midsummer, I am resolved to be at no farther expence to endear the place to me. \*\*\*

"Another grievance; the maid is very ill, has been so long; she is an out-patient at St.

George's Hospital; she appears in a decline. The Clarkes wish to keep her; it would be inhuman in me to object, and equally cruel to see her do work that is too much for her constitution. I therefore have more household labour than I had in the Strand; but I *now* see two of the most sublime sights, every fine day, that this world can bestow, and I see them both from my window—the rising and the setting sun."

So that this penurious woman, as she has been called, did her own household work at the age of sixty, that a poor sick servant girl might neither be distressed nor lose her place—and deprived herself of the numberless little luxuries that to others seem so requisite, that she might maintain her sister in comfort!—if this be not generosity, then the word has no honest meaning.

We have hitherto, in our extracts, confined ourselves to such passages as seemed best to illustrate the character of Mrs. Inchbald—which may serve as an example to all the world: we shall now, however, glean a few, without reference to their subject; but the correspondence of the Edgeworths, and many anecdotes of other distinguished persons must be passed by unnoticed. The following sketch of green-room morality is exceeding laughable:—

"One evening, about half an hour before the curtain was drawn up, some accident having happened in the dressing-room of one of the actresses, a woman of known intrigue, she ran in haste to the dressing-room of Mrs. Wells, to finish the business of her toilet. Mrs. Wells, who was the mistress of the well-known Captain Topham, shocked at the intrusion of a reprobated woman, who had a worse character than herself, quitted her own room and ran to Miss Farren's, crying, 'What would Captain Topham say, if I were to remain in such company!'

"No sooner had she entered the room, to which as an asylum she had fled, than Miss Farren flew out at the door, repeating, 'What would Lord Derby say, if I should be seen in such company!'

An affecting anecdote of Burke:—

"The horse of his lamented son one day came up to him, while buried in thought, and gently laid his head upon Burke's bosom. The father threw his arms about the kind animal, in an agony of tears."

A bon-mot by Monk Lewis is, perhaps, worth recording. A lady, about to have private theatricals at her house, alarmed lest a supper, set out in the drama, should get scattered about and spoil her silk furniture, ordered the butler to provide a couple of wooden fowls, a wooden tongue, and so forth: "Nay," cried Lewis, "if your ladyship gives a wooden supper, the audience will say all your actors are sticks."

In the following letter Mrs. Inchbald mentions her interview with Madame de Stael:—

"I will now mention the calamity of a neighbour, by many degrees the first female writer in the world, as she is called by the Edinburgh Reviewers. Madame de Stael asked a lady of

my acquaintance to introduce her to me. The lady was our mutual acquaintance, of course, and so far my friend as to conceal my place of abode; yet she menaced me with a visit from the Baroness of Holstein, if I would not consent to meet her at a third house. After much persuasion, I did so. I admired Madame de Stael much; she talked to me the whole time: so did Miss Edgworth whenever I met her in company. These authoresses supposed me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory; but with Madame de Stael it seemed no passing compliment; she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and treated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society? 'Because,' I replied, 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What! will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither?' 'Yes.' 'I should think it would elevate your spirits: why will you feel your loneliness more?' 'Because I have no one to tell that I have seen you; no one to describe your person to; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my "Simple Story"; no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself.' 'Ah, ah! you have no children?' and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life, than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty. I called by appointment at her house two days after. I was told she was ill. The next morning my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers: he was one of Bernadotte's aid-de-camps; the most beautiful young man that ever was seen—only nineteen: a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his head! Necker's grandson!"

And now we must conclude, and cannot do so better than in her own philosophical retrospect of her past life and present situation:—

"As to myself, I have had a full share of the world—a busy share from fifteen to fifty. I should want taste did I not now enjoy that variety in life which I gain by solitude. Still a medium has ever been wanting, both in my public and private life, to give a zest of true enjoyment. I had thirty-five years of perpetual crowd and bustle. I had now had five of almost continual loneliness and quiet. \* \* \*

"Nor do not suppose you can alarm me by representing the state of *APATHY* as a calamity. It is the blessing of old age; it is the substitute for patience. It permits me to look in the glass without screaming with horror—and to live upon moderate terms of charity with all young people, (without much hatred or malice,) although I can never be young again."

From the Spectator.

#### THE GOVERNMENT PLAN FOR ABOLISHING COLONIAL SLAVERY.

THE Ministerial plan for putting an end to slavery, is at length fairly before the public; and



of we are to believe the West Indian proprietor in the one side, and the ardent Emancipationists on the other, it will prove to be a complete failure. That such would be the opinion of the parties we have named, was, long before the appearance of the plan, predicted on the surest grounds. It was evidently impossible to gratify the prejudices or come up to the mark of the zealots of either party, if justice were to be done to the Negroes themselves, and the dictates of common sense and humanity were to be followed. It is therefore by no means conclusive evidence against the project of Ministers, that it pleases neither Mr. Buxton nor Mr. Burge, Lord Suffield nor the Marquis of Chandos. The great mass of those who have been engaged in the discussion of the subject of emancipating the Negroes, are utterly disqualified from giving a sound opinion upon the means of effecting that object, by the heated feelings and bitter exasperation which the controversy has engendered. Ministers must look for support only to the dispassionate portion of the community: for we trust it will be found that some of us at least can argue the question with calmness, and with a view to the real advantage of our fellow men, White as well as Black—the subjects of foreign countries as well as our own. This latter consideration appears to much lost sight of. The Emancipationists talk of the "Negro race," the unhappy African;\* but all their plans have reference solely to the 800,000 slaves of our own Colonies. This, however, is taking a narrow view of the subject. There are twice as many slaves as we possess, in the United States alone—not to mention Cuba, the Brazils, and the French Colonies—whose condition must be materially affected by any measures which we may adopt with respect to our own Negro population. There are millions also of White men, in various parts of the world, whose lives and property will be nearly touched by our decision of this question: and it will be as well to remember, what many seem strangely to forget, that although the Negroes are unquestionably our fellow creatures, yet that White men and women have some claim upon our sympathies for the same reason.

The following are the leading features in the Government plan. The badge of slavery is to be immediately removed from the Negro; who is to be converted into an apprenticed labourer with many of the principal privileges of a free man. He is rendered capable of serving in the militia,\* and upon juries, and of giving evidence in courts of justice, even against his own employer. He is not to be punished except by order of the Magistrates; and these Magistrates are to be sent out from England, and to be wholly unconnected with the Colonies. He is to work only seven hours and a half daily for his employer, to receive the same maintenance as he is at present entitled to for working the whole of his time, and wages for the two hours and a half which will re-

main out of the working day ten hours. The rate at which these wages are to be paid—a most difficult and puzzling matter to arrange—is fixed by a remarkably ingenious method. The master himself is to fix the price of his slave; and the wages are to bear such a proportion to the price named by him, that for the whole of his spare time, if given to the master, the Negro will receive one twelfth of his price annually. Thus, if the master puts too high a value on his slave, he will have to pay him wages proportionably high; if too low, the slave, who is not to be compelled to give his spare time to his master, but may go where he can get work and wages which he likes better, will be able to buy off his apprenticeship on comparatively easy terms. Upon payment of the price fixed by his master, the apprenticed Negro may at once acquire his freedom; or he may borrow the money from a third party, binding himself, under the sanction of a Magistrate, to the lender for a term of years, as a security for its repayment. All children born after the passing of the act, or who at the time of its passing shall be under six years of age, are to be absolutely free, and to be maintained by their parents; and in failure of such maintenance, are to be deemed apprentices to their respective owners without receiving wages, the males till the age of twenty-four, the women till twenty, when they are to be free. A loan of fifteen millions is to be made to the proprietors of West India estates and slaves, for which they are to pay interest at 4 per cent. The annual income of this property is taken at 1,500,000*l.* per annum, and this sum of fifteen millions is ten years purchase upon it. The loan is made to the Planters in consideration of the sacrifice of one fourth of the labour of slaves. How this money is to be repaid (if at all), seems to be not yet settled. It is to be secured on mortgage of West India property. It is understood, though not contained in the Government propositions, that the Colonies are to have the monopoly of the British sugar market at least during the twelve years while the plan is in operation. A system of general moral and religious education in the Colonies, and an efficient police establishment, are to be supported by the Mother Country.

Now, after the best consideration which we have been able to bestow on this plan, we feel bound to say, that if the other parties in the country have a right to exclaim against it, the Emancipationists at any rate ought to be satisfied with it. Absolute, unconditional, immediate, emancipation, is, we know, demanded by some. But the project is rejected by reflecting men, as wild and enormously expensive. It is clear that a standing army of great force would be required for an indefinite term of years for the protection of life and property, were it carried into execution. This is one solid objection, out of many which might be urged against the plans of the immediate Emancipationists. That the work, however, should be done gradually is, we believe, the conviction, if not the desire, of the more so-

\* This is a dangerous experiment. For the present, at least, he ought not to be trained to the use of arms.



gacious and well-informed of the Anti-Slavery party. To all such, we should think that the Government plan must in many respects be highly acceptable. The absolute extinction of slavery is provided for at no distant period; and in the mean while, the Negroes are secured from being overworked or maltreated. Would to Heaven that any plan could be devised by which an equal immunity from oppressive toil and miserable destitution could be secured to the suffering multitudes with which large portions of this free country are crowded!

Next, with regard to the Slaveowners. In the first place, the plan offers them great and immediate relief from their present pecuniary embarrassments. They are to be compensated at once for the loss of one fourth of the labour of their slaves, which loss will be spread over twelve years. This will be one grand inducement on their parts to accede to the arrangement. At the end of the twelve years, they will receive the price which they have themselves fixed as the fair value of their slaves. From the terms of the proposal, indeed, it might seem that this money is to be retained in liquidation of the loan about to be made to them: but such is not the intention of Government, and the loan will turn out, we have no doubt, to be a free gift,—and it is in this sense that we have called it a compensation. Mr. SSANLEY, distinctly declared, that the repayment of the money advanced to the Planter ought to be borne by the Negroes themselves, or by the revenue of this country—"certainly it could not in justice be borne by the Planter." This, from the Colonial Secretary, is, we think, tolerably conclusive of the intentions of Government upon this point. We have here therefore another grand inducement for the Planter: he will obtain a good market for his slaves in the course of twelve years—the slave himself being enabled by the Government to pay the price which his master asks for him. Moreover, we think that if he manages his concerns with temper and discretion, he will find his property in land, houses, and machinery, much more secure than it is at present. But above all, he should recollect, that there is an active and energetic party in this country, which would fain treat him with far less consideration than the Government propose to do, and that by the rejection of the plan, he will give weight to that party which they well know how to turn against him. We think, therefore, that it is decidedly for the interest of the Planter to accept the terms offered to him. In fact, as far as he is concerned, the question, we are persuaded, is between these or worse.

The main object urged against the *practicability* of the Government plan is, that the Negroes will not labour unless under the direct terror of the cart-whip. The evidence on this point is very contradictory, and experience only can determine whether they will or not. The argument is used by the immediate Emancipationists; but it tells quite as much against themselves as against their opponents; because, if true, and if

the Negroes were to be endowed at once with entire freedom, we should have the Colonies filled with nearly a million of helpless paupers, who would not work until there was nothing left to steal.

But there is a third party to the arrangement, whose interests ought not to be disregarded. We mean that the People of England—the bulk of the nation. How will they be effected by the measure of Government? In the first place, they will have to pay the 600,000*l.*, the interest of the loan of fifteen millions, whether they receive it back again from the Colonies or not. The loan is to be a Government operation, not that of individuals with individuals. Perhaps there is not much risk of loss in this business, but still there is some; for West India property is rather ticklish security after all. This is on the supposition that the fifteen millions is to be merely a loan; but if, as we suppose, it will turn out to be a gift, it has a very formidable appearance indeed. In the next place, we shall have to pay more for our sugar. Less will be produced; for the Negroes will employ their spare time in any thing rather than boiling sugar. Then again, we shall be restricted grievously in our trade with the Brazils and with the East by the *continuance of this monopoly*, which we had hoped we were on the point of getting abolished. *This is a very bad feature in the Ministerial plan.* Heaven knows, we pay dearly for the possession of these Colonies, and are about to gratify our philanthropic propensities at a high price.

We have not room to dilate upon one or two other points which the consideration of this great question forces upon us. We allude to the stimulus which the emancipation of our slaves will give to the slave-trade carried on by other sugar-producing countries, whose sale and profit will be increased by the diminished production of our Colonies; and to the probable effect upon the minds of the slaves in the United States and other neighbouring slaveholding territories, which will ensue from the knowledge of the freedom of their brethren. These points are well worthy of serious consideration; and we shall return to the subject soon.

From the Monthly Magazine.

#### SAMPLE OF SOME GENTLEMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MR. EDITOR.—Some gentleman—he does not mention his name—has recently sent me the enclosed sample of his Autobiography, entreating me, if possible, get it inserted in what he terms your "respectable miscellany." Should it be well received, he seems to think of imparting to the public, in some attractive form, much of what has occurred to him. If I comply with his request, he begs me to believe, that I shall be adding materially to a debt, of which he feels sure it would pain me to be reminded. What the man means I know not.—

Yours, respectfully, W.C.]

With regard to Thornhose, I remember our becoming acquainted—neither of us subsequently knew how—at Doncaster. What tact—what consummate *sous*, he displayed! With much justice he prided himself on being invulnerable to the thousand-and-one little arts to which so many fall a prey. He had never discounted a bad bill, bought an unsound horse, or taken a smoky house in his life. No man had seen him at a meeting of creditors; no begging impostor knocked at his door; no human being could persuade him to become bail. To an inexperienced young man like me, as he remarked, but without vanity, his acquaintance was likely to prove valuable. To cultivate it was my interest, my duty; and I did so with such success, that after the races and a few days' loitering, we returned to London together, on an understanding that he should favour me with his drawing-room floor, for which he had no particular use—his parlours being double, and very spacious—furnish my table handsomely, and supply me with such cash as I might require, until I became twenty-five. On attaining such age, as he could, and did shortly after ascertain, by a perusal of my respected uncle's will in the Commons, I was entitled to touch a legacy of 5000*l*.; out of this he was to be paid in full, with interest and a bonus, which, though liberal, fell short of what would have been enforced by the regular money-lenders; from whose toils, on account of my ingeniousness, inexperience, the interest which he felt as to my welfare, he had no objection, notwithstanding the inconvenience, to preserve me. "My dear young friend," said this worthy man, three days after I had been domiciled under his roof, "I have got an office-copy of your uncle's will in my pocket, for one must look out—and depend on it, I will be a father to you!" Now, it would be an act of injustice on my part—I abhor injustice in any shape—not to declare that during the twelve months which I passed in his house, he was the very mirror of kindness. If I wanted money, he would even put himself to the inconvenience of selling wines from his private cellar at a loss, for the purpose of raising it; such loss, however, I must do myself the justice to say, I insisted on bearing. He let me have a horse and gig which he had bought a bargain, at cost price; sold me an original Wouvermans, and two Claudes, for next to nothing; and did all in his power to gain me the heart and hand of his lovely daughter. In Betsy, however, the hereditary caution of her family was aggravated into downright cunning: for though she had no objection to my person, or manners, she peremptorily refused our united entreaties to become my wife, until I should actually touch my uncle's legacy—on no other pretence than some old proverb, about slips and lips.

Well! to my deep indignation, and even horror, after I had been with him a year, and was about 600*l*. in his debt, he burst into my room one morning, and dared to call me impostor!

"Sir," said I, "what do you mean? Is my

identity questioned? Have you not the copy of my uncle's will in your pocket?"

"Don't talk to me about your uncle's will: that's how you've done me, vagabond!"

"Vagabond! Sir," said I; "you don't question the fact of my respected relative—a man of known wealth—having, as I stated, bequeathed me 5000*l*., payable on my becoming twenty-five."

"No, wretch—villain—monster!" replied he, snatching up a chair and menacing me with it most frightfully; "but I find too late—dolt that I was—that you attained that age, received the money, spent every shilling of it, and were living by your wits long before I had the misfortune to know you. D—n your very looks! You're thirty, if you're a day. Off with your rings—out with your watch.—Strip."

What could I do? With a fellow of Herculean form, and in such a passion, it would have been absurd to content. While he was divesting me of my dressing coat and silk waistcoat, with as much violence as he could venture upon without doing them an injury, I put my memory to its utmost stretch, and a dim vision of an old attorney witnessing a release to my uncle's executors, for the 5000*l*. he had left me, did certainly rise up to my mind's eye; but it vanished before I could fix it as a fact.

Returning to the business in hand, I said to Thornhose, "If what you allege were true, and the worst came to the worst, there are the two Claudes and the Wouvermans, which, although you obliged me with them for 50*l*. each, are, as you asserted, worth a thousand pounds of any man's money—I have pawned them for only ten, and will discharge all obligation by handing you over the duplicates."

"Curse the Claudes!" said he, "where's that new hat?"

Deaf to reason, he proceeded to denude me; and after, at his instigation, I had clothed myself in the worst of half-a dozen suits, which the day before he had offered in a lump to a Jew for five-and-twenty shillings, he desired the lovely Betsy to bring him his horse-pistol—the one on the right-hand side of his bed—took me firmly by the collar, and politely invited me to hear a case at Bow Street.

As we passed through Covent Garden, a fellow was being whipped for stealing vegetables; and the crowd caused us so much inconvenience, that, accidentally, he went on one side of a lamp-post, and I on the other. The consequence was that we were separated, and the coat which I wore was stripped of a great part of its collar. Thinking he would get out of the crowd as quickly as possible, I hastened to do the same; but on looking carefully around for him in one of the alleys between Chandos Street and the Strand, he was nowhere to be seen. Without me, it did not seem likely that he would go before the magistrate; so that if I went thither, I could but exculpate myself on a mere ex-parte statement. I therefore determined on taking some future opportunity of doing myself justice, but felt by far

too indignant ever again to enter his house, and strolled in a contrary direction.

About sunset I found myself seated on a mile-stone, in one of the beautiful solitary lanes between the roads to Uxbridge and Harrow. As a cab passed me I leaned my head upon my hand, and felt fatigued. When it had rolled a few yards on, it was pulled up—I heard it returning—it stopped directly opposite me. Thus deliberately confronted, as it were, I could scarcely do otherwiser than look up. By the side of a little hunchback tiger, in a demure respectable livery, sat a woman, the rich border of whose veil covered the whole of her face, except one rosy lip and an ivory chin, that reminded me of something I had seen before, I could not recollect where. "He looks like a gentleman in distress," said she, in a voice that thrilled to my heart, for I knew it. "Get out, you Buffalo,—give him what silver you have, and my card. I shall be at home to-morrow at eleven, and if deserving he shall not want relief."

The next morning—thanks to the tiger's purse, and my economising for the night under a hedge,—I appeared at Mrs. Robinson's door, in comparatively decent trim. The hunchbacked tiger showed me into a back parlour, where I found his mistress at breakfast. "Dick," said she, "your appearance distresses me: what has occurred?"

I frankly told her, to the best of my recollection, how I came to be in so deplorable a plight, and enlarged vehemently on the conduct of Thornhose. She laughed heartily at the recital, and uttered a string of compliments, which to me were alike unintelligible and uncalled for, on my talent at victimizing. "I have received some benefit, Dick," added she, "from your operations, and, of course rejoice at their success. To find you thus, however, gives me more pleasure than if you were rolling in riches; for you're to deep to be booked beyond mere moderation. The fact is, I just want such a man as you, in so desperate condition. You must arrest me to-morrow for 500*l*."

I protested that the circumstance of her being indebted to me in such an amount, had completely slipped my memory.

"No doubt," said she, with a bitter sneer, for which I could never forgive her, "therefore you can have no possible objection, I should suppose, against allowing ten shillings in the pound, to one who reminds you of the obligation."

"None in the world," I replied, "the proposition is most equitable."

"Then," said she, "go down to Jarvis and Saffron, of Plum Court, who act for me under the rose, and make an affidavit of the debt. There is a five pound note for you to get a 'local habitation,' and be sure you are at hand to-morrow, if wanted."

"Thank you, my dear," quoth I, "but, as my memory is not sufficiently strong on this trifle, to satisfy my conscience had you not better just give me, by way of form, an I.O.U. for the amount? I could then swear safely, you know;

and if your present protector should be loving enough to emancipate you from the spunging house—"

"You have just hit it, Dick," interrupted she; "I want 250*l*. and he must find it. At present, live without me he can't; he's just in full blossom, and it would be folly to let him fade. But I've so plucked him, that nothing short of the project I've hit upon would make him moulder to such an amount. Besides yourself, Dick, I know no other whom I can trust: the terms are so liberal on my part, that, I think, they must insure honour on yours."

"Naturally," said I; "besides, Jarvis and Saffron, are your own attorneys."

"True, true; so there—there are the three lawful letters, with my scrawl of a signature. And now, Dick, be off at once;—my dearly beloved, keen as he is, will never, I'm sure suspect this trick. *Au revoir*!"

Before I had gone a dozen doors from Mrs. Robinson's house, I had utterly forgotten the address of her solicitors; but I walked on, hoping it would occur to me, without thinking about it. When, however, I had reached the neighbourhood of the Inns of Court, I was still at fault. What could I do? She was doubtless gone out for her morning's drive; it was therefore useless to return to her house; time, for her views, seemed precious; so that I deemed it most expedient to put the matter into the hands of a friend of mine in Thavies' Inn,—a goodly man, who preached the gospel thrice a week at Elisha Chapel, and lived hoily. To speak the truth, he was a pious Christian, utterly devoid of guile, although an attorney; and so unsuspecting of evil, that, unconsciously to himself, he was made the agent of more mischief than any rascal in the metropolis. I produced my document, and in three hours Mrs. Robinson was arrested. Her protector, became by management, accidentally apprised to the fact; and he found her in the spunging-house, busily occupied with a pawnbroker, in chaffering, as it were for a loan on her jewels. A contest of some duration ensued; she would not be beholden to him for her liberation, and he warmly protested against her preventing him from enjoying that felicity. At length he conquered; and, by privately pawning his plate, including a king's cup, which his jockey, to keep him a little longer on the turf had allowed him to win, raised enough to procure her deliverance. The honest man of Thavies' Inn, contrary to the practice of many of his craft, paid the 500*l*. without deduction or drawback, within an hour after he had received it; and I was already in the heart of Gloucestershire—so frail is my memory—before I recollected the arrangement about ten shillings in the pound being paid over to Mrs. Robinson.

It is one of the calamities of this country, that, however much one may wish to avoid society, it is almost impossible, if one is at all known, to remain private, even in the most secluded and select of spots. Some low fellow, whom one has

known somewhere, sees one accidentally, and then, without acquainting one with his intentions, goes and prates of one's whereabouts; so that one's connexions pounce upon one like hawks. This, to many men is disagreeable; to me, a dead bore. As a matter of policy, I always do the intruders, if I can. Generally speaking, I have some kind of a presentiment of their swoop; I become on a sudden disgusted with my location, and move. If they follow, it becomes a matter of pride to defeat them. I had scarcely left London a fortnight, when an extract, which I saw in a local paper, from *The Hue and Cry Gazette*, raised a glimmering suspicion in my mind, that the privacy I had chosen was about to be invaded. This annoyed me; for the Redstart, a snug public-house, where I had taken up my temporary abode, being situate on the brow of a high hill, afforded a delightful view of the surrounding country. A cross-road, in bad condition, ran before the door; and the house having a south aspect, the front windows were provided with neat Venetian blinds, which not only produced a pleasant effect, but allowed one the pleasure of looking at those who passed, without being stared out of countenance by the rude. The landlord, too, had a telescope, with which he used to sweep the roads to the right and left, and give notice to his postboys when he saw a chaise approaching, so that their horses were always in readiness by the time the vehicle came up. With this instrument I frequently amused myself. Just before dinner on the day after I had seen the extract from *The Hue and Cry*, with the aid of the glass I perceived a postchariot, coming at a rapid pace across the ridge of the hill. A man was seated on the box, whose mode of taking off his hat, and wiping his bald, glossy head, was so peculiar, that I recognised him as a friend of mine, whom I had no wish to see: to use stronger terms, I had a particular antipathy to his person, but why, I could not at the moment recollect. Perhaps, on some occasion, he might have used me ill; and the impression remained, although the fact that produced it was forgotten.

About half a mile off, instead of pursuing the main road, the vehicle dashed into a lane which emerged at the back of the house. This was decisive. My friend evidently wished to surprise me. To dart down stairs, and out of the house, like lightning, was the work of an instant; but, fat as he was, the landlord overtook and tripped me up, before I had proceeded ten yards. It seems that I had forgotten to pay the bill; and self-interest lent him wings. Without saying a word, he beat me considerably; and in addition to this, his wife waddled forth, and began to abuse. Notwithstanding her noise, I heard the roll of the post-chariot, on the patch of pebbles with which part of the lane near the Redstart had recently been mended. There being no time to lose, I acquiesced in the landlord's robbing me of a repeater I had bought previously to my quitting town; and then, as I had expected, was permitted to slip through his fingers. It has always been

a satisfaction to me to reflect that the repeater in question, though it struck and was showy, had not cost me a pound; being, with its brilliant appendages, got up for a sinister purpose. The landlord, however, thought it a rich prize, and stuffing it into his wife's bosom, hurried off to receive the party in the post-chariot, which had now drawn up. The man with the bald, glossy head gave me a smile of recognition as he alighted; but I turned my back upon him with contempt; and in a moment of absence, or unaccountable whim, got up behind an empty post-chaise, that was standing, ready for horses, in front of the house. The road by which my friend and his companions had come—there were two ill-looking fellows in the chariot—ran across the flat top of the hill, which broke abruptly into a steep and apparently interminable descent, at the very foot of an old elm, to which the sign of the Redstart was nailed. Here, shaded by the foliage, stood mine host's trim new chaise, with a stone before one of the wheels, to prevent it from starting without steeds down the hill. This stone, I suppose I must have kicked away before I mounted; for, from the slight impetus communicated to the vehicle by the act of my getting up, it went off, and in a few moments acquired such prodigious velocity, that the distance existing between me and my friend, which at the commencement of the chaise's career, had not been above three yards, was lengthened into many hundreds. He hurried back to the post-chariot, which soon gave chase; but the evident odds in favour of a carriage without horses, against one with, in a down-hill race, made me feel quite at ease; in fact, I saw that I had nothing to fear but a broken neck; and this I flattered myself I might possibly escape, if the two deep continuous ruts in which the chaise had hitherto travelled should fortunately run the whole length of the hill; for these kept the wheels in a proper course, as though they were running on a rail-road, and prevented the fore-carriage from swerving on the perch-bolt,—an event, which, had it occurred, must infallibly have capsize my conveyance.

At length, a closed turnpike gate threatened to obstruct my passage: I belloved with all my breath, but the fellow seemed to be deaf. Alarmed at the prospect, I contrived to get my feet on the ground, and after striding with the chaise, as though I had on the seven-leagued boots of Hop to my Thumb, for a considerable distance, I ventured to cast off. Of course, I fell forward with horrid force, but, firm to my purpose, crawled into a bed of nettles by the road-side, before the tail of dust which followed my vehicle had dissipated sufficiently to reveal me to my pursuers, who soon passed by at such a rate that I really trembled for their safety; and not without reason, for although my conveyance had broke through the toll-taker's impediment, yet, from the influence of the shock, it had diverged from the safety tract, locked close up, and come down with such a crash, that it went to pieces like a dropped decanter. This I subsequently discovered, for the dust pre-



vented, not only me, but my pursuers, from seeing the catastrophe; nor was I aware that the latter, unable to check their horses at the short notice afforded them of the fact, had been completely *bouleversés* among the ruins of the trim-built vehicle, until I was conscious that the roll of their wheels had ceased, and saw, on casting a glance down the road, that the dust did not advance.

Beaten as I had been by the landlord of the Redstart, abused by his wife, robbed of my repeater, and hurt by my fall from the defunct chaise, I of course felt quite incapable of rendering my prostrate friends any relief, and consequently broke through the hedge, and made off at full speed across a ploughed field in quest of assistance—for myself. This it was a matter of some difficulty to obtain, for the whole country seemed on the alert to capture me. I was determined not to gratify them by a surrender, for which I could have no other motive than to vindicate my character from the calumnies, which I soon discovered had been cast upon it; and these I thought it would not be dignified to treat otherwise than with silent contempt.

Seeing a young reaper undress himself behind a bush on the banks of a river, for the purpose of bathing, I felt a great inclination to plunge into the cool and refreshing stream, and accordingly resolved to strip in the spot which he had discreetly chosen, it being well sheltered from observation. Decency however prevented me from doing this, until he had half crossed the river. I then threw off my clothes with enthusiastic haste, but the cold air on my naked skin produced a complete reaction in my desires, and recollecting that I was ignorant of the art of swimming, without knowing which, to bathe in a river is boy's play, and even dangerous, I re-clad myself, and strolled on. About two hours after, on turning out of a bye-lane, I suddenly came upon mine host of the Redstart, dressed in his Sunday clothes, mounted on a long-tailed cart-horse, and wearing a blunderbuss. The rascal did not know me! for, it seems, I had unconsciously disguised myself in the reaper's clothes. Alarmed at so unprofitable an exchange of suits, I put my hand into the first pocket I could find, and there, to my great delight and astonishment, I found my money!

A little after dark, while leaning against the door of a stable attached to a road-side public-house, pondering upon my perplexities, the bolt or latch started with my weight, and I entered. Closing the door behind me, and fastening it as well as circumstances would permit, I crept into a stall; this however, I found inhabited by some prodigious animal, of which I could literally make neither head nor tail, being unable, on account of its height, to reach either. In the next stall, there was something equally awful, and though not so high, nearly as huge, and, if possible, more mysterious. It breathed as though its lungs were half a mile distant from its nostrils, and its snore reverberated like a wind whistling through a postern, along some narrow caverned vault in a haunted castle. The beast was on its

legs, but evidently under the influence of Morpheus. Stealing out of its stall, I felt around me—for it was too dark to see—but every object on which I laid my hand was novel, and alarming. The stable seemed instinct with life, clothed in fantastic, frightful forms. At length, I found, and laid down in, a long deep chest, half full of green baize and blankets. Falling into a dose, I dreamt that I was floating on the heaving billows of the ocean, and on being awakened by the boisterous entrance of a man and woman with lights, I felt conscious that something was in motion beneath me. It proved that I had got among the contents of a travelling menagerie, and was reposing on a boa constrictor.

The man and woman stared at me as though I had been a new animal, and the former, after plucking me out of the chest and hurling me under the legs of a dromedary, accused me of having broken into the stable, with a view to purloin his young elephant, which I subsequently found to be the gem of his collection. Of course I protested my innocence, delivered my round unvarnished version of the accidental mode in which I had entered, for the purpose of obtaining shelter for the night, and triumphantly adduced as a proof of my ignorance as to what the stable contained, the fact of my having inadvertently gone to bed with the boa. The man grinned, but could not immediately be appeased, because he thought from appearances some little violence had been done to the door. At length, however, we became amicable, and he condescended to ask me if I could drive with care, and make faces. I answered in the affirmative, and as he was travelling my way, I agreed to succeed his late mountebank and factotum, who, on the preceding day, had upset the caravan, and rather damaged the beasts. All this time his companion stood silent; she was the most beautiful being I ever saw—but more of her anon.

The next morning, our caravan being repaired, my employer restored the chief part of his collection to their customary berths. The young elephant was very refractory, but at length submitted to go back to his box, and the dromedary obediently knelt for his load. This consisted of a cage of cockatoos; several monkeys, at perfect liberty; a portable cooking apparatus; a bed and bedding; four chairs; two big drums; a gong; the materials of a stage and tent; three young badgers in a bag; and the lady. My business was to lead the dromedary, and keep a sharp eye on the monkeys, my employer himself taking charge of the team that drew the caravan. The next day, he procured me a mountebank's suit, painted my face, and requested that I should consider my transformation permanent. Even on the road I was to wear my motley, because we had come into a quarter prolific of fairs, and he wished not only to travel through the villages with eclat, but to be ready for exhibiting at a minute's notice, extempore, as it were, wherever he could draw together a sufficient number of customers to pay him for halting. This arrange-



ment exactly suited my views, for I did not wish to be bothered by any acquaintance I might meet, and altered and bedaubed as I was, my most intimate friend could not have known me. I therefore entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and delighted my new connexions by the novelty of my grimaces. No masquerade could have afforded me more amusement, but in a few days I began to mope, being, for the first time in my life, a stricken deer.

The august creature who accompanied my employer, had enthralled—fascinated—victimized my usually unsusceptible heart. It amazed me how she could have so cast herself away. Gideon Crowthorpe had no pretensions to beauty, when I first met him, yet, it is said, in his younger days, he had been reckoned the handsomest Albino ever exhibited. His eyes were small, ferrety, deep-set, and apparently in danger of being soon smothered in their sockets, by circumjacent fat. His face was so bloated, carbuncled, and inflamed, in all parts, that it bled at the least touch like an over-ripe blackberry. Having lost the flaxen locks which had adorned him in youth, by dipping his head, when drunk, into a pail of hot water, by mistake, he partially concealed his baldness by a prim little wig, white as powder could make it, and displaying three strata of diminutive curls above each ear. A massive gold guard chain emerged from the fifth button-hole of his dog-skin waistcoat, and passed across to the left pocket, in which he carried a small enamelled lady's watch. He wore a green hunting frock, buff small-clothes, and high boots, without tops. In figure, he was a Dutch Hercules, fat and squab, but muscular enough to fell an ox. His temperament seemed to be naturally jovial; his manners those of one who had visited every fair in the three kingdoms. Juno, his transcendent companion, was deaf and dumb, and I soon discovered that Gideon, debarred as he was from oral conversation, had acquired a habit of thinking aloud. As some cannot comprehend without whispering what they read, so Gideon appeared to be incapable even of multiplying two by three, unless he went audibly through the process with his tongue. He tried the effect of all such projects as occurred to him, consciously, upon his ear, which to him seemed to be the touchstone of their value; and thus he never moved or made a halt without literally asking himself a few questions. Such in brief was Gideon Crowthorpe.

Juno, the peerless Juno, rose considerably above the general stature of her sex. She had been exhibited, before Gideon wooed and won her, as a Circassian giantess. Her majestic form was exquisitely moulded, and, as an Oxford under-graduate who saw her when we were at Henley, said, her features were absolutely Phidian. The perfect harmony of her proportions made the spectator forget her unusual height, and, if reminded of it, he did but admire her the more. They who first called her Juno, displayed much

feeling and taste: she was just such a creature as the classic enthusiast sees in a dream about Mount Olympus, sitting cheek-by-jowl with the Thunderer. Aristotle says, that beauty consists in magnitude; here was a woman who would have made him love-lorn as Hercules under the influence of Dejanira. To her, Xenophon's Panthea, distinguished as he describes her to have been, for stature and strength, must have meekly succumbed. But for her youth I could have fancied her "Cybele, mother of a hundred gods." She could be gentle as a Dryad, but when the bumptious at a fair held back, she looked so awful that I thought of Nemesis; and when irritated by any rustic flash of gallantry, she embodied what one may venture to term an Homeric conception of a Fury. In such a mood the lovely Titaness would have domineered over Jove himself, take what shape he might but that of Gideon Crowthorpe. The hideous brute enjoyed some mysterious hold upon her affections, and dared to be despotic with her, as though he were a Satrap and she his purchased slave. To lull the fiercest storm in her bosom, she had but to shake a cudgel, with which he used to belabour the hyænas when they quarrelled. With eyes of such splendid power, a voice to express her sentiments would have been superfluous: like music, they spoke all languages. She taught me the alphabet of the hands, and the first use I made of my new acquirement, was to declare my passion. Intoxicated with her charms, I madly shewed her my money. She looked like a hungry tigress at the unexpected sight of a fawn. Her beautiful fingers vibrated, as it were, with such emotion, that I pocketed the notes again, lest they should be clutched, and resolved to let the charm work its effect, at leisure. That night she told Gideon of my proposals, and, to obtain the money, conspired with him to murder me.

I heard the Albino incoherently soliloquizing about it, while he was curry-combing his dromedary; and the fascinating Juno was tempting the boar to resume its appetite, after a six weeks' fast, with a pair of lively pullets. When he began—I am certain of this—I was fast asleep, and his words had dropped upon my ear, opportunely, with the current of a bad dream, the horrors of which at length awoke me. Had I not been so deeply interested, I should scarcely have made out the meaning of his growls;—as it was, their meaning was awfully clear to me.

We had halted for the night on a dreary common, far from human habitation, and, as usual, carried out an awning in front of the caravan, to shelter the dromedary and our team. The box which contained the boar, stood close to the only place of egress, athwart which, beneath the awning, reposed the dromedary. I was lying by the side of the young elephant, at the other end of the caravan, so that it was impossible for me to get out without passing the giantess and her Dutch Hercules, either of whom, as an animal, was much more than a match for me. Gideon seemed exceedingly wroth at my attempt to de-

spoil him of his Juno, besides whom, nothing, he said, loved him, except those hyenas that he so frequently cudgelled. I did all in my power to continue my snore, but it was a difficult matter, for I wished to listen, breathless, to his dire mutterings. He had made up his mind that I must have come by the money dishonestly, and that therefore it was no sin to get it out of my clutches. At one time he seemed to think of digging a grave under the awning, laying me gently in it, and then smothering me might and main, with the mould. That plan, however, he soon rejected, because I might awake in the course of its execution. He then exclaimed against the boam, and said, if she had any gratitude or sense, she might easily make amends for having exposed him to the payment of a deodand—the result of a coroner's inquest on a boy whom the reptile had killed a month before. "If one could but coax her only just to look at a pullet," he intimated rather than said in *totidem verbis*, "I would thrust the vagabond's thumb into her mouth, and the needful might be done without risk or trouble. She'd curl round him like a live cable—but the brute is not in a feeding humour yet." His mind then wandered to the rattlesnakes which he had recently bought, but, as he said, if he put them by my side, they would perhaps, creep harmlessly into my bosom for warmth and not bite, unless he pinched them by the tail—a mode of transacting business which he could not approve, inasmuch as it would be tantamount to killing with his own hands—besides, they might turn and nab him, or, instead of me, destroy his elephant. For his own part he abhorred blood; Juno, however, had no repugnance, he felt sure, to adopt the knife, but he would not let her soil her hands with me; a *clean*, accidental death, would be best if it could be managed: but if not—

At this point of his soliloquy I pretended to awake, and coming forward, rather staggered him by my presence. After a little talk, which I purposely led to the subject of money, I told him, as a matter of confidence, about the cash I possessed, and added, that, as carrying such a sum on my person deprived me of sleep, I had determined on placing it for security in his hands. Juno's eyes glistened as I drew it forth; she seemed to know what I was saying; and simply with a view to save my life, which was evidently in jeopardy, I threw it into her lap. If I reclaimed it, Gideon could, and doubtless would, deny the deposit; he had therefore no temptation to put himself to the trouble of depriving me of life, and feeling as easy as a man could be expected to feel after having relinquished so important an amount, I returned to my couch by the side of the young elephant, resolving never to quit Gideon, until, by force or fraud, I had compelled him to refund. Strange to say, I could still have loved his Titaness, if she would have let me, but the magnificent fiend gave me no hopes.

Even had I been a pickpocket in principle,

and a Barrington in dexterity, I could not have done myself justice; for night and day Gideon's money was safe. He carried it in a tin box, covered with a skin of bull's hide, and bound by stout straps to the inside of a leather waistcoat, which he wore next his skin. To cut it out clandestinely during his waking hours, was impossible; and he slept only at odd times, when there was nothing else to do, usually with his head in Juno's lap, and always under the protection of her wary eye. He was an adept at *put*, and some other low games; and, I suppose to satisfy his conscience, played with me at night when business was over, on the recumbent dromedary's bunch, for such high stakes, that, as he always won, he soon had a score of losses against me sufficient to balance my deposit. I fell into his humour for prudential motives, without, however, suffering myself to think that, by his exploits at *put*, he had acquired any stronger right to my money than he had previously possessed. I passed whole nights in endeavouring to devise schemes for redress, but nothing feasible occurred to my imagination, and at last I began to despair. The fellow even refused to give me 50*l.* and let me seek my fortunes, alleging that I was too valuable a servant to be lost lightly. The fact is, I had become so debased in his contagious society, as to pick up young farmers at fairs, and bring them into the caravan, after the day's work was done, under the pretence of seeing the beasts fed. Jovial Gideon, on these occasions, generally broached a brandy keg, and soon had them safe at *put*. 'Tis true he allowed me a *slice* of the spoil, but it was scarcely worth acceptance; for after having taken the lion's share himself, he divided the residue into three parts, of which I took one, and Juno two, one for herself to buy finery, and the other to expend in confectionary, for our nimble accomplice, Macaroon, a spider monkey.

One night, after having exhibited at a fair, within twenty miles of the metropolis, which we had been gradually approaching, I found a familiar eye fixed upon mine: it was that of the bald gentleman who had come on the box of a post chariot to the Redstart. I believe I forgot to mention, that his name was Thornhose, the friend who had sold me the Claudes, and called me imposter. I made a hideous grimace, and he turned away. A bold project now occurred to me: Gideon had that morning given me a taste of the hyena cudgel, and my respect for him was at an end. Following my friend, I tapped him on the shoulder, and paid him a compliment on his being alive after the affair on the hill. "What does the fellow mean?" said he. "Mr. Thornhose," I replied, "concealment I scorn; how is Miss Betsey?"

He recognised me at once; and my candour, or, as he termed it, assurance, quite disconcerted him. "I am in your debt, sir," I added, "and may, perhaps, before we separate, find means, at least in part, to do the needful." His face brightened, and he exclaimed "Then you pro-

pose of course to choke me off with the money you maced out of Mrs. Robinson—or rather, I should say, her protector—Lord Timothy.”

I turned ghastly, and inquired how he had become acquainted with any transactions, in which my name was mixed up with those of the lady and gentleman he had mentioned.

“To be frank,” he replied, “I act, occasionally, in very delicate matters, as agent and professional adviser for Lord Timothy, and assisted him to raise the money with which you were paid. It was not until after the mischief had been done, that I heard, accidentally, that you, even you were the plaintiff. Of course I saw directly that the job was a dead robbery; and Mrs. Robinson while in the whirlwind of her indignation at your conduct, dropped some expressions that induced us to put your name in *The Hue and Cry*. We soon heard of you at the Redstart, and went down with a Bow-street officer, who, poor fellow, had his collar-bone broken by the fall; while Lord Timothy and myself escaped with only a few bruises. Raising the country at once, we soon laid hold of a young fellow in your clothes, who gave us so accurate a description of the dress you had exchanged with him, that we got upon your track, and, after having been thrice thrown out, winded you again, and here we are. But now about this money?”

I told him precisely how I had parted with it, and earnestly entreated him to exert his genius against Gideon. “Give me,” said I, “but a single 20*l.* note, and you’re welcome to the rest, if you can get it: and I think (although I am no match for him single-handed), that between us we can make something of him.” He smiled complacently, and observing that Lord Timothy, who now joined us, in some points was no fool, proposed that we should immediately adjourn to the caravan, and see what could be done. By the way, I mentioned some particulars as to Gideon, which might be turned to advantage, without absolutely infringing the law; but as to that, neither Thornhose nor Lord Timothy seemed at all over-nice.

We found Gideon at put with a bumpkin, whom he speedily despatched to make room for the promising victims I had picked up. I contrived to let him know that one was a Lord of zoological notoriety (which was the fact), and that both had money about them. After a few single games between Gideon and Thornhose, on the dromedary’s bunch, while Lord Timothy inspected the collection, a proposal for a square game was made, and we adjourned to a table in the caravan. Juno, of course, was Gideon’s partner, and Thornhose Lord Timothy’s. I was amazed that the two latter could play put—Thornhose well, but Lord Timothy capitally. He had studied, during his minority, among the racing grooms at Newmarket, and, as I soon perceived, could beat Gideon with ease, either at fair-play or cheating. As Lord Timothy and his partner won, Gideon regularly increased the stakes: a losing game, to which he had long

been unaccustomed, rendered him indiscreet: he cursed Juno with great bitterness for not playing as she ought to do, and gulped down his brandy undiluted. Lord Timothy managed the play, and Thornhose had little to do but pick up tricks and take the cash. “Somebody has been giving you a forged note or two here, Mr. Crowthorpe,” said the latter, pointing to the stakes which Gideon had just laid down; “I know them as well as if I were a bank inspector. You had better exchange them, to prevent mistakes, before we mix money.”

Thus detected, Gideon’s rage became boundless; the blood gushed from the pimples on his brow; and he threatened me with extermination for having brought him a pair of insolent sharpers. Thornhose, up to this time, had kept his winnings under his left elbow, not even raising it to deal; but seeing Gideon so violent, he lifted it up for the purpose of putting the notes safely in his pocket. At that instant, Macaroon, the spider monkey (doubtless in obedience to a wink from Juno), stretched forth his long lean arm, and with the velocity of lightning, but with lemur-like silence, and unseen by Thornhose, snatched the notes, squeezed them up to the size of a walnut, and safely deposited them in his cheek. He then drew back to his box, and sat looking as if nothing had happened.

The effect of the loss on Thornhose was electrical; he started up, accused Juno, who sat on his left, of the robbery, and made a clutch at her throat, which, however, the gigantess dexterously parried, and kicked down the table with such violence that the lamp was extinguished, and Lord Timothy laid prostrate.

During the darkness, I took hold of Macaroon, who, I thought, might partially injure the money, and squeezed his neck with some force. The brute tried all in his power to swallow it, but being resolute, and having tolerably long fingers, I extracted it from his throat, and sallied out for assistance. The fair, however, was deserted, and I ran to an inn, at some distance, without meeting any body that seemed to be sober. A couple of postboys, who had brought down a Peer from a late division, were just about to return to town, half drunk and ripe for a frolic. Accosting me by the name of Mr. Mountebank, they asked if I was going to the masquerade at the opera-house. Falling into their humour, I jocosely replied in the affirmative, if they could do the distance before day-break. With shouts of laughter, they thrust me into the chaise; and about four o’clock in the morning I was making mouths, and throwing somersaults (an art which I had recently cultivated with great success), in a brilliant circle at the King’s theatre.

From a columbine, whom I recognized as an acquaintance of Mrs. Robinson, I soon learned, without making myself known, that I had done that kind-hearted creature a severe injury by my thoughtlessness. Lord Timothy, at the suggestion of Thornhose, had utterly discarded her, and she was then in a spunging-house, at the suit of

her dress-maker, the columbine's *ci-devant* mistress, for whom she had wanted the two hundred and fifty pounds. After having ascertained where she was, I called a coach, and got in at an hotel, under the pretence that I had stayed too late at the masquerade to intrude on the family with whom I was on a visit. This accounted for my mountebank's dress. After taking coffee, with an anchovy sandwich, and a brace of burnt gizzards, I sent for a tailor,—being unwilling to appear by day-light in my masquerade habit,—and, before ten o'clock, was attired in a handsome suit of ready-made mourning. With a contrite heart, I hurried to the spunging-house, and surprised Aurora (that was Mrs. Robinson's familiar name) in bed, sipping her chocolate. "Now this is kind of you, Dick," said she, motioning the attendant to withdraw; and adding, as soon as the latter had retired, "Wretch! how dare you face me?"

I told her that circumstances had compelled me—charity beginning at home—to quit the metropolis at a moment's notice; but that, at the first opportunity, I had returned with the means as well as the will to do my duty. I then, for the first time, unrolled the crumpled little parcel which I had extracted from Macaroon's throat: of its amount I was perfectly aware, for I had been too interested in the game, not to count Lord Timothy's winnings. It consisted of four fifty-pound notes (which I had handed over, among others, to the Albino); four others for 20*l.* each, which he had lugged out of his hoard in the tin case, and a forged ten, as I subsequently discovered, which, in spite of the vigilance of Thornhose, his antagonist had smuggled into the stakes. The sight of these won her confidence; and knowing that she had an account at a house in Lombard-street, with one of whose junior partners she had once been intimate, I ventured to ask her about her balance. "Under fifty," said she, "Dick, or I should not be here; for the wretch will take a hundred down, and my bill for the remainder. My hump-backed tiger is going to raise the deficiency, if he can, on my cab and horse, this morning; but, of course, you mean to do the needful yourself?"

I replied that I did; and was as good as my word. By twelve o'clock, Aurora was emancipated, at an expense, on my part, of one hundred pounds and costs; for I would not permit her to write for the fifty in Lombard-street. Having speedily settled preliminaries, we took a coach to the city; and, according to an arrangement we made by the way, having a delicate affair in view, she introduced me at her banker's as a husband, to whom she had been married yesterday morning. To obviate the necessity of a certificate, she wrote in my favour for the balance, which I increased by paying in the residue of the amount I had resuscitated from the spider-monkey's throat, and took the common counter receipt for the whole.

On our way back, I left my card at the door of Mr. Thornhose, and Aurora insisted on in-

flicting her own at the residence of Lord Timothy; her separation from whom had already been blown; and she deemed herself lucky in getting out before the arrival of any detainers from her numerous creditors. For my own part I had no wish to remain in London, for either Thornhose or the Albino would doubtless soon pester me. I had left a trail by travelling with the postboys to the masquerade, and thence in a hackney coach to the hotel, the spunging-house and the city, which either of those worthies might without much difficulty follow. Upon the whole, we mutually deemed it expedient to take a tour on the continent,—our route being Petersburg, where Aurora felt sure that her style of beauty was rather unique, and must therefore be capable of being turned to eminent account. Besides these provocatives to emigration, I had now attained an object which I had long ardently desired, but of late years could not achieve—namely—that of holding an account with a respectable metropolitan banker; for, as I know of experience, none of them will put your name in their books, even if you go with 10,000*l.* in your hand, unless you bring a recommendation from somebody they respect. This formidable impediment to a speculation among the country bankers, which I had long ago matured, but could not execute, being removed, by my assumption of marital rights over Aurora,—after having at one fell cheque drawn out the whole of the money standing to my credit in Lombard Street,—with her hunch-back tiger, who had obtained 50*l.* on her equipage, and a beautiful little boy, who looked like our son, we started, full of hope, in a chariot and four, for the Golden West.

*Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

#### SAMPLE THE SECOND.

[Is the first sample of my Memoirs I mentioned some of the difficulties which I had to encounter, at an age when one's experience must necessarily be limited, and one's judgment, consequently, far from mature: in the present specimen I purpose giving some idea of the position in which I was placed by circumstances, at a more recent period of my humble career; begging the reader, however, to observe, that although upwards of forty, I was nevertheless yet a stranger to much of that practical wisdom with which I have since become acquainted (it may readily be guessed at whose cost), and therefore more exposed than I now am, perhaps, to the dangers of social life. Even at present I am far from being in a condition to feel secure, although I have seen a good deal of the world, and am, as nearly as I can guess, about fifty. This is the fact, and I take a sort of malicious joy in avowing it. My acquaintance for many years past having constantly been in the habit of prophesying, in an unpleasant tone of confidence, that it was not possible I could live long, I glory in having



disappointed them; but candour compels me to confess that they have sometimes, to a considerable extent, been warranted in their gloomy predictions—death having more than twice or thrice actually stared me in the face; I may even venture to say, that nothing but great professional skill could have saved me from his clutches. In one instance my days would, as I have reason to believe, have been most certainly numbered, had I not been removed to another clime; which, however, such is my disposition, I ventured to quit long before, strictly speaking, I ought to have done so; consequently, although apparently in good health, even at this moment I am not perfectly safe from the horrors of a relapse. But *n'importe*, I am in tolerable spirits, and hope to make old bones yet. And here I cannot justifiably to my own conscience, omit acknowledging the kind and brotherly notice which my former specimen met with from the Editor of the *Spectator*, who doubtless felt for my trials. He is, I am told, a benevolent, good creature, in easy circumstances, whose friendship I should be most happy to enjoy, because I am sure, from what I have heard, it would, to a man of my pursuits, prove decidedly advantageous. But I must set him right as to one point: he fancies, nearly as I can guess from his observations, that I am a person of whom he has heard, but never saw, named Harry Stoe Van Dyck. This gentleman has, however, long been gathered to his fathers; I, on the contrary, as I need scarcely observe, am still alive; and so far from being a person whom the Editor of the *Spectator* has merely heard of, I am not only known to him, but, although our acquaintance has never been sufficiently intimate to be made so beneficial to myself as I could wish, he was, as I well remember, one of my guests, on the only occasion in my life when I indulged in the extravagance (being usually frugal and unostentatious) of presenting my friends with three courses and a dessert. At present I would rather not reveal my name, for to me notoriety has always been disgusting.]

"Few things, my dear," I observed to Mrs. Garnet, "in domestic economy, are so obnoxious to censure, as a raw red and green coloured cobweb which some people stretch upon their floors, and denominate a Kidderminster carpet. One feels the wood through it at every step, especially when in one's pumps or slippers. The Venetian variety is also, but in a less degree, detestable. Brussels one can bear, and indeed for summer it is scarcely offensive; no *English* gentleman, can feel truly at home from the beginning of September until the end of March, unless he treads upon Turkey. He who doubts or denies this has never reached a certain station in society—at least so I think: what say you, my dear?"

"I agree with you," replied Mrs. Garnet; who, however, judging from her aspect, had been so occupied in the business of the breakfast table, as not to have followed the current of my observations. I therefore repeated them, because I always like to be understood. She made the

same answer as before. A pause ensued, during which she fidgetted frightfully, creamed my coffee twice, and sweetened it three or four times in rapid succession.

Somewhat agitated, as any man of nice feeling would be, at the display of such symptoms, I took her by the hand, and pressed her most affectionately to tell me what had happened. "Nothing at all, Dick," she replied, throwing her arm fondly around me.

"Nay, nay, my love; your tone, your look, those pale lips, that evidently forced smile, this nervous agitation of your dear hand—"

"I had a sleepless night, you know, Dick."

"True: I had forgotten. A drive to Mitcham this sharp, October morning—"

"No, Dick, I had rather remain at home; I feel chilly. Pray poke the fire."

I was proceeding to obey her, when she almost snatched the instrument from my hand, and began to commit very energetic havoc among the Wallend, which, to tell the truth, would, as it struck me, have done well enough without the least assistance. In fact, it burnt beautifully. I stared, and perceiving from the asperity of her profile, that all was not right within—for Mrs. Garnet, although deliciously temperate in general, broke out into effusions peculiar to married ladies, occasionally,—feeling that the atmosphere of her temper was somewhat hot and cloudy, I decided on being absent until the approaching storm should have vented its wrath upon somebody; and protesting that I felt qualmish, and in want of fresh air, ventured to order the cab. Our fellow had no sooner shut the door, than my wife turned sharply upon me, and asked if I really proposed to venture out and drive her own horse.

"Certainly," said I. "I am perfectly well, you know. The neighbours may perhaps be amazed to see me, after having been confined to my room for so many years, venturing to drive such a spirited steed, the very Hotspur of horses, as you state him to be, and possessing such a name as that of Beelzebub: yet it is notorious, that since my visit to Judge's chambers I have been recovering rapidly, and within the last few days I have shown myself to all the people opposite at the drawing-room windows. They see that I am convalescent, why therefore should I not go out? And why not venture to drive Beelzebub? A lawyer, you know, is a match for—but I won't conclude the trite and offensive observation. Besides, if I can't manage him, your groom, who has driven him these three years, of course can, and he shall go with me; unless, indeed—"

"But why not take a longer jaunt, Dick?" interrupted Mrs. Garnet. "I will confess to you, that for many days past I have felt perfectly satisfied as to your being quite able to leave the house, but delicacy would not permit me to say so until you mentioned it yourself. You have done so, and I now may ask—why this preliminary drive? Why not book your place for Edin.



burgh, or take the Calais steamer, or stroll into the city after nightfall, at once?"

Of course I inquired what in the name of every thing on earth she meant, protesting that I never felt so astonished and mystified in the whole course of my life, and concluding with a slight impeachment as to the validity of her intellect. She stared upon me with an expression of stupid wonder. "My dear," said I, "your restlessness last night has evidently so shattered your nerves, that your situation distresses me. You have been very low-spirited lately—you have indeed; I have remarked it, though I said nothing, hoping that it would wear off when I could take you out. But you won't venture with me, that's the fact. Well, I'm not angry—not I. Take Tom, as you used to do when I was bed-ridden; or if you cannot muster up sufficient energy for that, be persuaded to be put in possession of more iron: I will send for a series of tonics which—"

"No, Dick, I'll swallow none of your prescriptions—that's flat!"

"Unaccountable, foolish, womanly prejudice! What! because I am now practising the law, is it to be concluded that the results of my early medical studies have completely evanesced?"

"No: but you are artfully leading me, Dick, from my topic. I have been thinking of it all night. In plain English, it is time for us to part."

"Part!" I exclaimed; "your proposition is most odious and unreasonable."

"Fiddlestick!" said she; "you ought, in honour, to be off. Go to America; take enough to pay your passage, and fifty pounds extra for contingencies."

"But why, my dear—you are certainly mad—why should I go to America? Neither business nor inclination calls me to the new world. Why quit my present position in society? Here I stand, with every thing pleasant about me; aged forty-three, it is true, but with a good constitution; a wife whom I idolized when she was a girl, although another had the felicity of being blessed with her maiden love—that Abaddon in canonicals, the Rev. Decimus Pontypool—an establishment unexceptionably comfortable, nay, elegant; a good connexion—speaking as an attorney,—managed entirely by a confidential clerk, who—"

Mrs. Garnet, I blush to say it, here interrupted me by the most indecent laughter, which she wound up with an impudent denial of my identity.

I only ask any man, if he would not have played the very devil at this? But, with more temper than people mostly possess, I began to reason the point. Mrs. G., however, soon interrupted me, thus:—"Your gravity, Dick, is excessively droll, but, joking apart, you must go. I'll give you fifty pounds for your trouble, but you must really bolt!"

"Am I in debt, then?" cried I. "Is the name of Garnet—"

"Nonsense! your folly begins to disgust me. Drop it, I beg."

"Folly! Mrs. Garnet. I don't think that at this time of my life, equally removed as I am from the stages of first and second childhood, I am likely to act as an imbecile. Let us look—my love, at our relative positions. Your husband, Garnet, a rascally attorney, dies at Gainsborough: you another the circumstance, continue to take out his certificate as though nothing had happened, and carry on his business by means of an active managing clerk, giving out that Garnet, poor fellow, although his intellect continues vigorous as ever, is bed-ridden, and not fit to be seen, at 'the cottage.' You don't even administer, but enjoy his property without even paying the legacy or probate duty. Indeed, you act as a woman of sense throughout. Very well, all goes on swimmingly, until some impertinent puppy of an attorney, who owes you a grudge, ventures to suspect that Garnet is dead. The fellow carries his folly so far as to solicit a summons for Garnet to appear and establish the fact of his existence. You happen to meet with me; you state the facts, and enveloped in Welsh flannel, after having starved myself into a becoming paleness, I personate the deceased. Every body has forgotten me—time and disease have done much in altering my features—I am judicially recognized, and thenceforth commence my recovery. Now that I am hale and hearty as ever I was in my life, you coolly talk of my tramping off to Edinburgh or elsewhere!"

"Ha! ha! Diek," exclaimed Maria, playfully filipping my cheek; "I see by your manner, that you meditate a bit of roguery, but no matter, I shan't be nice to a shade; at any rate we won't quarrel for a trifle one way or the other, will we?"

"Certainly not; but what do you mean by lugging the very offensive substantive 'roguery' into our discussion? Allow me to tell you, Mrs. Garnet, that I have all along determined to act in this affair strictly according to the dictates of my conscience. When I met you in Tooley Street, after a long, and to me, most painful separation, I had not a shirt to my back—such had been my indolence—now thanks to my exertions in your behalf—"

"Well, well, I see your aim, but to the point at once. We lose time, for if we talked for a thousand years we should not understand each other better than we already do. The fact is, you're a poor needy devil, willing to make the most of a wind-fall, and I don't blame you; for you can't well afford to oblige even so old a friend as myself, *con amore* or any thing like it. In mentioning fifty for contingencies I spoke at hazard, and was not up to the mark, I admit. But come, we won't higgie like hucksters: name your own price; there's my hand, Dick—I give you a *carte blanche* for the bargain; but don't be unreasonable."

"Unreasonable! Egad, Mrs. Garnet, it's you who are unreasonable. Do you think every spark of particular passion for yourself, of common gallantry for that sex which you so adorn, is dead within me? Inspect this lovely hand!

Reflect on your fine form—for you are still decidedly a beauty—”

“Ha! ha! ha! Oh, Dick! Dick!”

“Besides there are all the little elegant comforts—the cab and Beelzebub—the Turkey carpet—the cottage which I have not yet seen.”

“Nor ever will, my dear fellow, for it exists only in my own imagination: but then, to be sure there’s this house, centrally situated—”

“In good repair—”

“Held for a long term, at a moderate rent—”

“Not a chimney in it smokes—no drafts, no rattling old windows, and no noisy children, Dick!”

“True, my dear! I sup full of felicity. Then again, we must not forget my former identity, which, you may readily guess, annoyed me as much, and stuck to me as closely, wherever I went, as the old man of the mountain did to the shoulders of Sinbad.”

“A hump which you couldn’t pitch like a porter does a package of suspicious goods and run away from it.”

“No: in fact Garnet is the safest name I ever wore.”

“And you’ve been rather volatile, Dick, eh?”

“Uncommonly, as I am free to confess.”

“Ha! ha! but now for the climax of all this badinage. Is it a serious proposition of one hundred guineas—there or thereabouts—little more or less?”

“My dear Maria, I cannot bear this. You won’t look at things in a proper light.”

“A hundred and fifty then?”

“Providence, though late in life, has beneficently interfered on my behalf—”

“Two hundred pounds?”

“And shall I be such an ingrate as to reject its proffered blessings?”

“Make it guineas.”

“My affections, safety, ease, comfort, and a thousand other considerations admonish me not to cast my bread upon the waters—”

“Pshaw! don’t be rapacious!”

“Pythagoras, in his remarks on the transmigration of souls, has divinely observed—”

“Oh bother Pythagoras! Don’t bring him in as a mock-bidder, or Socrates, Plato, and Euclid will presently follow. Take my final offer of two hundred and fifty—money down, Dick—and let the hammer fall.”

“Don’t call me Dick, dearest! my name is Jonathan, Jonathan Garnet; a bourgeois and objectionable appellation it is true, but possesses such solid advantages (for even to say nothing of you, there’s the business you know, and the safety as well), that hang me, my love, if any consideration on earth shall tempt me to part with it. Henceforth I am an attorney who has been very ill; you have recognized, Lord Tentorden has ratified me as such, and it would be bad taste on my part—”

“Of course Dick, you’re joking still—joking on the broadest possible scale.”

I made no reply; but fixing myself firmly

in the elbow-chair which I occupied, after having poked the fire with all the emphasis of decided ownership, I gave her a glance so seriously negative, that the dear susceptible little woman shrieked with emotion, rose, staggered towards my plate, snatched up my anchovy knife, and made a desperate lunge, which, had it been successful, would have laid her open to a capital imputation. Of course, therefore, I parried it; pushed her back—what less could I do?—and she dropped on the hearth-rug in violent hysterics. The chamber-maid and cook, alarmed by her tocsin,—the shriek which I mentioned, now burst into the room. I bled her to profusion, while partially delirious. Being convinced, however, that there was no reason for alarm, I left her in the care of her woman, and—the cab being at the door—just jumped into it and took a brief bold dashing drive about town.

Beelzebub proved to be a perfect darling: he possessed action as well as pace; kept both head and stern gallantly up; and unlike many fast-goers, he was neither cat-hamned nor goose-rumped. I gloried in him. Maria’s groom was an ass. He had dwelt on the reins with so dead a hand as to irritate the noble nag; the consequence was, that he had pulled the cab, not from the collar but the bit. I could have cuffed the fellow where he sat, (for I had taken him with me,) but for the anachronism of a man, who had’n’t been out of his room for years, thrashing his groom. Rhino, the name to which the rascal answered, was amazed at my tact and Beelzebub’s obedience. The animal found himself treated by a master-hand, and might have been driven, with the velocity of an arrow, through the most encumbered streets, by the slender pilotage of a pack-thread. Several highly respectable looking persons, after having stared egregiously, took off their hats as I passed, to make amends for the offence of having, as I guessed, foolishly taken me, at the first glance, for some low vagabond whom they knew. Rhino was astonished at the multitude of persons who recognized me, after having been so long an invisible invalid; while my perfect generalship in all the minutiae of cab-driving, produced, in his appreciating bosom, a sensation of positive awe. The fact is, that without vanity be it spoken, although I succumb to Apsley, the Nimrod of the Sporting Magazine, in “tooling a team,” I sing second to no man,—so bountiful is nature—as a buggy whip over the stones. All this is parenthetical, and by-the-bye; but I have so little to brag of that I may perhaps be allowed to mention my comparative superiority in the trifling article of driving “a one-horse shay.”

On my return, Maria was in bed; but so successful had been my depletion, that she was now quite composed, and had even admitted our managing clerk to a consultation, literally over the counterpane, on some urgent topic. I dined alone and undisturbed; but just after my filberts and parmesan had come in—(I always marry them in my mouth)—I heard a faint feeble irresolute tapping at the door. I dictatorially shouted

the usual shibboleth, and he who managed the official regions below stairs slowly sneaked in. His name was Gruel. He stood about five feet six, and might be forty; but there is no telling how his account stood with time to any certainty. He wore a wig—smooth, brown, and oily as the plumage of a duck. He fought in armour, for no adversary ever saw his eyes. They were protected laterally as well as in front by large green glasses; he had not discovered that expression dwells as much about the region of the mouth as about that of the eyes; and consequently deemed himself safe while the latter were concealed, although the lips, naked and exposed as they were, to so erudite a glance as that with which circumstances endow a man of my experience, reveal, with the nicest accuracy, what is going on within. I have always found that the deepest villains are, in apparently minor, but really most important points, the greatest noodles: this it is, that—fortunately for the public—hangs so many of them; and some odd day it will hang our sleek friend Gruel.

When he entered the room his humility was so aggravated, that an innocent spectator would humanely have wished that the fellow, for his own sake, could have sunk through the floor. I, however, not only saw, but by what dropped from Mrs. Garnet, knew that he was a dead rascal, who, notwithstanding his apparent imbecility, possessed steam-engine power. I therefore asked him to sit down and take wine with me. He glode forward, and seemingly oppressed by the consciousness of his own insignificance, dwindled into a chair: on the edge of which an abrupt incident compels me to leave him until the first of March.

From the Asiatic Journal.

## SKETCHES OF INDIAN SOCIETY.

### TRAVELLING.—THE MATCH.

In peaceable times, the period chosen for the general movement of troops in India is at the commencement of the cold season; but as many regiments are obliged to wait until they are relieved by others, the hot weather often comes on before the whole of the army on the move can be settled in new quarters. Officers rejoining their corps, or proceeding to different parts of the country, upon leave of absence or military duties, are continually traversing the plains and jungles of India, even at the least favourable seasons, having no habitation save a tent; and if travelling alone, no society excepting that of their own servants, and the wild tenants of the wood. Persons, however, who can amuse themselves, prefer the solitude to which they must be condemned, in their progress from station to station, to the inconveniences attendant upon the movement of

large bodies, and the necessity of a strict observance of the rules and regulations laid down by the commanding officer.

Unless under some very peculiar circumstances, a regiment is usually stationary for three years in the quarters assigned to it; the breaking-up of an establishment, therefore, after so long a residence, is often a serious affair. In many places, bungalows are not to be obtained on hire; they must be purchased from the proprietors, and upon a change of residence sold to the new comers. If there should not be a sufficient number to accommodate the whole of the strangers, those who have not succeeded in procuring a house must build one, and live in their tents until it shall be finished. Great losses are frequently sustained in the fluctuation of society in a small station. An officer who has been compelled to pay a very high price for a bungalow, when houses appear to have been in great demand, may be obliged to sell at a very low one, or have the tenement left upon his hands at his departure, in consequence of a diminution in the number of the residents. In places where natives are induced to build bungalows upon speculation, and to let them out by the month (the usual period for the hire of every thing in India) there is much less trouble and anxiety in changing the place of abode, though it is still a formidable affair. All the accumulations of furniture not actually necessary for the march are sold off, sometimes as a matter of pure necessity, to procure funds to meet the expenses of a removal, or to lessen them by abridging the number of conveyances. At others, the sales, so frequent all over India, seem to be occasioned by a peculiarity of disposition common to the British community resident there—a passion for buying and selling—since, in merely changing houses, or removing to a very short distance, many persons will take the opportunity of having an auction, and of parting with their goods and chattels without reserve, although they must commence a repurchase almost immediately. The roving Arab of the desert cannot entertain less attachment to household conveniences than an Anglo-Indian, and if one person should happen to take a fancy to the effects of another, he may be very certain that a little patience will afford him the option of bidding for them at the outcry,\* which will assuredly take place in the course of a few months. There are a few exceptions, chiefly in the cases of ancient civilians, who allow their chairs and tables to grow old in their service; but the mania appears to be extending, and when these worthies shall have retired from the scene, their successors will doubtless follow the prevailing fashion, and sell off at every decent opportunity. One cause of the shifting nature which property has assumed in India, proceeds from the difficulty of preserv-

\* This is an Anglo-Indian word, which is preferred to the common appellation. To go to an 'outcry,' or to send goods to an 'outcry,' is understood by the initiated to mean an 'auction'; and *Griffins*, who do not comprehend the term, are looked upon with great contempt.

ing any perishable article from the injurious effects of the climate, and the depredations committed by winged and fourfooted assailants. Constant care and attention are required to keep furniture in decent order. No packing will secure iron from rust, wood from ants, or cotton, canvas, and leather, from rats: tents laid up in ordinary are eaten through and through; boxes and trunks drop to pieces, and are found to be nests of reptiles of every kind: one article has been split in the hot winds, another has got mouldy in the rains, and insects have penetrated every where. If the furniture and other effects belonging to a family going to the hills, or to the presidency for a few months, should be left standing in a house, there is still danger from the habitual neglect, or occasional remissness, of the servants who may have the care of them: indeed, constant use seems to be almost essential to their preservation; the house itself, also, if uninhabited, will speedily fall into disrepair, and therefore, even where a short absence is contemplated, it is thought more advisable to sell every thing off, than to risk the destruction of property from the numerous adverse influences in continual and active operation.

Accustomed to constant sales and transfers of worldly goods, many persons will part with all their household effects, without any adequate cause, not even retaining their plate, which they must sell at a disadvantage, and which may not be in sufficient quantities to be any serious incumbrance; but where there are few modes of beguiling time, a sale affords a degree of excitement, and though the amusements of an auction-room are monopolized by the gentlemen, it not being reckoned decorous for females to attend, the ladies are interested in the affair, and look over the marked catalogues brought to them with eager eyes, speculating upon the causes of suspicious purchases, a piano-forte, for instance, by some apparently determined bachelor, which perhaps turns out to be a commission from a married friend, or expensive articles by families who can ill afford the luxuries of life. An auction is the inevitable result of a death. A wife losing her husband breaks up her establishment immediately; a husband losing his wife sells off all the superfluous furniture, and not unfrequently the ornaments and wardrobe of the deceased; while the executors of a bachelor, either appointed by will or by the existing regulations, collect every article of his property and put the whole under the hammer. The eve of a march is fertile in sales, the purchasers being the more permanent residents, shop-keepers and not unfrequently natives, who take the opportunity of procuring articles of European manufacture at a cheap rate: they are beginning, even in the Upper Provinces, to keep English carriages, and are, if possible, less particular than the Anglo-Indians respecting the external appearance of the equipage, being quite content with rat-eaten, worm-eaten vehicles, which have had the greater part of the paint and varnish rubbed off in rude encounters with enemies of various kinds.

Upon a march, a certain quantity of furniture must be reserved for a general sale, or purchased for the occasion, since it is not possible to proceed without a supply of domestic utensils sufficient for the comfort and convenience of the travelling party. Many persons pitch their tents, and live in them for a week or two, previous to their final retreat from their old quarters; thus accustoming themselves to the change, and seeing that they have every thing requisite for a long journey. At day-break on the morning appointed for the commencement of the march, the bustle and confusion of departure begin; the *cortège* of every family spreads itself wide over the plain, presenting motley groups of various kinds. Chests and other heavy goods are packed in *hackerys* (small carts drawn by bullocks,) and where there are ladies, a conveyance of this nature is secured for the female attendants: other bullocks have trunks, made purposely for this mode of transportation, slung across their backs; the tents become the load of camels, or an elephant, and light or fragile articles are carried either on men's heads or over their shoulders: nothing that will not bear jolting being entrusted to four-footed animals. The china and glass are packed in round baskets, and conveyed by *coolies* on their heads; looking-glasses, *chillum-chees*, (brass wash-basins,) and toilette-furniture, are tied upon a charpoy or bedstead, and carried by four men, and cooking-pots, gridirons, frying-pans, chairs, tables, stools, and bird-cages, are disposed of in a similar manner. The *meter* appears with his dogs in a string or strings; the shepherd drives his sheep before him, and cocks crow and hens cluck from the baskets in which they are imprisoned; spare horses are led by their *syces* or grooms, who never mount them, and the washer-men and the water-carriers are there with their bullocks. The head-servant, or *khansamah*, seldom compromises his dignity by marching on foot, but is generally to be seen amid the equestrians, the steed being some ragged, vicious, or broken-down *tattoo*, caparisoned à la *Rozinante*: the other domestics, *khidmutghars*, bearers, &c. either walk, or bestride the camels, if their drivers will permit them to mount, or take a cast in a hackery, or get on in any way that happens to present itself. All are well accustomed to the mode of travelling, and proceed with cheerfulness. The master of the family, if with his regiment, must be on horseback, unless the commandant should be sufficiently indulgent to permit him to drive his wife in a buggy. The lady sometimes rides on an Arab steed, and sometimes travels in a close carriage, or a palanquin, according as inclination or convenience may direct; the children, if there be any, are usually inclosed with their attendants in a peculiar kind of vehicle, called a palanquin-carriage, but different from those used by adults, and not very unlike the cage of a wild beast placed upon wheels. The nurse sits on the floor of this machine, with a baby upon her knees, and the larger fry peep through the prison-bars of the clumsy conveyance, which is drawn by bullocks, and



moves slowly and heavily along, floundering over the rough roads, and threatening to upset at every jolt. The passage of such a cavalcade through the country is very amusing, but *griffins* only are seen to laugh at the droll appearance made by this gipsy mode of travelling; the natives are accustomed to it, and the immense multitude (the regiment itself scarcely formed a third part) move along without molestation, and with comparatively little difficulty, in consequence of the few enclosures which impede their progress.

The train of a family, amounting to three persons, will not consist of less than a hundred individuals, the wives and children of the servants included, who not unfrequently carry their aged parents along with them. The native officers belonging to sepoy regiments have their zenanas to convey, and few of the sepoys themselves are entirely destitute of attendants. Then there is the bazaar, which is invariably attached to a camp, to supply it with all the necessaries of life, and men, women, children, and animals abound in this ambulatory market for gram, ghee, flour, tobacco, spices, &c. When spare tents have been sent on, the family of an officer, on arriving at the encamping ground, find every thing ready for their reception; but if any accident should have retarded the route of the people, a tree must be the resource. Parties may be seen on horseback or on foot, or in palanquins, grouped under the shade of some friendly bough, waiting while their canvass abode is preparing for them. The rapid manner in which the multifarious materials which are to compose the temporary city, are reduced to order, and arranged in their proper places, is truly astonishing. It is both curious and interesting to watch the progress of the formation of a camp, from some neighbouring bungalow, when it occurs in the vicinity of cantonments. The desert appears to be peopled as if by magic; men and animals crowd upon the scene; the earth in every direction is strewn with uncouth packages and bundles; these, amid much gesticulation, and no small expenditure of lungs, assume graceful forms, and arise glittering in the sun like the pavilions of some fairy princess. Long lines of pent-house streets appear; banners are floating in the air; the elephant, who has trodden out the ground, and smoothed it for his master's tent, retires to his bivouac, and spacious enclosures, formed of *kanauts*, secure the utmost privacy to the dwellers of the populous camp. The exertions of a little army of followers have succeeded in imparting comfort and even elegance to interiors fitted up in haste in the midst of the wildest jungle. Palanquins and carriages begin to arrive; the ladies find their toilette-tables laid out; the gentlemen are provided with a bath; the khidmutghars are preparing breakfast, and the hookahbadars are getting the chillums in readiness; while camels, bullocks and their drivers, tent-pitchers, coolies, and all those who have been employed in fatiguing offices, are buried in profound repose. The sheep are lying down to rest, and the poultry are more peaceable than usual.

It is at these times that a kind master is rewarded for his attention to the comfort and well-being of those beneath him, by the devotion manifested by his servants. It seems to be a point of honour among faithful and respectable domestics to prevent their employers from suffering inconvenience or privation of any kind, while exposed to the difficulties which must necessarily occur upon a line of march. They will, upon such occasions, voluntarily perform duties not properly belonging to their respective stations in the household. They will assist with heart and hand upon any emergency; help to get the tent up, or to extricate the cattle and the baggage, should either stick fast upon the road; cheer and animate the exertions of others, and think their own credit is concerned in procuring all the wonted enjoyments of a permanent home. Where the head of the house has failed to secure the attachment of his dependants, he is made to feel how completely it is in their power to avenge themselves. They can always invent some excuse for the carelessness and neglect which are productive of serious annoyance to him. He has no remedy; for, accustomed to beating and abuse, they are not deterred, by fear of the consequences of his displeasure, from preferring their own ease to his comfort. They have little hope of good treatment, and are determined not to allow any opportunity for retaliation to escape them. He may awake in the morning and find that the whole set have abandoned him in the night, and in this event he is left in the most charming predicament imaginable, and can only vent his rage upon the awkward substitutes which the neighbouring village will supply, who, in turn, run away so soon as they can take their departure without danger of pursuit.

In parts of the country abounding in game, the sportsmen are scarcely settled in their quarters before they prepare to take the field. Their horses have been sent on over night, and as the grand objects of the chase, the wild boar and the tiger, are not hunted with dogs, they have only themselves and their cattle to put in order. Tigers can rarely be approached except upon an elephant; for, independent of the danger to the rider, few horses could be induced to face these terrific animals. But well mounted, and with spear in hand, a bold equestrian dashes forward on the scarcely less perilous pursuit of the bristly monsters of the plain. The dresses of the hunting party are various and characteristic; many old sportsmen array themselves in long flannel jackets, descending nearly to the saddle; they render their passage through jungles, overgrown by the prickly pear, easy, by encasing their knees in thick leathern caps, and they preserve their heads from too close a contact with mother-earth, a hard parent in a conker soil, by fastening a black or rather brown velvet jockey-cap, duly fenced with armour of proof in the inside, under their chins. Younger and gayer Nimrods appear in smart hunting-coats of scarlet or Lincoln green, with fashionable corded inexpressibles and

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top-boots; while tyros, eager for their first field, and unprovided with appropriate garments, exhibit in their accustomed suit, white jackets and trousers, exceedingly ill adapted for the fell encounters which await them. Altogether, when thus equipped, the party attended by the numerous followers which a hunting match is sure to attract, make a gallant show, and set forward high in hope and in spirits. The return, though less splendid as regards the personal appearance and the habiliments of the cavalcade, is more imposing from the blood-stained trophies of the chase, brought in by an exulting band, who fight the battle o'er and o'er again. Some of the party are covered from head to foot with the mud of a marsh, in which they have been unceremoniously deposited; another re-enters the camp upon a tattoo, having left his best charger a victim to the murderous tusks of a desperate assailant; one has descended to the depths of an old well, and his chum has unwittingly explored the secret recesses of some ravine, treacherously concealed by brushwood and long grass. But where no more serious accidents have occurred to mar the triumphs of the day, the quarters of the slain, cooked to perfection by some liberal Moosulman,\* are enjoyed without alloy at the tables of the camp; the ladies partaking in the excitement of the morning's sport, and the luxurious fare it has produced.

In well-regulated camps, the utmost quiet is maintained throughout the night, until the sound of the bugles long before day authorizes the striking of the tent-pins. Sleep is effectually banished by that dreadful note of preparation, and, starting from their slumbers, the European inhabitants make a hasty toilette, and superintend the irksome task of repacking those small and valuable articles essential to their comfort, which they are afraid of entrusting to other hands. The necessity of rising every day at a certain hour, and of performing certain duties whether the health and spirits be equal to them or not, is a great drawback to the pleasures of a march, to those who are not strong enough to cope with hardships which, though trifling in themselves, become distressing by their diurnal occurrence. To an invalid, it is desirable to make a bed of a palanquin, as in that case the noise around, to which a traveller will soon become accustomed, forms the only disturbance; the bearers take up the vehicle, and the period of rising is postponed until the close of the morning's journey. There are always *doolies* (palanquins enclosed with cloth curtains) belonging to the hospital in readiness for the officers or sepoys who may chance to be taken ill upon the road; but notwithstanding the strict precautions which are observed to prevent disagreeable consequences from such accidents, in long and difficult marches, delicate

persons are sometimes exposed to fatigues and hardships of a very serious nature. A lady, travelling in a palanquin, relinquished it for the accommodation of her husband, who was seized with an attack of illness at too great a distance from the hospital conveyances to avail himself of them. The lady ventured to perform the morning's journey in the *hackery* which conveyed her female attendants, and, after suffering a martyrdom from the jolting of the vehicle, had the misfortune to be overturned upon the banks of a *nullah*. This accident obliged her to wade through the stream with her women, and to walk afterwards a distance of three miles in her wet clothes, at the risk of catching a fever: fortunately, no dangerous consequences ensued; but the bare idea of such a pilgrimage, amidst the wastes and wilds of an Indian jungle, must be terrifying to those who are acquainted with the effects which too frequently follow from exposure to the sun. Gentleman seldom attempt to walk to any distant point without having a horse or a palanquin behind them.

The dinner in camp is usually as well supplied with the products of the larder as the repast served up in a settled establishment; several very excellent dishes have been invented, which are peculiarly adapted to the cooking apparatus suited to a jungle or some unreclaimed waste hitherto unconscious of culinary toils. A *Burdwan* stew ranks high amongst these concoctions, and two sauces, which go under the name of *shikarree* (hunters') and camp-cause, are assuredly the most piquant adjuncts to flesh and fowl which the genius of a *gastrolome* has ever compounded. Immediately after dinner, the *kliid-mutghars*, cooks, and mussaulchees, pack up the utensils belonging to their department, and set forward with the tent, which is to be the morrow's dwelling, leaving the bearers to attend at tea, or to furnish the materials for a stronger beverage for the evening's refreshment: their objection to the table-service extending only to repasts composed of animal food. By these arrangements, the chances of being obliged to bivouac for hours under a tree are considerably lessened; but where no second tent can be afforded, the travellers must inevitably acquire experimental knowledge of the delectabilities of living in the fresh air. A young officer attached to the rear-guard, in coming late into camp, hot, dusty, and wearied to death, has occasionally the mortification of seeing his tent struck, by order of some rigid Martinet, perchance a temporary commandant, dressed in a little brief authority, who has discovered that it is not in its proper situation; another site is to be found; meanwhile, like Jacques, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," he takes a gloomy aspect of human nature, or if unused to the pensive mood, devotes the ruthless author of his misfortune to Zameel, or some such classic personage. He has, in all probability, risen long before day-break, has performed the first part of his morning's duties shivering with cold, pierced through and through with the keen

\* They are bigots and pretenders solely, who object to handle the flesh of hog in any state, cured or fresh. An orthodox believer has only to wash his hands and to repeat a prayer, to purify himself from the defilement.

blasts of a cutting wind, though for the last four hours, his exposure to a burning sun has enabled him to compare the miseries of Nova Zembla with those of an Indian desert; and, unless from downright exhaustion, he has little patience left to await the time in which he may hope to stretch his aching limbs beneath the shelter of a tent.

Occasionally, during a long march, it is necessary to halt for a day or two upon the road, in order to refresh the weary frames of men and cattle toiling under the burden of the camp equipage. The close vicinity of a large station is most frequently chosen for this sojourn, as it enables the officers to replenish their stock of European supplies. The camp on these days presents a busy scene; the *dobies* seize the opportunity to wash and iron their masters' clothes; mending, making, and repairing of garments, saddles, harness, and tackle of all descriptions, take place, and if there has been a fall of rain, the wetted articles are dried in the sun. Should the station be celebrated for its gaiety, invitations for a ball and supper meet the regiment upon the road; something like a sensation is created by the prospect of entertaining strangers, and the officers of the corps marching through are not unwilling to diversify the monotony of a camp by entering into the festivities of a social cantonment. Sometimes the march is less agreeably retarded by a change of weather. When the breaking-up of the rains is protracted beyond the customary period, those regiments first appointed to take the field are exposed to the torrents which invariably mark the closing of the season. An Indian tent is so constructed as to keep out any ordinary quantity of water that may be showered upon it, but it cannot withstand a deluge; trenches are dug round to prevent the accumulation of pools and puddles on the floor,—too frequently a useless attempt, for when the canvass roof has been thoroughly soaked through, there is no possibility of keeping the interior dry. A wet camp is the most deplorable of all wretched places; groupes of miserable creatures huddle themselves together under some inefficient shed; coldness and discomfort reign in every part; there are few fires; the wood is wet, and will not burn; the cooking-places have been washed away, and still the floods pour down, giving no hope of abatement, no chance of dinner and dry beds. Happy may those persons esteem themselves who have palanquins or close carriages to repair to in these melancholy circumstances; they at least afford a refuge from the pelting rain, and biscuits and brandy supply the place of a regular meal. Three or four days of such weather prove a trial of strength and patience, which requires a more than ordinary portion of mental and bodily endurance to support: invention and ingenuity are taxed to the utmost for the means of existence for those delicate sufferers, ladies and children, who are compelled to bear the buffetings of the storm. At length, the sky clears up; men and beasts, look-

ing more than half dead, emerge from their dripping lairs; fires are kindled upon the first dry spots, and gradually, under the vivifying influence of the sun, partial comfort, at least, is restored to the tents. There is no such thing as stirring during the continuance of the rain, and the dreadful state of the roads, cut up in every direction, will offer many impediments to the march, which must be renewed as soon as it is practicable to proceed.

A more common and more bearable misery sustained in a camp is caused by the strong winds, which sweep along the plains of Hindostan in the cold season. When these are very violent, although the tent may withstand their power, and maintain its erect position, it is impossible to keep out the dust: it makes its way through every crevice, and becomes at length an almost intolerable nuisance. But a canvass habitation is not always proof against a tornado: neither ropes nor pins can avail when the tempest lets loose all its force. The cordage cracks, the pins are torn up from the ground, away rolls the tent, demolishing in its progress the furniture it contained, and enveloping those unfortunate, who may not have made a timely escape, in clouds of canvass.

Long marches are, however, often performed without obstruction or accident of any kind, and it is very practicable to traverse the country in the rains, when they do not come down absolutely in torrents for days together: at least, a distance of a hundred miles may be compassed without much difficulty, especially as, in short marches, two stages may be performed at once without distressing the people or their beasts of burthen.

After a tedious sojourn in the jungles, an invitation to spend the season at a large station induced the writer and another lady to make an attempt to cross the country in the midst of the rains, escorted only by servants, and a guard of sepoy. We took twelve camels with us, and loaded them lightly with a couple of tents, it being necessary to make their burthens as little oppressive as possible. In order to guard against the uncomfortableness of sitting on damp earth, we had a wooden platform constructed, raised two inches from the ground, which our *dobee* afterwards secured for an ironing-board, and we took care to be well supplied with setringees and small mats. Our train consisted of a *khansamah*, who had the direction of the whole journey, three *khidmutghars*, a *sirdar* bearer, the tailor, the washerman, the water-carrier, the cook, and *mussaulchees*, twelve bearers for each palanquin, and *claishees* (tent-pitchers), *banghie*-bearers and coolies almost innumerable. Our two female attendants travelled in a *hakeery*, with a favourite Persian cat, who seemed to be the most composed of the whole party by the journey. Our *cortège* preceded us by a day, and were directed to push on to a place about six-and-twenty miles distant. We followed before day-break the next morning, and, though many parts

of the country were flooded, and our progress was necessarily slow, reached our little encampment before one in the day, having had no rain, and experiencing only trifling inconvenience from the heat. Our people had chosen a very picturesque spot, having pitched the tent in front of a small mangotape, opposite to a well, which was shaded by a magnificent tamarind-tree. An old Moosulman city, formerly a place of considerable importance, reared its time-worn walls to the left, while to the right, a rich tract beautifully wooded, and decked with silvery lakes, stretched itself far as the eye could reach. The city proved a very interesting object to strangers, who had hitherto only surveyed the towns of India from the rivers; it was surrounded by high battlemented walls of dark red stone, flanked with solid buttresses, and seemed to have been a place of great strength in other days. The fortifications had fallen to decay, and through gaps in the upper part of the massy walls, the domes of mosques were visible, while here and there an open cupola reared its head, the decoration apparently of some wealthy native's mansion. A large archway, furnished with strong wooden gates, gave glimpses of the principal street; and the peaceable occupations of the inhabitants, and their songs which came in snatches on the breeze, harmonized soothingly with the calm aspect of the scene. Our four-and-twenty bearers, the instant they had given up the charge of the palanquins, flung themselves down upon the ground, and fell fast asleep; but the rest of our people were busy, some cooking their own meals, and others preparing for our refreshment. We found the tent furnished with a couch to repose upon during the day, and our breakfast à la *fourchette* was served up in excellent style: it was followed by an early dinner, and we were amused by the packing and departure of our second tent, with the party attached to it. The men girded up their loins, rolled their trowsers above their knees, and taking large staves in their hands, set forward with an air of great resolution: the khansamah, as became his dignity, being mounted upon a tattoo, which seemed rather in a crazy condition; the women disposed themselves in their hackery, and we were left to the care of our sirdar-bearer, a couple of sepoyas, and three *chokeydars* from the neighbouring city. We chose to make beds of our palanquins, which were brought into the tent, and the sirdar-bearer laid himself down in front, apparently unwilling to allow his charge to be out of his sight. He brought us tea at starting, and we proceeded very early in the morning, not expecting to see him or the tent again, as we had made up our minds, in consequence of having received letters urging despatch, on account of a ball which was to take place in a few days, to wait at the houses of the thanadars of the villages while our bearers took their needful rest, rather than lose the expected gratification by lingering on the road. Our servants, with whom we could have very little oral communication, on

account of our ignorance of Hindoostanee, were aware of our intention, through the medium of an epistle in Persian, forwarded to the khansamah, of which he seemed not a little proud; and the sirdar, who had never shewn much activity or energy before, performed wonders in the display of his gratitude for the remarkably easy life which he had been allowed to lead. It was twelve o'clock before we reached the tent, which had been sent on, and which we found pleasantly situated near a pagoda, and where we received a visit from a respectable person, handsomely attired, who made his *salaams*, and gave us to understand that he had been directed by the district judge to afford us every accommodation in his power. After partaking of a repast, in which the grilled fowl and chicken-broth were excellent, at four o'clock, our bearers being refreshed, we went on another march, and to our surprise and pleasure, found the tent, which we had left in the morning, ready to receive us. The sirdar must have broken up his encampment the instant we left it, and have gone forward without waiting to rest upon the road. He had fortunately chosen the close vicinity of a *serai* for our night's sojourn, since the clouds, which had hitherto befriended us, had now gathered in a portentous manner, and the rain soon began to descend in heavy and continuous showers. Our people found shelter in the before-mentioned *serai*, a handsome stone quadrangle, which we had had an opportunity of reconnoitring before the rain came on, and were therefore easy upon their account. The khansamah, who shortly afterwards arrived with the second tent, could not be prevailed upon to remain, but went off again almost immediately, being determined not to be outdone by the sirdar: he must have had a weary march of it, for the night was dreadfully dark, and the waters were out all over the low grounds. Another thanadar made his appearance, and earnestly recommended us, in consequence of the state of the country, not to depart before daylight; we took his advice, and prepared to spend the intervening hours as agreeably as the circumstances would admit. Our tent was impervious to the weather, and were it otherwise, we could not get wet in our palanquins. We had been advised that no baggage would be safe which was not under the immediate charge of a sentinel. It is the custom to pile every portable article on the outside of the tent, close to the guard; but as we feared they would not be water-proof, we had our trunks brought under cover, and directed the sepoy to enter the tent, and keep watch over them there. Our faithful sirdar took up his usual post by the side of the palanquins, and a chokeydar established himself at every opening. The tent was lined with dark cloth; a single lamp shed its solitary ray over the sleepers and the guard, and as I looked out upon the strange groupe with whom I was so closely associated, the *coup d'œil* reminded me of a scene in a melodrame, representing a robber's cave. We recommenced our journey on the following morning, in the

midst of heavy rain, and made little progress through the floods, which had considerably increased since the preceding day. Our bearers seemed much distressed, and we were glad to allow them to rest occasionally: they were not unmindful of our comfort, but, when refreshing themselves, brought milk to the palanquin-doors, which we very thankfully accepted, as we had not provided ourselves with bottles of tea. About the middle of the day, we came up to the tent, which we quitted before night, as we found that relays of bearers had been engaged to carry us on to the place of our destination, which we reached at an early hour on the following morning. An invitation awaited us to dine at four o'clock with a friend in the neighbourhood: we dressed and went, not expecting to be attended by our own servants at table, but shortly after the commencement of the meal, all the khidmutghars made their appearance, attired in their best clothes, and not evincing any marks of fatigue from the extraordinary exertions they had made. During the whole of this journey, we were strongly impressed with a feeling of gratitude and good-will towards the natives of India, who, upon all occasions, manifested an anxious desire to assure us of their respect and attachment. The highly civilized state of the country, and the courteous manners of all classes of the people, render travelling both easy and agreeable to those persons who are contented with the performance of possibilities, and who are not inclined to purchase an ill name by acts of tyranny and oppression.

In the cold season, the civilians of India often realize those exquisite dreams raised by the charming pictures of the wood of Ardennes, in Shakespeare's enchanting delineation of sylvan life. They frequently live for weeks together "under the green-wood tree," a merry groupe of foresters, not even encountering an enemy "in winter and rough weather," for the finest period of the year is chosen for the visits to remote parts of their districts, and the climate is of the most desirable temperature: clear sunny skies, attended by breezes cool enough to render woollen garments, and the cheerful blaze of a fire, essential to comfort. Upon those occasions, large parties are invited to accompany the judge, or the collector, who, while he is engaged in business at his temporary kutcherry, amuse themselves with hunting, shooting, or playing at golf. Ladies are always ready to accompany their male relatives upon these excursions; they are glad to exchange the strict formalities of some dull station for a social circle composed of picked persons, bent upon enjoying any pleasure that may offer, and anxious to meet each other every day, and all day long. Double-poled tents, thickly carpeted, and containing numerous apartments, furnish all the luxuries of a settled home in these gay pic-nics, which afford the best display of the grandeur and magnificence of India which the Asiatic style of living can produce. It is peculiar to the country, and could not be surpassed by

a congress of princes meeting in the open field. A guard of mounted *succors*, a train of elephants, and studs of horses of the finest breeds, are amid the most splendid accompaniments of the gorgeous tents, which spread their light pavilions under the embowering trees. The servants are all in their richest attire, and in such vast numbers as to appear like the myriads conjured up on the green sward by the magician of some fairy tale. A youth of a vivid imagination can scarcely be persuaded that the romantic scene before him is not a fanciful creation of the brain, a dream of enchantment, from which he must awake to sad and sober reality. Notwithstanding the evidence of his senses, it is difficult to convince him of the possibility of the actual existence of so much elegance and refinement in the centre of moss-grown rocks and apparently interminable forests; he is full of doubt and wonder, now delighted with some incident of savage life,—the rousing a huge elk from his lair,—and now solacing himself with the latest importation of Parisian perfumery, or the pages of a fashionable novel. His apartment is furnished with all the luxurious appendages which modern art has invented; his breakfast consists of delicate viands, exquisitely cooked; and after a day's delightful sport, rendered still more exciting by exposure to danger, perils faced and overcome, he returns to a lighted apartment, spread with a noble banquet, and filled with a charming assembly of graceful women, with whom, for the rest of the evening, he enjoys sweet converse, or listens to still sweeter songs. The ladies have their full share of the pleasures of the sylvan scene, and the unmarried females are doubly dangerous when appearing in the shape of wood-nymphs: many a determined bachelor has surrendered his heart to the fair one who has smiled sweetly on the tiger cub snatched by his daring hand from its enraged mother, and has made so great a pet of it, that he cannot bear to part them, or to leave her with so dangerous a playmate. There is no ball room flirtation half so hazardous to bachelorhood as the attentions which gentlemen are called upon to pay in the jungles of India; and could the dowagers of a London circle contrive such a spell-working propinquity for their daughters, the grand business of their lives would be achieved without further trouble or anxiety.

The wealthy natives, in the neighbourhood of a moving kutcherry or court, anxious to pay their respects to the great man who is at the head of it, make their appearance in the encampment, with all the pomp they can muster: in former times, when presents were permitted, the ladies had shawls and pearl necklaces laid at their feet, whenever a rajah or a nawab approached them. Those golden days are over, and the communication between natives and Europeans has sustained a shock, in consequence of the total abolition of all *suzzurs*. The natives are unwilling to present themselves without making some offering, however trifling, which they have been accustomed to consider a necessary mark of

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respect. It is in vain they are assured that they will be as welcome as if they came loaded with gifts; they cannot be persuaded to appear empty-handed; and the poor man, who saw his little offering of fruit or vegetables graciously received, now does not like to intrude upon the presence of his superior, though perhaps it was the pride of his heart to make his weekly salaams to the *sahib*.

A dangerous vicinity to the fiercer tribe of wild animals does not deter ladies from accompanying their husbands or brothers in the tour of the district: no wildernesses less dreadful than the melancholy wastes of the Sunderbunds can appal their adventurous spirits. There the solitudes are too awful, the dominion of beasts of prey too absolute, and the *malaria*, arising from unreclaimed marshes and impenetrable woods, too perilous to be encountered by any person not compelled by duty to traverse the savage scene. Attended only by a few natives, whose services are indispensable, the civilians, whose appointments lead them to spend a part of the year in this desert spot, wear out the time not devoted to business in perfect loneliness. They describe the early *réveille* of the fierce denizens of the woods, the wild cries of the birds, the deep roar of prowling beasts, and the sullen echoes from rock, ravine, and morass, as awe-inspiring, even to accustomed ears; and no splendour of scenery, no luxuriance of vegetation, can reconcile them to an abode so completely usurped by tribes inimical to man. But, in less dreary scenes, troops of gay chasseurs live merrily "under the blossom that hangs on the bough;" their pleasures are enhanced by the news that a tiger stalks in the surrounding jungle, or that the rhinoceros, or the wild buffalo, has made his lair in the long grass. Their spears and rifles make deadly havoc amid these horrid monsters; the camp at night is blazing with fires, and the cattle secured by temporary stockades. The ladies sleep securely in the tents, and the servants are safely disposed between the outer and inner kanauts, which, the walls and roofs being double, form covered passages all around. Few accidents occur, where proper precautions have been taken; a sheep is sometimes carried off, and a party locating in the Rajmahal hills, rather surprised and somewhat alarmed by the constant visits of tigers, discovered that they had pitched their camp upon the track made by these animals to the Ganges, and had, in fact, established themselves upon one of the great thoroughfares of the brute nations around.

From the Asiatic Journal.

# REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD INDIAN OFFICER. No. I.

Bob. By St George I was the first person that entered the breach; and had I not effected it, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

Ed. Knew "Twas a pity you had not ten, your own and a cat's. But was it possible?

Bob. I assure you (upon my reputation) 'tis true, and yourself shall confess it.

HEN JONSON.

By what absurd prudery is it, that a man, who tells his stories with a graphic boldness of description, is sure to be classed with the mere vulgar artificers of fiction;—that adventures, merely because they are sketched with a flowing, gigantic outline, and reflect a few bright hues of imagination, should be considered as no better than modifications of falsehood? For my own part, I agree with Madame de Staël, that real life abounds much more with romance than we are disposed to allow.

There seems to be much narrowness in the scepticism with which such extraordinary facts are received,—and worse than narrowness—a Vandalism, a Hunnish barbarism, levelling with its clumsy catapults and battering-rams the towering and aerial architecture, that at once fills the soul of the hearer, disciplines it to lofty conceptions of the vast and sublime, and lifts it above the common-place regularities of our dull "diurnal sphere," into an orb swarming with new races of inhabitants, where miracles, so far from being exceptions to the humdrum routine of human affairs, themselves constitute the general rule, to which every-day occurrences and common probabilities are the exceptions.

I shall never forget old Colonel T—, of the Honourable Company's service, and with how greedy an ear, with what a delight steeped in horror, a curiosity skirted with affright, I used to follow him through his long, tortuous details of the chances that befell him in his protracted military career. I had then but recently arrived in India, and being young, was naturally more interested in the stirring events and resolving vicissitudes related by that most pleasing of autobiographers—the long windings of his stories that now obscure and dubious, now suddenly emerging into sunshine, constituted the greater part of his adventures. Related, as they never failed to be, with the most picturesque fidelity, they kept me in constant vibration between hope and fear; sometimes making me tremble with a strange inconsistency, lest the tiger, with whom he was in actual conflict for two hours by his watch (one of Barraud's best chronometers), or the gulph of 800 feet and a few inches in perpendicular descent, to which he had spurred forwards his horse, in order to get at a detachment of the enemy by a shorter cut, should swallow him up, and snap asunder the yarn of his narrative. I mention this merely to shew the power of the historian; for it is what I actually felt even whilst I saw and heard him.

This extraordinary being had lived a life of sieges. The trenches, the "imminent deadly breach," the scarp and counterscarp, were the cradles that rocked his early love of military achievement:—the smoke of the field-pieces, the fumes of bursting stink-pots, and tumbrils taking fire;—the miasma of ditches dense with alligators, many of whom, dying with affright from the turmoil and uproar of the same, rendered the air still more putrid—all this was the atmosphere to which his organs were most familiar.

In every respect, he seemed a man destined to the strange out-of-the-way occurrences, that cut so remarkable a figure in the morsels of biography with which he was accustomed to treat us. He lived in a good house, when I first knew him, in the neighbourhood of Chepauk, and was very hospitable, except in the article of wine: his claret and Madeira being of second-rate qualities, but his guests forgot that his wines were sour, whilst they listened to his adventures.

Colonel T——, in figure, was much below the ordinary stature, and though by no means slender, there was in his corpulence that which contradicted the notion of his being fat. The most remarkable, for it was the most engrossing, part of that figure, was his head, which, being enormously disproportioned to the rest of his person, gave him the shape of a turbot, of which the rhomboid was not interrupted by any thing resembling a neck; so that hardly any portion of his form stood out from the general context of the body, if I may be permitted such an expression. On the projecting promontory of a nose, to which bivouacking in the dry-land winds of the night, or reposing with his face upwards under a vertical sun in the day, had imparted a portentous redness, glared a huge carbuncle, around which, like the planets in a motionless orrery, were ranged, as if doing it homage, all the minor pimples of his countenance; or rather, like the sheristadars, duffadars, jemmidars, and chuddars, ranged round the nabob of Oude seated in his durbur. His eyes were small and greyish, and pierced apparently in an after-thought, nature having overlooked them in her original design; but they seemed to gleam with wonder at his escapes by flood and field, as they were reminded of the ten thousand shapes in which danger and death had flitted before them.

Such was my worthy friend Colonel T——, of the Honourable Company's service; and with so pleasing a fascination did his strange adventures beguile my attention, that I abjured the sight of the cold-blooded sceptics, male or female, who turned their noses up at his details, or threw their faces into affected distortions, as if there was something too hard to swallow, or hoisted on their idiotic features the customary signals, by which persons of no imagination denote their incredulity.

The colonel, after the manner of many other old officers in the Company's service, so long as he was in command, never failed, at the conclusion of an awakening accident, to call in the redundant testimony of his aide-de-camp: a most superfluous precaution, as I felt it to be, for his recitals, even when they snatched a grace or two beyond the reach of truth, were so entertaining, that even if they had not been true, they at least ought to have been so. Still, however, from a laudable wish to make out the case, as the lawyers say, he did occasionally make the appeal, which, being always affirmatively answered, became "confirmation strong as Holy Writ."

Never, then, was I more displeased with any

living creature, than I was with that very aide-de-camp, who, for nearly two years, had gone on indorsing in blank so many of the colonel's stories, one after the other, but who, a short time after the colonel had resigned his command, being appealed to as usual,—after a pretty long description of a most disastrous march, and a most miraculous redemption of sixteen field-pieces that, in the heat of a pursuit, had stuck fast in a ravine upon the Pullitacherry ghauts, and were instantly surrounded by a stout body of Tippoo's horse,—actually deserted his commanding officer at his utmost need, by refusing to vouch for the transaction. "It seems an extraordinary escape," said the simple-hearted colonel, as he finished his relation, "but it's quite true—and Captain Simmer—there—was my aide-de-camp at the time, and will tell you the same. Captain Simmer, you remember it well, don't you?"

"I beg pardon, colonel," replied the captain; "I am not your aide-de-camp *now*, and don't recollect a word about it." As if the coxcomb,—who, whilst he was eating the colonel's rice, and doing the honours of his board, had become the subscribing witness to matters much more surprising,—might not, out of pure good nature, have continued to render him the same trifling service. In truth, I found afterwards no reason to regret the circumstance; for from this time, my friend the colonel went on much the better from having no aide-de-camp to appeal to. He had a wider range of memory to wander over; and having nothing to fear from being deserted by his witness at a pinch, condescended no more to prop up his relations by such contemptible buttresses, but on the contrary reared them into the air with a towering magnificence of structure, that frowned like the bastions of a hill-fort on the puny intellects that doubted or distrusted him. It was wonderful, the incubus of which the mutinous reply of Captain Simmer relieved him; for it may be as well to observe that Captain Simmer was a King's officer, and naturally disposed to an envious incredulity of the achievements of the Company's army. My friend was now, therefore, infinitely more at his ease;—a Cesar without a Marc Anthony to rebuke him; or rather like the horse in Homer, unyoked from the chariot, and gamboling and frisking over fresh pastures, without check or restraint.

And it has always struck me, if at any time I have used the privilege of an old Indian,—as I have occasionally done at the tea-table of a maiden aunt, who sometimes invited a small and select set to hear what I had to tell of that miraculous country, and when I have begun with some modest incident, fabulous indeed with regard to the rest of the earth, but natural and probable in India, it seemed to put the tea-cups and saucers into commotion, as if a thunder-cloud had burst on them;—I repeat, it has always struck me, as the height of absurdity to apply the rule and compass of common facts to a story of which the scene is laid there. Yet I related only matters of the stalest notoriety; of persons,

for instance, who swallowed swords; of cobra di capellas that danced waltzes and quadrilles; and I told her that in India there were millions of human beings, who never in their lives drank any thing stronger than water. She received them all indeed politely, yet with an incredulous stare; but as to the water-drinkers, she frankly declared, it could not be true—it was impossible; there might be a few, but so many fools could never exist together in the same country and at the same time. Probably she was the more sceptical, as she loved from her heart an occasional glass of *eau de vie*, provided as it was of a good quality.

For India, perhaps Asia in general, is the seat of the most stupendous images and gigantic associations, that can fill the mind. It has been in all ages the theatre of what is vast or surprising in the history of the species; the cradle in which its infancy was nursed, and a country so teeming with life and population, that northern Europe, which has been called the *officina gentium*, is a mere costermonger's stall in the comparison. Every thing in India refuses to accommodate itself to the narrowness of European conceptions. The illimitable antiquity of its institutions; the faint and shadowy lines in which its history fades into its mythology; the mystic division of caste, like rivers coeval with the Indus and the Ganges, and flowing like them for ever apart; the awful and giddy pile of its chronology, hiding its head in the darkest mists of time; the beasts of prey, at whose roar the primeval forests tremble; elephants, on whose back battalions ride to combat; its serpents of immeasurable coil; its banian trees, each of them a forest;—all present to us the wildest exaggerations of nature, and discourse of the great and the infinite in a language intelligible to man. This taste for the vast and unbounded is better cultivated in India than any other part of the world, and I advise those who have a dull and uninteresting method of telling their facts, to travel thither and improve it.

For myself, I perceived the taste ripening within me, in the same ratio as I acquired the habit of believing the improbable, or rather the *avayθuov*, as the Greeks call it, of the old colonel's adventures. Nothing is so dull in general as military operations; but his campaigns were fruitful of the wildest combinations of fortune, and even in times of peace, his life abounded with episodes, of a less stirring character indeed, but equally strange and interesting.

One evening, a small party of us were sitting at his hospitable table. The bottle went languidly round, for, to speak the truth, his claret was unusually acrid, and the Madeira yielded no refuge, for if possible it was worse. But he soon drew our attention from so insignificant a circumstance, and began thus:—

"A mutiny broke out amongst the sepoys of a battalion I commanded at Trichinopoly,—the 2d battalion of the 5th regiment of native in-

fantry." These particulars he never neglected,—they were fascines and gabions, as it were, to protect the cavities of his story. "There were few officers on duty with us, except three lieutenants, an ensign or two, and Captain Fireworker Fondlepan, commanding a small corps of artillery at the same station. What was to be done? It was a critical exigency, and no time was to be lost. I had no one to consult with, for my juniors were mere boys, and when the time for decisive action came, I found Captain Fireworker Fondlepan, who was a great epicure, standing over his mulligatawny, which was then on the fire. To have got him away from his stewpan would have been as hopeless as to remove a projector from his pots at the moment of projection. I was determined, however, to quell the mutiny at the hazard of my life. The chief cause of the discontent was a strong suspicion that the English were bent upon extirpating the Hindoo religion and establishing their own in its stead. I resolved, therefore, to remove the suspicion, taking it for granted that the sepoys, as soon as that was done, would return to their duty.

"Now, as good luck would have it, that very day was the grand festival of Jaggernaut, the day on which the immense car of the god is wheeled about, and thousands of his devotees rush to throw themselves down before it for the honour of being crushed into atoms as it passes over them. Now I well knew that what had principally given birth to the dissatisfaction of the sepoys was the sneering irreverent way in which English officers were accustomed to speak of that ceremony, calling those, who tried all they could to be killed on that occasion, so many fools and asses for their pains.

"What do you think, I did? You will swear it is incredible—but it is all true, and you may swear till you are black in your faces.

"Extraordinary evils require extraordinary remedies. I heard the rumbling of the dreadful chariot, and the roar and shouts of the myriads that thronged around it. I was prepared: for I marched up towards it at the head of my regiment, colours flying, drums beating. There was something truly terrific in the noise of that mighty machine. It was like mount Atlas moving upon wheels. At length it approached the place where I stood.

"Make way!" said I, in four several languages, Hindostanee, Canarese, Tamul, Malay, lun; 'make way! I will shew you all, that, though the English are attached to their own faith, they respect yours also, and venerate its mysteries.'

"So saying, I threw myself beneath the fore-wheel on the left side of the ponderous engine. At the same instant, loud murmurs of applause sounded in my ears like the rushing of many waters. It was a terrible moment. The chariot, indeed, did not do me much injury, for luckily my gorget gave way at the instant the forewheel

passed over me, and by slipping on one side, turned the wheel also into another direction;—but the myriads of blockheads that ran over me, each eager to be crushed to death in honour of the god, were too much for endurance. Never can I forget the innumerable hoofs, some bare, some sandalled, that kneaded me that morning almost into clay.

"You will ask what supported me on this trying occasion?—The gratifying conscience, that I was saving the Company's dominions; for if that mutiny had not been quelled, there would have been a general insurrection of the native troops, through the whole peninsula. Besides, what is life to a brave man? I had eaten the Company's salt from my youth upwards. How then could I hesitate? It is inconceivable how these feelings kept up my spirits, whilst I lay motionless beneath the immense avalanches of human flesh, that came tumbling in succession over me. But—you would not think it—well, think as you like, but it is true every word of it,—I derived considerable encouragement from a circumstance, that seems a trifling one:—it was however a good omen, and I made the most of it.

"Every body knows the veneration cherished by the Hindoos for their monkeys. They lead a life of ease and indolence amongst the trees that surround the great pagoda of Trichinopoly, and to injure or destroy them is an inexpiable profanation. The spot I occupied, whilst my carcase was officiating as a trottoir to so many thousands of human beings, faced that celebrated pagoda, on the south-west angle. I omitted telling you that I had taken especial caution to hide my face, as well as I could, by keeping my right elbow over it, but in a position that enabled me to see from under it almost every thing that was going on. Amongst other things, I noticed in particular a brahminy monkey, who, from one of the projecting friezes of the temple, was looking down upon the bustling scene below, perhaps all the while laughing at it in his sleeve. He was in all respects an interesting personage, and calculated to inspire the respect due to age and experience. His long grey beard descended almost to his middle, and his cheeks were channelled as if by deep thought and meditation.

"Now it may seem odd,—but I'll be hanged, for all that, if it is not true, every word of it,—whenever I caught a glimpse of his countenance, it was lighted up with a peculiar smile of complacency; nay, he nodded to me with a look of approbation it was impossible to misinterpret. It seemed to tell me to be of good heart,—and once as I was endeavouring to shift myself a little on one side, he frowned when he saw what I was doing, and chattered loudly as if to desire me to lie still. Luckily, I took his hint. Had I changed my position I should have been trodden into powder, and there would have been no memorial of me but what a shovel might have swept up in the evening."

When the colonel had concluded his story, we all felt that he was drawing at a most prodigious

rate on our credulity. I was unwilling, however, to express a single doubt, for I had arrived in India with a strong impression, that it was the theatre of extraordinary occurrences. The rest of the company consisted of two lieutenants, an ensign, and a cadet, new to the service, and they, not feeling quite assured to express disbelief of a superior officer's stories would not bring them within the articles of war, stared to the utmost stretch of their eyes, and said nothing.

It was plain that he perceived these symptoms of doubt. "Ah," said he, "you don't believe that I could have escaped death from the pressure of so many people. And it is extraordinary. But don't be in a hurry, and you'll find nothing incredible in it.

"I have always found an advantage," he continued, "in considering things philosophically.

"And what is philosophy but the application of those general rules of human action, which, being stored up by experience, are brought into use by accident or occasion? Often had I reflected on the superstitions of Hindostan. I knew that they supplied artificial maxims of conduct that ran counter to the genuine impulses of humanity. But I said to myself—granted, that there will be many individuals who, in the delirium of a false religion, will voluntarily rush upon martyrdom; yet it is contrary to sound philosophy, that thousands should concur, at the same moment, in one act of suicide.

"I always debate, however, such questions with an impartial attention to all that can be said on both sides;—and the European crusades of the tenth and eleventh centuries, when the pillars of the earth trembled under the feet of millions who never returned, stared my hypothesis in the face. 'Pshaw!' said I, 'that goes for nothing. Had they been all sure of perishing, there would have been no crusaders.' So I drew this conclusion—that though it was considered by the Hindoos as highly meritorious to throw themselves beneath the chariot of Jaggernaut, yet they all calculated upon escaping destruction.

"There was a devilish clever fellow of a pundit, who often visited me. He was ripely learned in the religion of his country, and while he conformed outwardly to its rites, he had too much acuteness not to see through its impostures. I took care, therefore, before I made up my mind to this hazardous experiment, to consult him confidently upon it.

"'Ramochund Roy,' said I, 'to-day is the holy procession of Jaggernaut.'—"It is," said he, with a graceful salaam. 'And thousands upon thousands will strive for the privilege of being crushed to death beneath the chariot.'—"Undoubtedly," he replied, gravely; "they will thus get into paradise three millions of years before they would arrive there in the ordinary course of things. Besides, that they are by this means sure, in the next stage of their being, not to inhabit the bodies of obscene animals or beasts of prey, which to a Hindoo is very unpleasant."

"These are strong inducements," I said. "But



my friend, Ramchund Roy, of those who throw themselves beneath the car, a few only can be killed. And are all the disappointed candidates for the same honour, who display an equal spirit of devotion and courage, to be exempted from the high rewards you speak of?" He paused—eyed me with a glance that half said, 'master has found out the secret,'—and said—"No. That makes no difference. Vishnu looks on actual death and the willingness to die, in his service, with equal approbation. And hence it is so many escape destruction." As he said this, I observed a smile on his lips.

"How is that?" said I to Ramchund Roy, as if I had caught him. But he could not escape the horns of my dilemma. So he gave it up;—and looking round to see that no one was within hearing, unfolded a shawl that girded his lions, and drew from its folds something like a breast-plate, of an elastic substance resembling Indian rubber, but hard as adamant, and so light and portable, that it could easily be concealed under the exterior of the dress.

"It was the thing I wished for. I then revealed the experiment I contemplated 'to save his mother:' for the Hindoos in English pay look upon the company as their mamma. He assisted me in putting on the thorax, which he said was a secret known only to the brahmins, and assured me that, under its protection, the whole population of India might pass over me without injury. 'But halloo,' said I—for the chariot was fast approaching—"this will protect one part only of my person—other parts more vulnerable"—'Don't be alarmed,' he said, 'it will stretch at the rate of one-quarter of an inch for every hundredth person that goes over you, till it completely covers you.'"

Here the colonel looked at us, to observe whether our incredulity was cured. We testified our unanimous belief. "But," said I, "seeing what an unspeakable benefit you have rendered your country, you are of course in the enjoyment of a splendid pension for your gallantry in that astonishing affair?"—"Not at all," he replied. "True, I saved the British empire in India, and prevented the cutting of ten thousand British throats; counting ladies and all, we may say fifteen thousand. What of that? I had no interest at the presidency, or, as Major O' Neal of our regiment used to say, all the interest I had there was against me. For, the last time I was at Madras, whilst I was one morning paying my respects to the governor, his lady coming suddenly into the room, I moved somewhat too hastily towards her, and trod upon her ladyship's foot. Now I have it from good authority, that her ladyship the governess never forgot it. So I was at that time in bad odour at head-quarters. Yet they could not help taking some notice of my having saved India; so they voted me forty rupees a month in addition to my pay: scarcely half a pice for every foot that trod upon me in their service."

"But what will you think," continued the

colonel, "when you hear that, as soon as it got wind in England that I had received a pension for what I did on that occasion, such a hubbub ensued, that a Court of Proprietors was instantly summoned, at which one of their orators made a long speech, enlarging upon the cruelty of the suttee, for the first hour or two; then upon the horrid abomination of Jaggernaut, accusing the Directors point-blank of conniving at, because they had imposed a heavy tax upon, the ceremony. At last he came to me and my bit of a pension."

"Nay more," said he; 'a British officer of great talents and high rank, and commanding at the station in sight of the pagoda whence the car proceeds on its infernal round,—I mean Colonel T——; this officer, because forsooth a mutiny had broke out among the native troops, on the alleged ground that the English were meditating the subversion of the Hindoo religion; this officer, I repeat, instead of exerting his influence, as became him, to show them the folly and heathenism of their execrable rights, gave them his express sanction, by casting himself under the wheels of the chariot. But it is said, he saved our Indian empire. What of that? An empire is dearly bought at the price of an acquiescence in superstitions that disgrace our nature. I go further: for this Colonel T——, who ought to have been dismissed the service, has been rewarded out of the Company's treasury by a most prodigal grant specifically for that day's exploit.' The orator, after speaking five hours by the Company's clock, sat down; but (such is the power of eloquence over the body to which he belonged) succeeded in carrying a vote of censure against the Directors and the Madras government. The consequence was, that, in their next despatches, there was a paragraph roundly rating the local government for their misapplication of the public treasure, and stopping my forty rupees a month for ever."

We expressed our thanks for the interesting adventures which our friend related to us, and, our palanquins being at the door, took our leave.

"Pooh," said he, "this is nothing. Promise to dine with me next Sunday, and you shall hear something more surprising." We did not require much persuasion, and gave our promise without hesitation.

From the Same.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD INDIAN OFFICER.

### No. II.

WHEN we next met at the hospitable table of our friend, the colonel, we found him not a little depressed; and began to be apprehensive that the state of his spirits would be inauspicious to the usual flow of his after-dinner narrations. The fact is, he had dined a day or two before with a member of council, at whose table he met two or three of those coxcombs, who glory in dissi-

sipating the enchantment of an Anglo-Asiatic adventure, by finding the cracks and flaws of a story, and hunting out petty discrepancies and trivial incongruities: like the critics, who turn up their noses at Shakspeare, when he disdains to be fettered with the shabby unities of time and place. These blockheads, it seems, were young civilians, fresh from the matter-of-fact land of their birth, whose minds a long residence in India had not yet enlarged to the dimensions of the various prodigies, which are of almost daily occurrence in that country. Accordingly, after the colonel had treated them with one of the most amusing incidents he could pick out of his wallet, which, I need not say, was always well stuffed with singular and awakening facts, they shrugged their shoulders, tossed their heads, and exhibited the most obtrusive symbols of that unpurged incredulity, which had justly given him so much offence.

In the party assembled at the colonel's table there chanced to be a barrister of the Supreme Court, a well-informed man and polished in his manners, who endeavoured, by giving a pleasing turn to the conversation, to bring our good friend back to his wonted track of narrative, from which the impertinence he had lately experienced had nearly turned him aside. "It seems to me," said the barrister, "the most unequivocal symptom of a narrow intellect, to throw discredit upon any specific occurrence, merely because it rises above the level of every-day experience; nor is anything more provoking than the foolish exclamations, on such occasions—how improbable! how incredible! as if 'improbable' and 'incredible' were convertible words; whereas that which seems improbable is not incredible, and that which seems incredible is by no means improbable." It is a mere logomachy, considered apart from false association.

"And do imagine, if you can, a mode of existence from which every thing improbable and incredible is excluded. What, in such a state of things, would become of the most active undying principle of our being,—curiosity? Gone; gasping for breath like the mouse in the philosopher's air-pump, when the receiver is exhausted. Figure to yourself the dead, cheerless void, the torpid, exanimate stupidity of such a world! The bare imagination of it comes over one with a sensation like that we experienced during the hot nights we have had lately;—an atmosphere so heavy, stagnant, and motionless, that it seemed as if the winds of heaven had sighed away their last breath.

"I go further. Blot out what you call the incredible and the improbable from real history; prune your ancient or modern records of every shoot and excrement that strays beyond what you can easily believe or readily admit; what a miserable balance-sheet would the history of the world appear! what a paltry sum of insignificant items, when all the dignity of its agents, all that is dramatic in its transitions, or stirring and ennobling in its lessons, is struck out! I am not

speaking of mere fables," continued the barrister; "of roaring, rampant prodigies,—the '*quicquid Græcia mendax*;' nay, I will give you up Mount Athos and the fleet that sailed through it,—though I believe Herodotus to be most shamefully slandered in this respect;—but, in the name of authentic history, I ask, what is to become of the whole catalogue of daring adventures, rank and file,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; in a word, all the romance of history, which is the most credible part of it after all—the Corinthian capitals that crown it, the immortal friezes that stand out in such exquisite relief from its surface?

"And on the existing world, this most remorseless ostracism of incredible facts would be still more deadening in its effects than on the retrospective. You must have a new language. Every sentence must be decimated of its epithets; and as for the delightful gabble of the sex, when every adjective that glides from their lips is mulcted of its superlative, and every phrase implying intensity of feeling or thought is forbidden them—what a deathblow, I say, to that interesting gossip, which so well becomes them when they play the part of historians; those graceful tendrils of imagery and fancy, that twine round our hearts as we listen to their narrations! One sickens at the thought.

"But I go still further. I assert that the region of fact, strict literal fact, is commensurate with that of romance. Their territories are so curiously indented into each other that it is scarcely practicable to discriminate their exact boundaries. Examine the facts which constitute the daily questions that arise in courts of law. Facts that are enough to make you turn pale with astonishment, and to keep you so for the rest of your natural life, revolve there in a ceaseless circle; miracles are there solemnly attested beyond the reach of scepticism; the wildest anomalies are brought into juxtaposition—the most jarring contradictions reconciled. A court of law is a stage, as it were, on which Fate herself is a mountebank, displaying all sorts of buffoneries to amuse, all sorts of juggling to perplex us;—a carnival of the strangest follies and the most incredible crimes. Are you conversant with that most amusing of all French books—the *Célestes Célestes*? It is a collection of adjudged cases in the old provincial courts of France, carried by appeal to the provincial parliaments, sifted, analyzed, debated by minds trained to doubt, magnifying hairs into stone-walls, turning over every thing, first on one side, then on the other, with the keen inquisition of a watchmaker examining the wheels of a chronometer.

"And my own little experience in the Supreme Court of this presidency would be enough to furnish cases of so extraordinary a kind, involving delicate questions of testimony,—that testimony hanging together by so curious a texture—so whimsical a joinery—you would sup-

pose they had been strung together expressly for the Minerva press. Allow me to say, moreover, that nature is a more skilful artist than imagination. She pieces her work without seam or suture; she never overreaches herself, as fiction is apt to do, by stretching her arm too far. All, in her operations, is striking without absurdity, miraculous without exaggeration. I would, therefore, exhort the puppies, who laugh at the colonel's surprising adventures, merely because they transcend the circle of their own limited conceptions, to ponder a little upon some matter of fact, that will give their credulity a much rougher exercise; yet, resting upon the assured testimony of living witness, and upon circumstances which cannot err. And perhaps you will permit me to mention one, the first that comes into my recollection.

"It was one of the earliest briefs I ever held," said the barrister. "The cause was tried before three clever judges, and it made each particular hair of their head so to bestir itself, as to endanger the balance of their law-wigs. Indeed, the junior judge had just arrived from England with a new wig; but unfortunately it had feasted a convocation of cockroaches on the voyage, and there was a wide aperture on each side, through which his ear projected; and it was amusing to observe them becoming every minute more and more erect as the details of the case increased in interest.

"James Murdoch and William Nichol, privates in the Madras European regiment, were indicted for the murder of one Hawley, a serjeant in that regiment. The cantonments of Arcot, where the murder was committed, consists, as the colonel well knows, of a line of neat bungalows for the officers, at some distance from the barracks. Beyond the lines, and much behind the barracks, there are one or two huts, at a straggling pace from each other, where arrack, toddy, and other poisons are licensed to be vended, the sum paid for the license going into some pocket ready to receive it, as a perquisite for winking at the abuse. One evening, a party had stolen out, after gun-fire, to one of these dens of drunkenness, kept by a man and woman, neither of them bearing the best of characters. Their names were Alexander and Mary Britton. Their three guests, Murdoch, Nichol, and Serjeant Hawley, becoming by degrees maddened with a liquor remarkable for producing that effect without the intermediate one of inebriation, a quarrel took place, according to the statement of Britton and his wife, between the two privates and the serjeant, and afterwards an affray, which terminated in bloodshed; Hawley having fallen, in consequence of severe blows given him by Murdoch and Nichol, one of whom mortally wounded him with a bayonet.

"Such a scene, though accompanied with the noisy wrangling which is the usual prelude to blows, was too distant from the cantonments to attract observation. A sentinel, indeed, heard something like a shriek, but as the festivities of the place were generally drunken ones, noises above the ordinary pitch were neither unusual

nor appalling circumstances. The serjeant was, of course, missed, and inquiries made for him in every direction.

"Before, however, any suspicions were directed to the hut, Britton and his wife appeared before the commanding officer, to whom they made the following statement. They were well acquainted with Hawley, who frequently came to their *boutique*, as well as with the two privates. All three came there on the preceding night, and after drinking rather freely, a violent dispute took place between Nichol and Hawley, arising from some jealous feelings entertained by the former as to certain attentions the serjeant was supposed to have paid his wife. Murdoch entered into the quarrel, having been aggrieved by some strokes of a rattan the serjeant had given him upon parade. In a short time after the commencement of the dispute, the two privates rushed upon Hawley, and Nichol, seizing a bayonet which had fallen on the ground on the scuffle, inflicted a mortal wound upon the serjeant, who died immediately without a groan.

"Being asked, why they made no effort to separate them during the struggle, or to give the alarm at the barracks, they declared they had made the strongest efforts with that intent, but that the two men being muscular and strong, and they themselves in a weak state of health, they were easily overpowered, and were subsequently afraid to leave the hut, inasmuch as Nichol, having armed himself with a horse-pistol loaded with slugs, which hung up in the hut as a protection from the Looties (a wandering tribe, some of whom constantly hovered about Arcot and the adjacent places), threatened them with instant death if they attempted to stir, and, moreover, forced them by intimidation to assist Murdoch in removing the body of the deceased to a small enclosure at the back of the hut, where they found a piece of tent-cloth, with which they covered it. They then went away, with the most horrid imprecations, and menacing them with immediate destruction if they dared to leave the hut; telling them also they would return in a short time to bury the body. On this information, Murdoch and Nichol were ordered to the guard-room, and the commandant, with the magistrate of the district, who happened to be then on a visit within the cantonment, proceeded back to the hut with the man and his wife.

"On entering it, they observed blood upon the floor, but much of it appeared to have been absorbed during the night; and proceeding to the back of the hut, where the witnesses described the body to have been left beneath a covering of tent cloth, they lifted up the cloth but the body was not under it. They looked minutely about the premises, but could not discover it. The cloth, indeed, was bloody in many places; but the surgeon, who took a part in the investigation, expressed surprise that there was no appearance of coagulated blood, which usually follows from a stab inflicted by a sharp instrument. But the most striking circumstance was the absence of the body itself. The witnesses testified surprise

at this incident. Only one mode of accounting for it presented itself—that of the deceased having been carried off by the Looties, for the sake of his dress or any valuable article he might have upon his person; and this was the more probable, as the serjeant had a gold watch in his pocket at the time of the scuffle, and nothing of the kind had been found upon either of the prisoners. Being asked, why they did not secure his watch after his death, they replied that, in their alarm and distraction, they had not taken the precaution. In answer to a question, why they gave information at so late an hour, they said they were afraid of being killed by the prisoners, and dared not leave the place till eight o'clock the next morning.

"There were some singular things observable in their statements, but they adhered to them, at least in their general outline, with little or no variation. On the other hand, from the first to the last, Murdoch and Nichol denied the crime imputed to them. They acknowledged, indeed, that feeling anxious to get the serjeant out of the hut, knowing he had valuable property on his person, a gold watch in his fob, and a bag of 100 pagodas concealed in his dress, of which he had boasted in the course of the evening, they endeavoured to pull him forcibly away; but, having obstinately resisted for some time, he sunk down at last in a drunken stupor, in which state they left him to the care of the man and woman. They supposed it to have been about ten o'clock when they left the hut and returned to the barracks.

"It was a nice point:—for, the *corpus delicti* not being proved, it did not unequivocally appear that a murder had been committed. This defect, however, was supplied by the positive assertion of Britton and his wife, that they had seen the serjeant die, and that when the body was removed life was quite extinct. The hypothesis, therefore, of its abstraction by the Looties, was acquiesced in, as being the least improbable.

"The death of the serjeant, by the hands of Nichol and Murdoch, being thus sworn to, the prisoners were sent under a guard to Madras, to take their trial before the Supreme Court. They arrived there two days only before the sessions; but, prior to their final commitment to the gaol, they were confined, under the same guard which had brought them to the presidency, in a small arched room, beneath the ramparts of Fort St. George, which was occasionally used as a Company's godown. A strongly-barred window towards the sea was the only opening by which it was ventilated. The nights being sultry, the prisoners placed themselves as near the window as they could. Hence, in addition to the guard at the door opening into the fort-square, another had been stationed under the window looking to the sea. The sentinel, who did duty there, paced backwards and forwards on a kind of terrace formed by the stones piled up as a breakwater, to protect the fort from the incursions of the sea,

which for many years had gained considerably upon it.

"It was about the hour of midnight; the same corporal who had brought the prisoners to Madras was on duty below the window of the room in which the prisoners were confined. He was nearly twenty feet beneath that window. The moon shone bright, but mistily. The corporal was much respected by his officers for steadiness and sobriety, and his courage had been tried on too many occasions to be questioned. Well!—about twelve o'clock—indeed, St. Mary's clock had not finished striking; it was an old weather-beaten storm-cradled clock, and always took time to tell its story; in this instance, it struck at longer intervals than usual, for I myself slept only three or four yards from it that night;—but the clock had not quite finished, when Corporal Hutchinson distinctly perceived a darkish body of vapour, which gradually increased in size, advancing through the surf. Suddenly, the vapour disappeared, and within two muskets' length marched Serjeant Hawley, in the regimentals,—red with yellow facings,—of the Madras European regiment. His head was bandaged, and the cloth which bound it bloody; it was apparently yet bleeding. The serjeant slowly advanced towards the sentinel.

"The corporal (as he told the story) felt at first a little nervous, it being a thing he had been never used to; but, knowing that no evil spirit could harm a good Christian, he tried to recollect the Lord's Prayer, but failing in that, succeeded in repeating a part of the Creed, when the serjeant came still closer to him, and told him not to be alarmed.

"Can and it be you, Serjeant Hawley?" demanded the corporal.

"The same," answered the serjeant. "I belonged to your own company, George Hutchinson."

"You did so," said the other. "But what brings you back from the dead? And did these poor lads murder you?"

"That's the business I am come about," said the serjeant. "The lads are as innocent as babes unborn. The man and woman belonging to the hut murdered me half an hour after the poor fellows had gone home to their barracks. They then robbed me of my watch, and hid it in the winch-pillow of their cot, where I have no doubt it is now. They could not get at my pagodas, which were quilted in my cape; so I nabbed them there," said he, with the same knowing wink (according to the corporal's story) he used to make when he was living.

"But are you come from the dead?" asked the corporal.

"Ask me no questions about that, George Hutchinson," rejoined the serjeant. "Only mind this,—that Jem Murdoch and Bill Nichol are innocent. Lose no time, and get the saddle put upon the right horse." So saying, Serjeant Hawley marched slowly away towards the beach. A



black vapour again rose over the surf, but he was visible no longer.

" 'This is a pretty kettle of fish,' said the corporal; but although the two prisoners were at the window, and perhaps saw and heard all that passed, he knew his duty when on guard too well to exchange a word with either of them. Nor did he mention a syllable of what had happened till he reported it to the town-major the following morning.

" 'How strange!' said the town-major.

" 'It's quite true, for all that,' said Corporal Hutchinson.

" 'But why,' said the town-major, 'why did you not detain him as a deserter?'

" 'Detain a ghost for deserting!' exclaimed the corporal. 'No, that can never be. It can't be so in the Articles of War, your honour.'

" It was of no use debating the point with the corporal, who backed by the Articles of War, would not flinch from his argument. It is quite clear, then, thought the town-major, that the fellow, perhaps half asleep and half awake, saw and heard something that seemed to bear the semblance of the serjeant. Satisfied with his own hypothesis, the town-major thought no more about the matter.

" Early on the same morning, the prisoners were visited by a soldier, who carried them their breakfasts. He found them in the greatest consternation, and they positively assured him they had seen Hawley that night distinctly, and heard him conversing with the corporal, though by reason of the height of the window above the terrace, and the roaring of the surf, they could hear only the sound of voices, but could not distinguish what they talked about. The same story they repeated to the magistrates, by whom they were committed for trial; to the constable who conducted them to the prison in the Black Town; and to the gaoler, old Tom Egan, when they arrived there. In the meanwhile, the bill of indictment was sent before the grand jury, and, on the oaths of Britton and his wife, returned 'a true bill;' those witnesses having adhered steadily to their original statement.

" The matter was much discussed, and, though the ghost-story was but slightly credited, some degree of sympathy began to be felt for the prisoners, especially as the man and woman were persons of notoriously bad characters. A small subscription having been set on foot to enable them to employ counsel, an attorney was sent into the prison to take down the heads of their defence. The men told him the same story they had told all along;—that observing Serjeant Hawley to be in a stupified state from drinking, and knowing he had property about him, they endeavoured to get him home; but finding him intractable, had left him in the care of Britton and his wife. They further assured him, with a solemnity of manners attesting at least the sincerity of their belief, that they had seen the serjeant with his head bandaged, but in other respects looking as usual; that they had neither seen nor conversed with Corporal Hutchinson on the sub-

ject, and that the reason of their watching so late at the window was the extreme closeness of the apartment in which they were shut up, and the mosquitoes which prevented them from sleeping.

" 'I'll see the corporal myself,' said the attorney, who was young in the profession, and starving for want of business. 'I may hammer a good defence out of this, and I'll retain —, who is a shrewd fellow at cross-examination.' But I must suppress the compliment," said the barrister, "which he was pleased to pay your humble servant, and proceed with my story.

" In a short time the corporal was closeted with the attorney at his office. Hutchinson repeated the statement he had made to the town-major, but with one accessory circumstance, which he had then omitted. It was this: that when the serjeant's ghost first spoke to him, the corporal thought it smelt a little of brandy, as if it had just taken a dram. It did not, however, seem probable enough to be mentioned to the town-major, but he had since called it to mind, and the longer he thought about it the more he was convinced that his senses did not deceive him. The attorney came to one of these conclusions; either that the serjeant was still living, which was fortified by the smell which the corporal had perceived whilst he conversed with his ghost; or, that if murdered, he had been murdered by Britton and his wife, and that the corporal and the prisoners had been egregiously duped by their imaginations in regard to his re-appearance. 'Yet,' said the attorney, 'the watch in the winch-pillow! At any rate, it will be a case of robbery against the man and woman, even if the serjeant turns up, sufficient to discredit their evidence against these poor fellows. So, don't let us forget the watch.'

" And he did not forget it; for he sent off instantly relays of bearers to each of the three choultries between Madras and Arcot; and, having instructed me to move the court to put off the trial till the last day of the sessions, proceeded with the greatest expedition to that station, where he arrived late in the evening. Early the next morning, the magistrate with his peons attended him to the hut, the door of which they burst open. The winch-pillow was searched,—and the watch found! 'The ghost's word for a thousand pounds!' exclaimed the attorney; and having taken the precaution to subpoena the magistrate, he returned to the presidency.

" It was a singular case, and the defence was equally singular. It was threefold:—first, that the prisoners had not committed the murder; secondly, that it was committed by Britton and his wife; thirdly, that no murder had been committed at all, the serjeant being still living. In the meanwhile, the minutest search was made for Hawley,—in the Black Town, Vepery, Chempauk, and every suburban hole and corner around Madras. Constables and peons dragged every punch-house; nay, the ships lying in the roads were searched, with the exception of H. M. ship

*Bellerophon*, which fired a swivel at Tom Eglan's party, headed by himself, just as they were under her quarter, and preparing to go on board. 'Let *Bill Ruffian* alone,' said Tom, and wisely hauled off.

"In spite, however, of these perquisitions, Serjeant Hawley was not to be found; and the prisoners were put on their trial. I took care that the two witnesses for the Crown should be examined apart from each other. Britton, accordingly, was first sworn. In substance, he repeated what he had already sworn in his depositions. But though the cross-examination did not shake the main parts of his evidence, he became dreadfully agitated, pale as death itself, and the sweat ran profusely down his face. At the end of it he fell down, and was carried out of court in a state of mental agony and bodily exhaustion. All this, however, was so irreconcilable with the manner of a witness speaking the truth, that no one could give his testimony the least credit; nay, many, and I was of the number, jumped into an opposite extreme, and believed that he himself had either committed the murder or was privy to its perpetration. A confused murmur ran through the court-house when the woman appeared. But it is impossible to describe the sensation which pervaded bench, jurors, bar, and auditory, when, her hair floating in the wildest disorder over her face, which was lighted up with an expression that thrilled every heart with horror, the old sybil, in a voice between a scream and a groan, cried out, 'I saw him! I saw him! his wounds bleeding afresh as soon as he came up to me! Yes, with these eyes I saw him! The prisoners are innocent!' Whatever this might mean, the judges stopped the proceeding, and the two hads were acquitted.

"There was, however, another debt due to justice. The man and woman were conducted before two magistrates in the grand jury-room. They confessed the murder, and declared they had first stunned and afterwards stabbed their victim; that they had heard him boast of having money concealed about his person, but, from the hurry and confusion of the scene and the perturbation of their feelings, it had eluded their search; but they took his watch, which they hid in the winch-pillow of their bed, and dragged the body to the back of the hut, where they wrapped it up in a tent-cloth. In a short time a bill of indictment was prepared, and found by the grand jury. The next morning saw them arraigned at the bar: a memorable alternation almost without a precedent in the records of criminal jurisprudence! To the indictment they pleaded *guilty*. Their confessions, signed by the magistrates, were read. They received sentence of death, and the following day was appointed for their execution.

"The confessions that led to their conviction were the fruit of those compunctious visitings of nature, to which the most depraved are sometimes accessible. In this instance, they had been wrought to a full disclosure of their guilt, by a delusion akin to that which had been expe-

rienced by the corporal and the two soldiers—the phantasm that had cheated their senses under the guise of the deceased serjeant. For on the same night, when it was seen by Hutchinson and the prisoners, and nearly about the same hour, it was seen also by the wretched culprits. It shook its bloody head at them, and pointed at a ghastly wound in its breast. They had been walking on the beach near the Black Town, when the apparition advanced through the surf towards them, and after the dreadful and appalling gestures just described, vanished from their sight. Affrighted consciences might adequately account for such a phenomenon. Something, however, much more inexplicable took place afterwards.

"Never was so dense a multitude assembled to witness the awful consummation of the law. Never was less commiseration felt for its unhappy victims than for these persons, who had conspired to sacrifice two innocent men in the prime of life by an infamous complication of perjury and murder. Even that caste of the native population, who shrink with horror from the infliction of death upon the meanest reptile that crawls the earth, acknowledged its moral rightfulness in a case of such singular atrocity. The criminals had now ascended the scaffold, and while they were muttering a few inarticulate prayers for Divine mercy, and the chockly, who performs the degrading duty of executioner, was adjusting the cords to their necks—just at that moment, there arose a hollow murmur like the roar of winds pent up in rocks, and—side by side with the hangman—stood Serjeant Hawley, exactly as he appeared to the corporal, in regimentals red with yellow facings! The apparition, if apparition it was, drew a shriek of agony from the condemned wretches. In an instant the drop fell; they died without a struggle; but the serjeant disappeared, no one can tell how or where, and was never heard of from that moment. Yet he was seen on the scaffold by thousands, and by five and twenty at least of his comrades, who bore the most positive attestation to the fact. The executioner saw him also, but, busied in the sad duties of his office, marked not how he came or whither he vanished.

"For my own part," said the barrister, "I was never satisfied with that case. The serjeant's death was not proved very satisfactorily to my mind; but certain it is that he eluded every effort to discover him.

"A variety of theories were afloat. I had mine. The watch found in the place which the ghost had indicated; the disappearance of the body from the garden behind the hut where the murderers had left it; above all, the brandy, of which the serjeant was redolent when he revisited the glimpses of the moon, during the corporal's guard, lent some confirmation to the surmise generally current, that it was the identical Serjeant Hawley himself, who had been corporally visible on each of these occasions. Nor were there wanting some who believed that the serjeant, stunned not killed by his supposed assassins, took to his heels, glad of the opportunity

to desert, and having skulked to Madras, buried himself in the recesses of the Black Town for a time, and having in the early part of his life served in several ships of war, entered himself as an able-bodied seaman on board the *Bellerophon*, whose stern swivel fired, it may be remembered, so incourteous a salute to Tom Egan's party. But how he could appear in those memorable *avatars*, or pay such mysterious visits on shore, is a question that has baffled all conjecture. It has been suspected that what the corporal took for a vapour, hovering over the surf, was a masulah-boat, in which he left the ship. Here, however, conjecture must pause. The problem was never solved, and I confess that I am not Oedipus enough to unravel it."

Here the barrister concluded. It had the effect for which he intended it. The cold reserves of our good friend the colonel were instantly thawed, if I may use the phrase. "It's a d—d odd story," he said, "but I can beat it. A circumstance happened when I was at the siege ———," but the colonel's story must be given in a future number.

From the Asiatic Journal.

#### SCENES IN THE MOFUSSIL.

##### No. III.

##### ETAWAH.

In the days of Moghul power, the native city of Etawah was a flourishing place, the abode of Omrahs and grandees belonging to the imperial court; but with the downfall of Moslem dominion it has sunk into insignificance, and possesses few, if any, attractions, excepting to the artist, who cannot fail to admire a splendid ghaut, one of the finest on the river Jumna, and several picturesque buildings, which latter, however, are falling fast into decay. The cantonments in the neighbourhood are peculiarly desolate, and exhibit in full perfection the dreary features of a jungle-station. Upon a wide sandy plain, nearly destitute of trees, half a dozen habitable bungalows lie scattered, intermixed with the ruins of others, built for the accommodation of a larger garrison than is now considered necessary for the security of the place, a single wing of a regiment of sepoys being deemed sufficient for the performance of the duties of this melancholy outpost. The civilian attached to it, who discharges the joint office of judge and collector, is seldom resident, preferring any other part of the district; and the few Europeans, condemned to linger out their three years of banishment in this wilderness, have amply opportunity to learn how they may contrive to exist upon their own resources. The bungalows of Etawah, though not in their primitive state,—for upon the first occupation of the remote jungles, doors and windows were not considered necessary, a *jaump*, or frame of bamboo covered with grass, answering the pur-

pose of both,—are still sufficiently rude to startle persons who have acquired their notions of India from descriptions of the City of Palaces. Heavy ill-glazed doors, smeared over with coarse paint, secure the interiors from the inclemencies of the cold, hot and rainy seasons. The walls are mean and bare, and where attempts are made to colour them, the daubing of inexperienced workmen is more offensive to the eye than common whitewash. The fastenings of the doors leading to the different apartments, if their be any, are of the rudest description, and the small portion of wood employed is rough, unseasoned, and continually requiring repair.

The intercourse between the brute denizens of the soil and their human neighbours is of too close a nature to be agreeable. If the doors be left open at night, moveable lattices, styled *jaffrys*, must be substituted to keep out the wolves and hyenas, who take the liberty of perambulating through the verandahs; the gardens are the haunts of the porcupine, and panthers prowl in the ravines. The chopper, or thatch of a bungalow, affords commodious harbour for vermin of every description; but in large stations, which have been long inhabited by Europeans, the wilder tribes, retreating to more desolate places, are rarely seen; squirrels or rats, with an occasional snake or two, form the population of the roof, and are comparatively quiet tenants. In the jungles, the occupants are more numerous and more various; wild cats, ghosumps, a reptile of the lizard tribe as large as a sucking pig; vis copras, and others, take up their abode amid the rafters, and make wild work with their battles and their pursuit of prey. These intruders are only divided from the human inhabitants of the bungalow by a cloth, stretched across the top of each room, from wall to wall and secured by tapes tied in a very ingenious manner behind a projecting cornice: this cloth forms the ceiling, and shuts out the unsightly rafters of the huge barn above; but it proves a frail and often insufficient barrier; the course of the assailants and the assailed may be distinctly traced upon its surface, which yields with the pressure of the combatants, shewing distinctly the outlines of the various feet. When it becomes a little worn, legs are frequently seen protruding through some aperture, and as the tapes are apt to give way during the rains, there is a chance of the undesired appearance of some hunted animal, who, in its anxiety to escape from its pursuers, falls through a yawning rent into the abyss below. Before the introduction of cloths, snakes and other agreeable visitants often dropped from the bamboos upon the persons of those who might be reposing beneath; but although, where there are no dogs or cats to keep the lower story clear of intruders, the dwellers of the upper regions will seek the ground-floor of their own accord, they cannot so easily descend as heretofore; there is quite sufficient annoyance without a closer acquaintance with the parties, for night being usually selected for the time of action, sleep is effectually banished by their gambols.

The noise is sometimes almost terrific, and nervous persons, females in particular, may fancy that the whole of the machinery, cloth, fastenings and all, will come down, along with ten thousand combatants, upon their devoted heads. The sparrows in the eaves, alarmed by the hubbub, start from their slumbers, and their chirping and fluttering increase the tumult. In these wild solitudes, individuals of the insect race perform the part of nocturnal disturber, with great vigour and animation. At nightfall, a concert usually commences, in which the treble is sustained by crickets, whose lungs far exceed in power those of the European hearth, while the bass is croaked forth by innumerable toads. The bugle horns of the musquitos are drowned in the dissonance, and the gurgling accompaniment of the musk rats is scarcely to be distinguished. In the midst of this uproar, should sleep, long-wooded, descend at last to rest upon the weary eyelids, it is but too often chased away by the yells of a wandering troop of jackalls, each animal apparently endeavouring to outshriek his neighbour. A quiet night, in any part of India, is exceedingly difficult of attainment; the natives, who sleep through the heat of the day, protract their vigils far beyond the midnight hour, and however silent at other periods, are always noisy at night. Parties from adjacent villages patrol the roads, singing; and during religious festivals or bridal revelries, every sort of discordant instrument, gongs, and blaring trumpets six feet long, are brought in aid of the shouts of the populace.

Such is the usual character of a night in the jungles, and it requires nerves of no ordinary kind to support its various inflictions. Fortunately, the beds, as they are constructed and placed in India, afford a secure asylum from actual contact with invaders, the many-legged and many winged host, which give so lively an idea of the plagues of Egypt. The couch occupies the centre of the floor, and is elevated to a considerable height from the ground; the musquito-curtains, which are tightly tucked in all round, though formed of the thinnest and most transparent material, cannot easily be penetrated from without, and though bats may brush them with their wings, lizards innumerable crawl along the walls, and musk-rats skirt round the posts, admission to the interior is nearly impossible: on this account, as well as for the great preservative which they form against malaria, it is advisable to sleep under a musquito-net at all seasons of the year.

The noisome broods, nurtured in the desolate places around Etawah, have not yet been taught to fly from the abode of the European; but to counterbalance the annoyance which their presence occasions, the brighter and more beautiful inhabitants of the jungles fearlessly approach the lonely tungalow. In no other part of India, with the exception of the hill-districts, are more brilliant and interesting specimens of birds and insects to be seen: extremely small brown doves,

with pink breasts, appear amid every variety of the common colour, green pigeons, blue jays, crested wood-peckers, together with an infinite number of richly-plumed birds, glowing in purple, scarlet, and yellow, less familiar to unsentimental persons, flock around. A naturalist would luxuriate in so ample a field for the pursuit of his studies, and need scarcely go farther than the gardens, to find those feathered wonders, which are still imperfectly described in works upon ornithology. Here the lovely little tailor-bird sews two leaves together, and swings in his odorous nest from the pendulous bough of some low shrub. The fly-catcher, a very small and slender bird of a bright green, is also an inhabitant of the gardens, which are visited by miniature birds resembling birds of paradise, white, and pale brown, with tails composed of two long feathers. Nothing can be more beautiful than the effect produced by the brilliant colours of those birds, which congregate in large flocks; the ring-necked paroquets, in their evening flight as the sun declines, shew rich masses of green, and the byahs or crested sparrows, whose breasts are of the brightest yellow, look like clouds of gold as they float along. Numbers of aquatic birds feed upon the shores of the neighbouring Jumna, and the tremendous rush of their wings, as their mighty armies traverse the heavens, joined to other strange and savage sounds, give a painful assurance to those long accustomed to the quietude of sylvan life in England, that they are intruders on the haunts of wild animals, who have never been subjected to the dominion of man. There is one sound which, though not peculiar to the jungles, is more wearying than in more thickly-inhabited places, on account of the extreme loudness of the note, and its never ceasing for a single instant during the day,—the murmuring of doves: the trees are full of them, and my ear, at least, never became reconciled to their continued moaning. At sunset, this sound is hushed, but the brief interval of repose is soon broken by the night-cries already described.

The roads around Etawah, if such they may (by courtesy) be called, are about the very worst in the world: they are the high-ways leading to the neighbouring stations, Mynpoorie, Futtyghur, Agra, and Cawnpore, and afford no picturesque views within the range of a day's excursion. There is little temptation to drive out in a carriage in the evening, the favourite method of taking air and exercise in India; a few mango-groves, skirting villages surrounded by high walls of mud, probably as a security against the incursions of wild beasts, alone diversify the bare and arid plains, while the ruts threaten dislocation, and the dust, that plague of Hindoostan, is nearly suffocating. The gardens afford a more agreeable method of passing the short period of daylight which the climate will permit to be spent in the open air. They are large and well-planted; but the *mallee* (gardeners) are extremely ignorant of the European methods of cultivation, not having the same opportunity of acquiring know-



ledge as at larger stations. The pomegranate is of little value except for its rich red flowers, for the fruit—in consequence, no doubt, of either being badly grafted or not grafted at all—when ripe, is crude and bitter; it is greatly esteemed, however, by the natives, who cover the green fruit with clay, to prevent the depredations of birds. The pomegranates brought from Persia never appeared to me to merit their celebrity: whether any attempt has been made to improve them, by a graft from the orange, I know not, but I always entertained a wish to make the experiment. Sweet lemons, limes, oranges, and citrons, offer, in addition to their superb blossoms and delicious perfume, fruit of the finest quality, and grapes which are trained in luxuriant arcades, not only give beauty to a somewhat formal plantation, but afford a grateful banquet at a period of the year (the hot winds) in which they are most acceptable. Amongst the indigenous fruits of these jungles is a wild plum, which has found an entrance into the gardens, and which, if properly cultivated, would produce excellent fruit; in its present state, unfortunately, it is too resinous to be relished by unaccustomed palates. The melons, which grow to a large size, and are abundant in the season, are chiefly procured from native gardens, on the banks of the Jumna, as they flourish on the sands which border that river. Mangoes and jacks occupy extensive plantations, exclusive of the gardens, and are left, as well as custard apples, plantains, and guavas, to the cultivation of the natives, the ground in the neighbourhood of a bungalow being chiefly appropriated to foreign productions. The seeds of European vegetables are sown after the rainy season, and come to perfection during the cold weather; green peas, cauliflowers, and Cos lettuce, appear at Christmas, sustaining, without injury, night-frosts, which would kill them in their native climes. Either the cultivation is better understood, or the soil is more congenial to these delicate strangers, since they succeed better than the more hardy plants, celery beet-root and carrots, which never attain to their proper size, and are frequently deficient in flavour. To watch the progress of the winter-crop of familiar vegetables, and to inspect those less accurately known, cannot fail to be interesting, although the climate will not permit a more active part in the management of a garden.

The oleanders, common all over India, are the pride of the jungles, spreading into large shrubs, and giving out their delicate perfume from clusters of pink and white flowers. The baubool also boasts scent of the most exquisite nature, which it breathes from bells of gold; the delicacy of its aroma renders it highly prized by Europeans, who are overpowered by the strong perfume of the jessamine, and other flowers much in request with the natives. The sensitive plant grows in great abundance in the gardens of Etawah, spreading itself over whole borders, and shewing on a grand scale the peculiar quality whence it derives its name: the touch of a single leaf will

occasion those of a whole parterre to close and shrink away, nor will it recover its vigour until several hours after the trial of its sensibility. Equally curious, and less known, is the property of another beautiful inhabitant of these regions; the flowers of a tree of no mean growth arrive to nearly the size of a peony; these flowers blow in the morning, and appear of the purest white, gradually changing to every shade of red, until as the evening advances, they become of a deep crimson, and falling off at night, are renewed in their bridal attire the following day. When gathered and placed in a vase, they exhibit the same metamorphosis, and it is the amusement of many hours to watch the progress of the first faint tinge, as it deepens into darker and darker hues.

Around every shrub, butterflies of various tints sport and flutter, each species choosing some particular blossoms, appearing as if the flowers themselves had taken flight, and were hovering over the parent bough: one plant will be surmounted by a galaxy of blue-winged visitants, while the next is radiant with amber or scarlet. Immense winged grasshoppers, whose whole bodies are studded with emeralds which no jeweller can match, shining beetles, bedecked with amethysts and topazes, and others which look like spots of crimson velvet, join the gay carnival. These lovely creatures disappear with the last sun-beams, and are succeeded by a less desirable race. Huge vampire-bats, measuring four feet from tip to tip of their leathern wings, wheel round in murky circles; owls venture abroad, and the odious musk-rat issues from its hole.

The remaining twilight is usually spent upon the *chabotur*, a raised terrace or platform of chunam, generally commanding an extensive prospect. Chairs are placed for the accommodation of the females and their visitors, and the road beneath often presents a very lively scene. Native conveyances of all kinds, and some exceedingly grotesque, pass to and fro; fukeers are conveyed from the city to their residences in the neighbouring villages in a sort of cage, not larger than a modern bat-box, in which the wonder is how they can contrive to bestow themselves; these miniature litters are slung on a bamboo, and carried by two men; covered carts drawn by bullocks, camels and buffaloes returning home, with occasionally an elephant stalking majestically along, are the most common passengers; but native travellers of rank, attended by numerous trains of well-armed dependants, wedding and religious processions, composed of fantastic groupes, frequently attract the gazing eye, amusing by their novelty.

As night draws on, packs of jackalls may be dimly descried on the roads, looking like dark phantoms; and even while the bungalow is blazing with lights, the wolf may be seen prowling at a little distance, watching for some unguarded moment to snatch an infant from its mother's lap. Such catastrophes are not uncommon: frequently, while seated at tea, the party has been

startled by the shouts of the servants, too late aware of the intruder's presence. Pursued by cries and the clattering of bamboos, the wretch is sometimes known to drop its prey; but in general he succeeds in carrying it off to some inaccessible spot. These occurrences take place just before nightfall, when the appearance of a wolf is not suspected, and if he should be seen he may be mistaken for a pariah dog. When the natives retire to their houses, every aperture is secured by strong lattices, and none venture to sleep outside who are not capable of protecting themselves. Europeans do not seem to consider wolves as worthy game; when a tiger makes his appearance in the neighbourhood of a cantonment, all the residents, civil and military, are astir, and it seldom happens that he is suffered to escape the crusade which is formed against him; the more ignoble animal is left to the natives, who, however, seldom claim the reward given by government of five rupees per head, in consequence of a superstition which prevails amongst them, that wherever a wolf's blood is spilled, the ground becomes barren: this notion is unfortunate, since they display both courage and conduct in the attack of fiercer beasts of prey. No sooner were the yells of two hyenas heard in the cantonments of Etawah, than a party of half-naked men, armed only with bamboos, went up to the lair which they had chosen, and after a severe struggle secured them alive. The victors bound their prizes to bamboos, and carried them round to each bungalow, where of course they received a reward in addition to that given by the judge.

The hyena of a menagerie affords a very faint idea of the savage of the jungles; these creatures, though severely injured, retained, even in their manacled state, all their native ferocity, unsubdued by long fasting and blows. A gentleman present, anxious to exhibit his skill with the broadsword, brandished a tulwar, with the intention of cutting off their heads: but he was disappointed; one of the expected victims snatched the weapon from his hand, and broke it in pieces in an instant; they were then less ostentatiously despatched.

It is unfortunate that beauty of prospect cannot be combined in India with the more essential conveniences necessary for the performance of military duties; while nothing can be more ugly than the tract marked out for the cantonments of Etawah, the ravines into which it is broken, at a short distance, leading to the Jumna, are exceedingly picturesque, affording many striking landscapes; the sandy winding steep on either side are richly wooded with the *neem*, the *peepul* and a species of the palm, which in the upper provinces always stands singly, the soil being less congenial than lower grounds near the coast: in these situations, it is more beautiful than when it plants itself in whole groves. Sometimes, an opening presents a wide view over wild jungle; at others, it gives glimpses of the Jumna, whose blue waters sparkle in the beams of the rising or setting sun. These ravines can only be traversed

upon horseback, or upon an elephant, and they must be visited by day-break to be seen to advantage. However beautiful the awakening of nature may be in other parts of the world, its balmy delights can never be so highly appreciated as in the climes of the east, where its contrast to the subduing heat of burning noon, renders it a blessing of inestimable value. The freshness of the morning air, the play of light and shade, which is so agreeable to the eye, the brightness of the foliage, the vivid hue of the flowers opening their variegated clusters to the sun, rife with transient beauty, for evening finds them drooping; the joyous matins of the birds, and the playful gambols of wild animals emerging from their dewy lairs, exhilarate the spirits, and afford the highest gratification to the lover of sylvan scenes. Every tree is tenanted by numerous birds; superb falcons look out from their lofty eyries, and wild peacocks fling their magnificent trains over the lower boughs, ten or twelve being frequently perched upon the same tree. The smaller birds, sparrow-hawks, green pigeons, blue jays, &c. actually crowd the branches; the crow pheasants whirl as strange footsteps approach, and wings his way to deeper solitudes; while flocks of parrots, upon the slightest disturbance, issue screaming from their woody coverts, and, spreading their emerald plumes, soar up until they melt into the golden sky above. At the early dawn, the panther and the hyena may be seen, skulking along to their dens; the antelope springs up, bounding across the path; the nyghau scours over bush and briar, seeking the distant plain; the porcupine retreats grunting, or stands at bay erecting his quills in its wrath at the intrusion; and innumerable smaller animals—the beautiful little blue-fox, the civet with its superb brush, and the humble mongoose—make every nook and corner swarm with life. Gigantic herons stalk along the river's shores; the brahmance ducks hover gabbling above, and huge alligators bask on the sandbanks, stretched in profound repose, or watching for their prey.

As the jungles recede from the dwellings of man, they become wilder and more savage; large *jheels* (ponds) spread their watery wastes over the low marshes, and are the haunt of millions of living creatures. Small hunting parties frequently encamp during the cold season on the banks of these glassy pools, where, in addition to every description of smaller game, the wild boar, though not so common as in Bengal, may be ridden down and speared by the expert sportsman. The native-hunters (*shikarrees*) go out at all periods of the year, and are frequently retained in European establishments for the purpose of ensuring regular supplies for the table.

The equipments of these men would astonish the hero of a hundred *battus*; they are armed with an old rusty clumsy matchlock, which they never fire except when certain of their quarry, making up in skill and patience for the inefficiency of their weapons. They go out alone, and

never return empty-handed; and young men desirous of obtaining good sport, and of securing the shy and rare beasts of chase, prefer seeking their game attended by one of these men to joining larger parties, who are frequently disappointed of the nobler species, and are compelled to be contented with snippets.

The nyghau; when stall-fed, is more esteemed in India than it deserves, as the flesh resembles coarse beef, and when made into hams is apt to crumble; smaller venison, on the contrary, is not prized according to its merits, Europeans preferring the half-domesticated tenant of an English park to the wild flavour of the dweller in the jungles. There is the same prejudice against pea-chicks, which few are aware are considered a dainty at home (the grand criterion of Anglo-Indians), and they are neglected, though affording an excellent substitute for turkeys, which are dear and over-fed. This American importation does not thrive very well in India; so many die before they arrive at maturity, that the native breeders are obliged to put a high price upon the survivors, which are often sold for fifteen rupees each; they are generally encumbered with fat, and are in fact vastly inferior to young pea-fowl, which combine the flavour of the pheasant with the juiciness of the turkey. Guinea-fowl find a more congenial climate in India, and in many places run wild and breed in the woods. Common poultry also are found there in an untamed state; they go under the denomination of jungle-fowl, and are quite equal to any feathered game which is brought to table.

The river Jumna is well-stocked with fish, and during the rainy seasons numerous nullahs supply Etawah with many excellent sorts, including the finest, though not the largest, prawns to be had in India. The mutton and beef is of the best quality, the former being usually an appendage to each resident's farm. Native butchers feed cattle and sheep for European consumption, taking care, however, not to kill the former until all the joints shall be bespoken. A family who entertain will not find a whole bullock too much for their own use, slaughtered at Christmas; and the salting pieces reserved for the hot weather, when cured by experienced hands, will keep good for a whole year. The expedient in less favourable seasons to procure salt-beef when fresh killed, is to boil it in strong brine, and serve it up the same day.

There is no regular supply of European articles at Etawah; the residents are not sufficiently numerous to encourage a native to traffic in beer, wine, brandy, cheese, &c.; these things, together with tea and coffee, several kinds of spices, English pickles, and English sauces, must be procured from Cawnpore, a distance of ninety-six miles. A crash of glass or crockery cannot be repaired without recourse the same emporium, excepting now and then, when an ambulatory magazine makes its appearance, or the *dandies*, belonging to boats, which have ascended the Ganges from Calcutta, hawk about small investments,

which they have either stolen, or purchased for almost nothing at an auction. On these occasions, excellent bargains are procured; boxes of eau-de-cologne, containing six bottles, being sold for a rupee, and anchovy-paste, mushroom-ketchup, &c. at less than the retail price in England; the true value of Brandy or Hollands is better known, and these articles are seldom sold much below the current price at Cawnpore. The female residents of Etawah must depend entirely upon their own stores, for they cannot purchase a single yard of ribbon, and are frequently in great distress for such trifling articles as pins, needles, and thread; shoes, gloves, everything in fact belonging to the wardrobe, must be procured from Cawnpore, the metropolis of the Upper Provinces.

In the cold season, strings of camels laden with the rich productions of Thibet and Persia pass on their way to Benares and Patna; some are freighted with costly merchandize, shawls, carpets and gems; others carry less precious articles, apples, *kistmists* (raisins), dried apricots, pomegranates, grapes, and pistachio-nuts. Upon the necks of these camels, beautiful little Persian kittens are seen seated, the venders finding a ready sale for their live cargo both at European and native houses. These silken-haired bushy-tailed cats make the prettiest and the most useful pets of an Indian establishment; they are capital mousers, and will attack snakes and the larger kind of lizards; a bungalow, tenanted by one of these long-furred specimens of the feline race and a terrier-dog, will soon be cleared of vermin. They are in great esteem all over the country, and will fetch from eight to fifty rupees, the latter price being offered at Calcutta, where they are not so easily procured as in the upper country. The common cat of Hindoostan is exceedingly ugly when unmixed with foreign breeds; but there is a very pretty and curious variety in the Indian islands, with a sleek coat and a short flat tail, square at the end. The Persian merchants also bring very beautiful greyhounds to India for sale, but they are always extremely high-priced, being much in request; the native, or pariah dogs, are a degenerate and useless race of mongrels, and infinite care is taken to preserve foreign breeds, which require great attention, the climate being very unfavourable to all except the hardest sort of terriers.

The unsheltered site of Etawah affords ample opportunity for the contemplation of the changes of the atmosphere; in no part of India do the hot winds blow with greater fury. This terrible visitation takes place in March, and continues during the whole of April and May. The wind usually arises about eight o'clock in the morning, and if coming from the right point (the west), and strong enough to cause sufficient evaporation, the *tatties* are put up—thick mats, made of the roots of a fragrant grass (*cuscus*), upon bamboo-frames, fitting into the doors or windows; all the apertures in a contrary direction being closely shut. These tatties are kept constantly wet, by

men employed to throw water upon them on the outside, and the wind which comes through them is changed into a rush of cold air, so cold sometimes as to oblige the party within to put on additional clothing. While the wind continues steady, the only inconveniences to be borne are the darkness—that second plague of Egypt common to Indian houses—and the confinement; for those who venture abroad pay dearly for their temerity; the atmosphere of a gasometer in full operation might as easily be endured; exhaustion speedily follows, the breath and limbs fail, and if long exposed to the scorching air, the skin will peel off. Yet this is the period chosen by the natives for their journeys and revelries; they cover their faces with a cloth, and with this simple precaution brave the fiercest blasts of the simoon. These winds usually subside at sunset, though they sometimes blow to a later hour, and are known to continue all night. If they should change to the eastward, the tatties are useless, producing only a hot damp steam. In this event, the only means of mitigating the heat, is to exclude the wind by filling up the crevices, hanging thick curtains (*purdahs*) over the doors, and setting all the punkahs in motion: inefficient expedients, for, in despite of all, the atmosphere is scarcely bearable; excessive and continual thirst, languor of the most painful nature, and irritability produced by the prickly heat, render existence almost insupportable. Every article of furniture is burning to the touch; the hardest wood, if not well covered with blankets, will split with a report like that of a pistol, and linen taken from the draws appears as if just removed from a kitchen fire. The nights are terrible; every apartment being heated to excess, each may be compared to a large oven, in which M. Chabert alone could repose at ease. Gentlemen usually have their beds placed in the verandahs, or on the *chubootur*, as they incur little risk in sleeping in the open air, at a season in which no dews fall, and there is scarcely any variation in the thermometer. Tornadoes are frequent during the hot winds; while they last, the skies, though cloudless, are darkened with dust, the sun is obscured, and a London fog cannot more effectually exclude the prospect. The birds are dreadful sufferers at this season; their wings droop, and their bills are open as if gasping for breath; all animals are more or less affected, and especially those which have been imported to the country. Our Persian cats were wont to coil themselves round the jars of water in the bathing-rooms, and to lie on the wet grass between the tatties, where they frequently received a sprinkling from the copious libations poured upon the frames without. If, tired of confinement, they ventured into the verandah, they would speedily return, looking quite aghast at the warm reception they had met with abroad.

The breaking-up of the hot winds affords a magnificent spectacle; they depart in wrath, after a tremendous conflict with opposing elements. The approaching strife is made known

by a cloud, or rather a wall of dust, which appears at the extremity of the horizon, becoming more lofty as it advances. The air is sultry and still, for the wind, which is tearing up the sand as it rushes along, is not felt in front of the billowy masses, whose mighty ramparts, gather strength as they spread; at length the plain is surrounded, and the sky becomes as murk as midnight. Then the enchained thunder breaks forth; but its most awful peals are scarcely heard in the deep roar of the tempest; burst succeeds to burst, each more wild and furious than the former; the forked lightnings flash in vain, for the dust, which is as thick as snow, flings an impenetrable veil around them. The wind, having spent itself in a final effort, suddenly subsides, and the dust is as speedily dispersed by torrents of rain, which in a very short time flood the whole country. The tatties are immediately thrown down, and though they may have previously rendered shawls necessary, the relief experienced when breathing the fresh air of heaven, instead of that produced by artificial means, is indescribable. All the animal creation appear to be endued with fresh life and vigour, as they inhale the cooling breezes; the songs of the birds are heard again, and flocks and herds come forth rejoicing. Before the watery pools have penetrated into the parched earth, so rapid is the growth of vegetation, patches of green appear along the plain, and those who take up their posts in the verandah for an hour or two, may literally see the grass grow. In the course of a single day, the sandy hillocks will be covered with verdure and in a very short time the grass becomes high and rank. While the clouds are actually pouring out their liquid treasures, the rainy season is not unpleasant; punkahs may be dispensed with, and the venetians may be removed without danger of being blinded by the glare; but the intervals between the showers are excessively hot, and the frequent changes of the atmosphere, and the malaria arising from the surrounding marshes, render it dreadfully unhealthy. Fever and ague are the common complaints; the former is often fatal, and the utmost vigilance is requisite to avoid the danger to which both natives and Europeans are continually exposed, since infection is frequently brought from distant places in currents of air.

The effects of these partial tornadoes is very curious; they are almost seen to traverse the plain, their course resembling that of a swollen river or a lava-flood. Persons at a very short distance may stand without, feeling the agitation of the elements, and behold the devastation which they cause; trees are torn up by the roots, roofs are stripped of their tiles, and the choppers of out-houses fly off like gigantic birds, being carried several yards beyond the place where they originally stood. I once witnessed a very amusing scene of this nature: the servants of a neighbour, anxious to preserve their master's property, on the roof of the cook-room taking wing, rushed out of their houses, and with great vigour and



alacrity seized the ends of the flying bamboos ere they reached the ground, running along with their canopy until its impetus had ceased, and then restoring it to the deserted walls on which it had formerly rested.

The rains usually continue from the first or second week in June until the middle of October, and in some seasons are extremely violent; the desolation on the rivers' banks is frightful; whole villages are plunged into the flood, a catastrophe seldom attended by loss of life, as the natives usually have timely warning, and escape with their goods and chattels, taking care, however, like the Sicilians in the neighbourhood of *Ætna*, to build again in places equally exposed to inundation. Bungalows often sustain considerable damage during a very wet season; the pillars of the verandahs sink and lose their perpendicular, and out-offices and servants' houses are frequently washed away, leaving nothing but fragments of mud-walls behind. The thunder and lightning which accompany these cataracts are terrific, filling the heavens with blue and crimson light, and carrying death into the plains, where herdsmen and shepherds frequently perish. The final fall is generally the heaviest, lasting three or four days, and bringing cold weather along with it. A sudden and grateful change of climate takes place upon the departure of the rains; the sun is deprived of its noxious power, and renders the heavens bright without being sultry; exercise may be taken on foot until ten o'clock in the day, in the upper provinces, and in a carriage at all times without inconvenience. While the weather is cloudy (generally during a few days in December), it is exceedingly practicable to walk out in the middle of the day in Etawah, and higher up, at Kurnaul, this gratification may be enjoyed for two months.

The climate all over India, even in Bengal, is delightful from October until March; all is brightness and beauty outside the house; summer gardens glow with myriads of flowers, native and exotic, while within, fires, especially in the evening, are acceptable, and blankets are necessary to ward off the inclemencies of the night. This is the gay season, and even Etawah loses part of its dulness, being visited by regiments on their march to and from other stations, who sometimes make it their halting-place for a couple of days. A canvas city starts up, as if by magic, on the bare plain; bullocks, camels, horses, and elephants are grouped amid the tents; sheep, cows, goats, and poultry, following the fortunes of their owners, occupy temporary farm-yards in the rear; and bazars are opened for the sale of all the necessities of life. At day-break, the striking of tent-pins, the neighing of horses, the lowing of herds, and the grunt of the camels, mixed with the long roll of the drum and bugle-calls, give warning that the march is about to commence, and when the sun has risen, troops of hideous white vultures are seen feeding on the offal, where all the day before had been crowd and bustle.

## SKETCHES OF INDIAN SOCIETY.

### No. I.—BENGAL BRIDALS AND BRIDAL CANDIDATES

Few opinions can be more erroneous than those which prevail in Europe on the subject of Indian marriages. According to the popular idea, a young lady visiting the Honourable Company's territories, is destined to be sacrificed to some old, dingy, rich, bilious nawab, or, as he is styled on this side of the Atlantic, "nabob," a class of persons unfortunately exceedingly rare: ancient subjects devoted to the interests of the conclave in Leadenhall-street, belonging to both services, are doubtless to be found in India, some dingy, and some bilious, but very few rich; and, generally speaking, these elderly gentlemen have either taken to themselves wives in their younger days, or have become such confirmed bachelors, that neither flashing eyes, smiling lips, lilies, roses, dimples, &c., comprehending the whole catalogue of female fascinations, can make the slightest impression upon their flinty hearts. Happy may the fair expectant account herself, who has the opportunity of choosing or refusing a *rara avis* of this nature,—some yellow civilian out of debt, or some battered brigadier, who saw service in the days of sacks and sieges, and who comes wooing in the oldest style, preceded by trains of servants bearing presents of shawls and diamonds! Such prizes are scarce. The damsel, educated in the fallacious hope of seeing a rich antiquated suitor at her feet, laden with "barbaric pearl and gold," soon discovers to her horror that, if she should decide upon marrying at all, she will be absolutely compelled to make a love-match, and select the husband of her choice out of the half dozen subalterns who may offer: fortunate may she esteem herself if there be one amongst them who can boast a staff-appointment, the adjutancy or quarter-mastership of his corps. Formerly, when the importations of European females, were much smaller than at present, men grew grey in the service before they had an opportunity of meeting with a wife, there consequently was a supply of rich old gentlemen ready at every station to lay their wealth at the feet of the new arrival; and as we are told that "mammon wins its way where seraphs might despair," it may be supposed that younger and poorer suitors had no chance against these wealthy wooers. The golden age has passed away in India; the silver fruitage of the rupee-tree has been plucked, and love, poverty-stricken, has nothing left to offer but his roses.

In the dearth of actual possessions, expectancies, become of consequence; and where old civilians are less attainable, young writers rank amongst the eligibles. A supply of these desirables, by no means adequate to the demand, is brought out to Calcutta every year, and upon the arrival of a young man, who has been lucky enough to secure a civil appointment, he is immediately accommodated with a handsome suit of apartments in Tank-square, styled *par distine*.

tion, "the Buildings," and entered at the college, where he is condemned to the study of the Hindoostanee and Persian languages, until he can pass an examination which shall qualify him to become an assistant to a judge, collector, or other official belonging to the civil department. A few hours of the day are spent under the surveillance of a moonshee, or some more learned pundit, and the remainder are devoted to amusement. This is the dangerous period for young men bent upon making fortunes in India, and upon returning home. They are usually younger sons, disregarded in England on account of the slenderness of their fortunes, or too juvenile to have attracted matrimonial speculations. Launched into the society of Calcutta, they enact the parts of the young dukes and heirs-apparent of a London circle; where there are daughters or sisters to dispose of "the great party" is caressed, fêted, dressed at, danced at, and flirted with, until perfectly bewildered; either falling desperately in love, or fancying himself so, he makes an offer, which is eagerly accepted by some young lady, too happy to escape the much dreaded horrors of a half-batta station. The writers, of course, speedily acquire a due sense of their importance, and conduct themselves accordingly: vainly do the gay uniforms strive to compete with their more sombre rivals; no dashing cavalry officer, feathered, and washed, and epauletted, has a chance against the men privileged to wear a plain coat and a round hat; and in the evening drives in Calcutta, sparkling eyes will be tured away from the military equestrian, gracefully reining up his Arab steed to the carriage window, to rest upon some awkward rider, who sits his horse like a sack, and more attentive to his own comfort than to the elegance of his appearance, may, if it should be the rainy season, have thrust his white jean trowsers into jocky boots and introduced a black velvet waistcoat under his white calico jacket. Figures even more extraordinary are not rare; for, though the ladies follow European fashions as closely as circumstances will admit, few gentlemen, not compelled by general orders to attend strictly to the regulations of the service, are willing to sacrifice to the graces. An Indian dandy is generally a very grotesque personage; for where tailors have little sway, and individual taste is left to its own devices, the attire will be found to present strange incongruities.

When a matrimonial proposal has been accepted, the engagement of the parties is made known to the community at large by their appearance together in public. The gentleman drives the lady out in his buggy. This is conclusive; and should either prove fickle, and refuse to fulfil the contract, a breach of promise might be established in the Supreme Court, based upon the single fact, that the pair were actually seen in the same carriage, without a third person. The nuptials of a newly-arrived civilian, entrapped at his outset, are usually appointed to take place at some indefinite period, namely, when

the bridegroom shall have got out of college. It is difficult to say whether the strength of his affection should be measured by a speedy exit, or a protracted residence, for love may be supposed to interfere with study, and though excited to diligence by his matrimonial prospects, a mind distracted between rose-coloured billet-doux, and long rolls of vellum covered with puzzling characters in Arabic and Persian, will not easily master the difficulties of Oriental lore.

The allowances of a writer in the Buildings are not exceedingly splendid; writers do not, according to the notion adopted in England, step immediately into a salary of three or four thousand a year, though very probably with the brilliant prospect before them which dazzled their eyes upon their embarkation, not yet sobered down to dull reality, they commence living at that rate. The bridegroom elect, consequently, is compelled to borrow one or two thousand rupees, to equip himself with household goods necessary for the married state, and thus lays the foundation for an increasing debt, bearing an interest of twelve per cent. at the least. The bride, who would not find it quite so easy to borrow money, and whose relatives do not consider it necessary to be very magnificent upon these occasions, either contrives to make her outfit (the grand expense incurred in her behalf) serve the purpose, or should that have faded and grown old-fashioned, purchases some scanty addition to her wardrobe. Thus the bridal paraphernalia, the bales of gold and silver muslins, the feathers, jewels, carved ivory, splendid brocades, exquisite embroidery, and all the rich products of the east, on which our imaginations luxuriate when we read of an Indian marriage, sinks down into a few yards of white saraset. There is always an immense concourse of wedding-guests present at the ceremony, but as invitations to accompany a bridal-party to the church, are of very frequent occurrence, they do not make any extraordinary display of new dresses and decorations. Sometimes, the company separate at the church-door; at others, there is some sort of entertainment given by the relatives of the bride; but the whole business, compared with the pomp and circumstance attending weddings of persons of a certain rank in England, is flat, dull, and destitute of show.

The mode of living in India is exceedingly adverse to bridal tours. Unless the parties should procure the loan of some friend's country mansion, a few miles from Calcutta, they must proceed straight to their own residence; for there are no hotels, no watering places, and no post-horses:—circumstances which detract materially from the éclat of a marriage. The poor bride, instead of enjoying a pleasant excursion, is obliged to remain shut up at home, and her first appearance in public creates very little sensation, probably from the absence of expectation on the score of new garments. In up-country stations, marriages are even more common-place affairs, and the clerk of a country church would be absolutely scandalized at the neglect of the cus-

tomary observances. Some writer upon India has remarked that the ladies are over-dressed. That must have been the case in the by-gone days of splendour, when they could afford to give *carte blanche* to milliners in London or at the presidencies; much to their credit be it spoken, in the wildest jungles, they endeavour to make an appearance suitable to their rank and circumstances; but this is very frequently a matter of great difficulty. Patterns are sometimes useless from the want of materials to make them up, and materials nearly so from the impossibility of procuring patterns. Articles of British manufacture are exceedingly expensive, and often beyond the reach of narrow purses. The demand is not sufficiently great to induce a trader to keep a large assortment of goods, and he cannot afford to supply the few articles required by the small female community at low prices. The Indian market is frequently overstocked, and valuable articles knocked down at sales for little or nothing: but they seldom come very cheaply into the hands of the consumer, the climate, unlike that of Kippitringan, eulogized by Dominic Sampson, is exceedingly injurious to wearing apparel, and much waste and destruction is effected by the want of care of native dealers, who do not understand the method of preserving European manufactures from dust and decay. The contrast between the splendid dresses of a London ball-room, fresh in their first gloss, with the tarnished, faded, lustreless habiliments exhibited in Calcutta, is very striking to a stranger's eye; while, after a long residence in the upper provinces, the fair assemblages at the presidency appear to be decked in the utmost glory of sumptuous array. But although Indian weddings may be destitute of magnificence, they are generally productive of lasting happiness; they entail, comparatively speaking, little additional expense, and the small preparations which alone are considered essential, offer great facilities for early unions. A young man, depending, as he must do, for all his enjoyments, upon domestic comforts, naturally feels anxious to secure a companion to enliven his otherwise dull home; his resources out of doors are few; there may not be many houses in which he can lounge away his mornings in idle visits; the billiard-room does not suit all tastes, and however addicted he may be to field sports, during several hours of the day he must seek the shelter of a roof; his military duties occupy a very small portion of his time, and with little to interest, and nothing to divert him, he becomes anxiously desirous to taste the calm delights of wedded life. If he should be so fortunate as to be a successful wooer, the marriage speedily takes place. There are few regimental messes established in native regiments; the officers inhabit separate bungalows, and if two happen to chum together, the intended Benedict turns his friend out to make way for his bride. If he should chance to be rich enough, he may be seen at sales (for there is always some person quitting a station and selling off), pur-

chasing looking-glasses, toilette-tables, and such unwanted luxuries in a bachelor's mansion. But they are not absolutely necessary, nor are they considered essential to connubial felicity; very frequently the whole of the preparations consist in the exit of the chum and his *petarrahs* (boxes which may be carried baughie, that is, suspended at either end of a bamboo slung across a bearer's shoulder), and the entrance of the bride and her wardrobe, crammed, to the splendid injury of the flounces and furbellows, into half a dozen square conical tin cases painted green. The *trousseau* of the bride varies according to the means and appliances of the station, and of her own or relatives' purses. There are a set of men in India, very closely resembling the pedlars and duffers of Scotland and England, denominated *box-wallahs*, who enact the character of *marchand des modes*, both in Calcutta and in the upper provinces. The box-wallah himself is a well-dressed respectable personage, frequently very rich; his goods are conveyed in large tin chests upon the heads of coolies, and instead of making a tour of shopping, the lady, desirous to add to her wardrobe, sends for all the box wallahs and examines the contents of their chests. The party thus formed presents a singular scene; nearly the whole are seated, the lady upon a chair, the merchants and their ragged attendants upon the floor; each vender pulls out his own goods, and offers them for sale, with numerous but not noisy commendations, and the spirit of rivalry assumes a very amiable aspect; all the principals speak a little English; having to deal with new arrivals, young ladies who have made a very small progress in Hindoostanee, they find it to their advantage to acquire the means of bargaining with their fair customers. The prices of goods are regulated not so much by their intrinsic value, as by the stock in hand, and the demand. Ribbons, which are always called for, are never cheap; but rich silks and satins, blondes, gauzes and the like, are often sold at very low prices. Some attention to method is observed in the arrangement of the boxes; one contains a multifarious assortment of mercery and haberdashery, where we are often startled with the apparition of some obsolete manufacture, which, after having slumbered in an English warehouse during a quarter of a century, is sent out on a venture to India, under the idea that it may pass current in the upper provinces as a fashionable article. The poor deluded box-wallah is astonished and confounded at the contempt and horror which his Chamberry's, his Plowman's nets, and Picket muslins excite. In vain he endeavours to recommend them to notice; his English goes no farther than "I beg pardon, ma'am; very good thing—very handsome—no dear price—very rich lady—very poor man—you give what I ask." Frequently, during the course of the bargaining, the servants interfere in behalf of their mistresses, and procure more advantageous terms. Stationery, pen-knives, soap, lavender-water, tooth-brushes, hair-brushes, small looking-glasses, and

minor articles of hard-ware, are deposited in another chest; these are taken out and displayed, until the whole floor is strewn with trumpery of various kinds, the sweepings of London shops, condemned to return to their boxes until, in some miserable time of scarcity, they are purchased for want of better things.

The bride makes her selection where there is probably little choice, and the dresses are handed over to the household tailor, the *dirzee* as he is called, who occupies a conspicuous place in the ante-room or verandah, seated upon a piece of white cloth with his work spread out around him. Should there be occasion for despatch, assistants are hired by the day; and with these poor substitutes for milliners and dress-makers, the bride must per-force be content: probably a bonnet comes up with the license from Calcutta, but as the latter is conveyed by dawk (post), and the former must travel dawk-banghie, a less rapid mode of transportation, it is not unfrequently dispensed with. Female ingenuity is severely taxed upon these occasions, and many and weariful are the fittings on and the cuttings out, before the hat and pelisse can be made to resemble the patterns figure in *La belle Assemblée*.

The whole of the residents of the station, or, if it should be a large one, the greater part, are invited to witness the ceremony, and those ladies who consider white to be indispensable for a wedding, who think it proper to appear in full dress, and who are unable to obtain new vestments, exhibit to great disadvantage. A muslin gown is probably ironed out, and the betraying day-light not only reveals the spots and specks, which have been carefully ironed in, but also the discrepancies of the trimming, in which French white and pearl white, tolerably good matches by candle-light, disagree exceedingly in open day. No kind of etiquette is observed in the order of the celebration; the bridegroom, contrary to all established rule, is often seen to drive the bride in his buggy to church; the company, instead of being properly arranged, stand promiscuously round the altar, and the clerk, usually a soldier, is a person of no sort of authority. The parties are frequently very juvenile—a young ensign and a still younger partner; but such unions are not considered imprudent, for they are often the means of preventing extravagance, dissipation, and all their concomitant evils. Instances of domestic infelicity are comparatively rare in India; the value of a wife is known and appreciated, and, though there may be many bachelors from choice, the majority of Anglo-Indians are exceedingly anxious to obtain for themselves a security against the tedium and ennui of a solitary jungle, a being interested in their welfare, and not only attached to them by the tenderest and most sacred of all ties, but who supplies the place of relatives whom they may never hope to see again.

The greatest drawback upon the chances of happiness in an Indian marriage, exists in the sort of compulsion sometimes used to effect the consent of a lady. Many young women in India may be

considered almost homeless; their parents or friends have no means of providing for them except by a matrimonial establishment; they feel that they are burthens upon families who can ill afford to support them, and they do not consider themselves at liberty to refuse an offer, although the person proposing may not be particularly agreeable to them. Mrs. Malaprop tells us, that it is safest to begin with a little aversion, and the truth of her aphorism has been frequently exemplified in India; gratitude and esteem are admirable substitutes for love—they last much longer, and the affection, based upon such solid supports, is purer in its nature, and far more durable, than that which owes its existence to mere fancy. It is rarely that a wife leaves the protection of her husband, and in the instances that have occurred, it is generally observed that the lady has made a love-match. But though marriages of convenience, in nine cases out of ten, turn out very happily, we are by no means prepared to dispute the propriety of freedom of choice on the part of the bride, and deem those daughters, sisters, and nieces most fortunate, who live in the bosoms of relatives not anxious to dispose of them to the first suitor who may apply. It is only under these happy circumstances that India can be considered a paradise to a single woman, where she can be truly free and unfettered, and where her existence may glide away in the enjoyment of a beloved home, until she shall be tempted to quit it by some object dearer far than parents, friends, and all the world beside.

There cannot be a more wretched situation than that of a young woman who has been induced to follow the fortunes of a married sister, under the delusive expectation that she will exchange the privations attached to limited means in England for the far-famed luxuries of the east. The husband is usually desirous to lessen the regret of his wife at quitting her home, by persuading an affectionate relative to accompany her, and does not calculate before-hand the expense and inconvenience which he has entailed upon himself by the additional burthen. Soon after their arrival in India, the family, in all probability, have to travel to an up-country station, and here the poor girl's troubles begin: she is thrust into an outer cabin in a bodgerow, or into an inner room in a tent; she makes perhaps a third in a buggy, and finds herself always in the way; she discovers that she is a source of continual expense; that an additional person in a family imposes the necessity of keeping several additional servants, and where there is not a close carriage she must remain a prisoner. She cannot walk out beyond the garden or the verandah, and all the out-of-door recreations, in which she may have been accustomed to indulge in at home, are denied her. Tending flowers, that truly feminine employment, is an utter impossibility; the garden may be full of plants (which she has only seen in their exotic state) in all the abundance and beauty of native luxuriance, but except before the sun has risen, or after it has



set, they are not to be approached; and even then, the frame is too completely enervated by the climate to admit of those little pleasing labours, which render the green-house and the parterre so interesting. She may be condemned to a long melancholy sojourn at some outstation, offering little society and none to her taste. If she should be musical, so much the worse, the hot winds have split her piano and guitar, or the former is in a wretched condition, and there is nobody to tune it; the white ants have demolished her music-books, and new ones are not to be had. Drawing offers a better resource, but it is often suspended from want of materials; and needle-work is not suited to the climate. Her brother and sister are domestic, and do not sympathize in her ennui; they either see little company, or invite guests merely with a view to be quit of an incumbrance. If the few young men who may be at the station should not entertain matrimonial views, they will be shy of their attentions to a single woman, lest expectations should be formed which they are not inclined to fulfil. It is dangerous to hand a disengaged lady too often to table, for though no conversation may take place between the parties, the gentleman's silence is attributed to want of courage to speak, and the offer, if not forthcoming, is inferred. A determined flirt may certainly succeed in drawing a train of admirers around her: but such exhibitions are not common, and where ladies are exceedingly scarce, they are sometimes subject to very extraordinary instances of neglect. These are sufficiently frequent to be designated by a peculiar phrase; the wife or sister who may be obliged to accept a relative's arm, or walk alone, is said to be "wrecked," and perhaps an undue degree of apprehension is entertained upon the subject, a mark of rudeness of this nature reflecting more discredit upon the persons who can be guilty of it, than upon those subjected to the affront. Few young women, who have accompanied their married sisters to India, possess the means of returning home; however strong their dislike may be to the country, their lot is cast in it, and they must remain in a state of miserable dependence, with the danger of being left unprovided for before them, until they shall be rescued from this distressing situation by an offer of marriage.

The tie between husband and wife is the only one from which Anglo-Indians can hope to derive solid happiness; that between parents and children is subject to many shocks. The difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility of educating young people in India, occasions early separation, which, in too many instances, proves fatal to the enjoyments of a reunion. After a long absence, parents and children meet as strangers: the latter, probably consigned to some large school, have not been brought up with any very exalted ideas upon the subject of filial duty. They are keen and quick observers of the faults and follies of those whom they have not been early accustomed to regard with respect; and the former are apt to exact too much sub-

mission. Both parties are disappointed, the younger having hoped to meet with unlimited indulgence, while the elder flatter themselves with erroneous expectations of obedience. Accomplished girls, fresh from England, are unprepared for the modes and habits of Indian life; the charm of novelty does not always reconcile them to things strange, and often uncouth; while mothers, to whom all around is familiar, are astonished and displeased to find that the young ladies do not readily fall into their ways, and are more prone to dictate than to obey. Where these differences of opinion do not create strife and contention, they are productive of coldness; each person feels deeply aggrieved by the conduct of others towards them; those who possess amiable dispositions make allowances for circumstances and situation, but seldom do we see the attached and happy families which afford such beautiful pictures of domestic felicity in England.

That death and absence differ but in name, all who have been long separated from those whom they love best in the world must readily allow. Experience in India shews that even a mother's affection, perchance the strongest and most lasting sentiment, is not proof against it, or how can we account for the exceeding, and, it may be added, disgusting anxiety, continually manifested to get rid of daughters as rapidly as they are brought out? It is no unusual thing for persons who have accumulated a fortune, and who are desirous to spend the remainder of their days in luxury in England, to marry off the females of their family as fast as they possibly can, little caring to whom they are consigned, and leaving them to combat with every sort of hardship, without a hope of their ever meeting again. The condition of girls thus situated is far from enviable: overtures are made to their parents, and accepted by them without consulting the parties who are the most deeply concerned in the transaction; the young lady is simply told that a proposal has been made in which she must acquiesce, and she goes to the altar, if not unwilling, at least indifferent: many are so strongly impressed with the comfortless nature of their situation, that they gladly avail themselves of the first opportunity to effect a change, and nothing more disagreeable can readily be imagined than the condition of the last of four or five sisters, who by some inexplicable fatality remains single. She is frequently bandied about from one family to another, seeking rest and finding none. Whether she may have matrimonial views, or if perfectly guiltless of all design, it is the same thing, she is supposed to be manœuvring for a husband, and those whom she may fascinate do not always possess the moral courage requisite to acknowledge a partiality for a girl, who has failed to secure early offers, or the reputation of having refused them. At length, when her pretensions have almost become a jest, some candidate for her hand appears, and is of course successful: it is then discovered that she is a very fine young woman, and all agree that her protracted state of spinsterhood must have been a matter of choice.

It is an amusing thing for a spectator to observe the straight-forward, business-like manner in which marriages in India are brought about. The opinion entertained by the princess Hunca-munca, respecting the expediency of short courtships, seems to prevail. A gentleman, desirous to enter the holy pale, does not always wait until he shall meet with some fair one suiting his peculiar taste, but the instant that he hears of an expected arrival, despatches a proposal to meet her upon the road; this is either rejected *in toto*, or accepted conditionally; and if there should be nothing very objectionable in the suitor, the marriage takes place. Others travel over to some distant stations, in the hope of returning with a wife; and many visit the presidency on the same errand. Numbers return without achieving their object, and these unfortunates are said to be members of the "*junaub* club," a favourite Indian phrase, which is exceedingly expressive of the forlorn state of bachelors upon compulsion. Young men who are qualifying themselves for interpreterships, or who expect staff-appointments, are often supposed to be quite guiltless of matrimonial designs; they may be attached to a large station without even entering into any of the gaieties, are not seen at balls, plays, or races, and do not frequent the morning levees of ladies of distinction. Suddenly, upon obtaining the promised post, they appear at a ball, and some girl, who has been a leading belle, and who has flirted with half the station, is quietly approached. She, with more sense than sentiment, disengages herself from her butterfly-admirer, on whom the astounding fact of her approaching marriage acts like an electric shock; they look very foolishly at each other, and make a faint attempt to laugh.

The spinsterhood of India is composed of three different classes; the first consists of the daughters of civil and military servants, merchants, and others, settled in India, who have been sent to England for education, and who generally return between the ages of sixteen and twenty; these may be said to belong to the country, and to possess homes, although upon the expectation of the arrival of a second or third daughter, they are often disposed of after a very summary fashion. In the second are to be found the sisters and near relatives of those brides who have married Indian officers, &c., during the period of a visit to the mother-country, and who, either through affection for their relatives, or in consequence of having no provision in England, have been induced to accompany them to the eastern world. The third is formed of the orphan daughters, legitimate and illegitimate, of Indian residents, who have been educated at the presidencies. This latter class is exceedingly numerous, and as they are frequently destitute of family connexions, those who are not so fortunate as to possess relatives in a certain rank in life, see very little of society, and have comparatively little chance of being well-established. The progress of refinement has materially altered the condition of these young ladies, but has acted in a manner the very reverse of improvement, as far as their individual inter-

ests are concerned. Those who have no support excepting that which is derived from the Orphan Fund, reside at a large house at Kidderpore, about a mile and a half from Calcutta, belonging to that institution; others who may be endowed with the interest of a few thousand rupees, become par-lourboarders at schools of various degrees of respectability, where they await the chance of attracting some young officers, the military being objects of consideration when civilians are unattainable. Formerly it was the practice to give balls at the establishment at Kidderpore, to which vast numbers of beaux were invited; but this undisguised method of seeking husbands is now at variance with the received notions of propriety, and the Female Orphan School has assumed, in consequence of the discontinuance of these parties, somewhat of the character of a nunnery. In fact, the young ladies immured within the walls have no chance of meeting with suitors, unless they should possess friends in Calcutta to give them occasional invitations, or the fame of their beauty should spread itself abroad. Every year, by increasing the number of arrivals educated in England, lessens their chance of meeting with eligible matches. The prejudices against "dark beauties" (the phrase usually employed to designate those who are the inheritors of the native complexion) are daily gaining ground, and in the present state of female intellectuality, their uncultivated minds form a decided objection. The English language has degenerated in the possession of the "countryborn;" their pronunciation is short and disagreeable, and they usually place the accent on the wrong syllable: though not so completely barbarized as in America, the mother, or rather the father tongue, has lost all its strength and beauty, and acquired a peculiar idiom. There are not many heiresses to be found in India, and those who are gifted with property of any kind, almost invariably belong to the dark population, the daughters or grand-daughters of the Company's servants of more prosperous times, the representatives of merchants of Portuguese extraction, or the ladies of Armenian families. These latter named are frequently extremely handsome, and nearly as fair as Europeans; but though adopting English fashions in dress, they do not speak the language, and sing in Hindoostanee to their performances on the piano. They mix very little in the British society of Calcutta, and usually intermarry with persons belonging to their own nation, living in a retired manner within the bosoms of their families, without being entirely secluded like the females of the country in which their ancestors have been so long domiciled. The daughters and wives of the Portuguese, a numerous and wealthy class, are quite as tawny, and not so handsome, as the natives; they usually dress in a rich and tawdry manner, after the European fashion, which is particularly unbecoming to them: they form a peculiar circle of their own; and though the spinster portion of this community are said to prefer British officers to husbands of Portuguese extraction, unions between them are extremely rare.

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THE FALL OF TURKEY.\*

THE long duration and sudden fall of the Turkish Empire is one of the most extraordinary and apparently inexplicable phenomena in European history. The decay of the Ottoman power had been constantly the theme of historians; their approaching downfall, the unceasing subject of prophecy for a century; but yet the ancient fabric still held out, and evinced on occasions a degree of vigour which confounded all the machinations of its enemies. For eighty years, the subversion of the empire of Constantinople had been the unceasing object of Moscovite ambition: the genius of Catherine had been incessantly directed to that great object; a Russian prince christened after the last of the Palæologi expressly to receive his throne, but yet the black eagle made little progress towards the Danube; the Mussulman forces arrayed on its banks were still most formidable, and a host arrayed under the banners of the Osmanleys, seemingly capable of making head against the world. For four years, from 1808 to 1812, the Russians waged a desperate war with the Turks; they brought frequently 150,000, sometimes 200,000 men into the field; but at its close they had made no sensible progress in the reduction of the bulwarks of Islamism: two hundred thousand Mussulmans had frequently assembled round the banners of the Prophet; the Danube had been stained with blood, but the hostile armies still contended in doubtful and desperate strife on its shores; and on the glaciæ of Schumla the Moscovites had sustained a bloodier defeat than they ever received from the genius of Napoleon. In the triumph of the Turks at that prodigious victory, the Vizier wrote exultingly to the Grand Seignior, that such was the multitude of the Infidel heads which he had taken, that they would make a bridge for the souls of the Faithful from earth to heaven.

But though then so formidable, the Ottoman power has within these twenty years rapidly and irrecoverably declined. The great barrier of Turkey was reached in the first campaign of the next war, the Balkan yielded to Russian genius in the second, and Adrianople, the ancient capital of the Osmanleys, became celebrated for the treaty which sealed for ever the degradation of their race. On all sides the provinces of the Empire have revolted: Greece, through a long and bloody contest, has at length worked out its deliverance from all but its own passions; the ancient war-cry of Byzantium, Victory to the Cross, has been again heard on the Egean Sea;

and the Pacha of Egypt, taking advantage of the weakness consequent on so many reverses, has boldly thrown off the yoke, and advancing from Acre in the path of Napoleon, shown to the astonished world the justice of that great man's remark, that his defeat by Sir Sidney Smith under its walls made him miss his destiny. The victory of Koniah prostrated the Asiatic power of Turkey; the standards of Mehemet Ali are rapidly approaching the Seraglio; and the discomfited Sultan is driven to take refuge under the suspicious shelter of the Russian legions. Already the advanced guard of Nicholas has passed the Bosphorus; the Moscovite standards are floating at Scutari; and, to the astonishment alike of Europe and Asia, the keys of the Dardanelles, the throne of Constantine, are laid at the feet of the Czar.

The unlooked for rapidity of these events, is not more astonishing than the weakness which the Mussulmans have evinced in their last struggle. The Russians, in the late campaign, never assembled 40,000 men in the field. In the battle of the 11th June, which decided the fate of the war, Diebitsch had only 96,000 soldiers under arms; yet this small force routed the Turkish army, and laid open the far-famed passes of the Balkan to the daring genius of the leader. Christendom looked in vain for the mighty host which, at the sight of the holy banner, was wont to assemble round the standard of the Prophet; the ancient courage of the Osmanleys seemed to have perished with their waning fortunes; hardly could the Russian outposts keep pace with them in the rapidity of their flight; and a force, reduced by sickness to twenty thousand men, dictated peace to the Ottomans within twenty hours' march of Constantinople. More lately, the once dreaded throne of Turkey has become a jest to its ancient provinces; the Pasha of Egypt, once the most inconsiderable of its vassals, has compelled the Sublime Porte, the ancient terror of Christendom, to seek for safety in the protection of Infidel battalions; and the throne of Constantine, incapable of self-defence, is ultimately destined to become the prize for which Moscovite ambition and Arabian audacity are to contend on the glittering shores of Scutari.

But if the weakness of the Ottomans is surprising, the supineness of the European powers is not less amazing at this interesting crisis. The power of Russia has long been a subject of alarm to France, and having twice seen the Cossacks at the Tuilleries, it is not surprising that they should feel somewhat nervous at every addition to its strength. England, jealous of its maritime superiority, and apprehensive—whether reasonably or not is immaterial—of danger to her Indian possessions, from the growth of Russian power in Asia, has long made it a fixed principle of her policy to coerce the ambitious designs of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and twice she has saved Turkey from their grasp. When the Russians and Austrians, in 1786, projected an alliance for its partition, and Catherine and Joseph

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\* Travels in Turkey, by F. Slade, Esq. London, 1832.

† When the brave Canaris passed under the bows of the Turkish admiral's ship, to which he had grappled the fatal fireship, at Scio, the crew in his boat exclaimed, "Victory to the Cross!" the old war-cry of Byzantium.—Gordon's Greek Revolution, i. 274.

had actually met on the Wolga to arrange its details, Mr. Pitt interposed, and by the influence of England, prevented the design: and when Diebitsch was in full march for Constantinople, and the insurrection of the Janissaries only waited for the sight of the Cossacks to break out, and overturn the throne of Mahmoud, the strong arm of Wellington interfered, put a curb in the mouth of Russia, and postponed for a season the fall of the Turkish power. Now, however, every thing is changed:—France and England, occupied with domestic dissensions, are utterly paralysed; they can no longer make a show of resistance to Moscovite ambition; exclusively occupied in preparing the downfall of her ancient allies, the Dutch and the Portuguese, England has not a thought to bestow on the occupation of the Dardanelles, and the keys of the Levant are, without either observation or regret, passing to the hands of Russia.

These events are so extraordinary, that they almost make the boldest speculator hold his breath. Great as is the change in external events which we daily witness, the alteration in internal feeling is still greater. Changes which would have convulsed England from end to end, dangers which would have thrown European diplomacy into agonies a few years ago, are now regarded with indifference. The progress of Russia through Asia, the capture of Erivan and Erzeroum, the occupation of the Dardanelles, are now as little regarded as if we had no interest in such changes; as if we had no empire in the East threatened by so ambitious a neighbour; no independence at stake in the growth of the Colossus of northern Europe.

The reason is apparent, and it affords the first great and practical proof which England has yet received of the fatal blow, which the recent changes have struck, not only at her internal prosperity, but her external independence. England is now powerless; and, what is worse, the European powers know it. Her Government is so incessantly and exclusively occupied in maintaining its ground against the internal enemies whom the Reform Bill has raised up into appalling strength; the necessity of sacrificing something to the insatiable passions of the Revolutionists is so apparent, that every other object is disregarded: the allies, by whose aid they overthrew the constitution, have turned so fiercely upon them, that they are forced to strain every nerve to resist these domestic enemies. Who can think of the occupation of Scutari, when the malt tax is threatened with repeal? Who care for the thunders of Nicholas, when the threats of O'Connell are ringing in their ears? The English Government, once so stable and steadfast in its resolutions, when rested on the firm rock of the Aristocracy, has become unstable as water since it was thrown for its support upon the Democracy: its designs are as changeable, its policy as fluctuating, as the volatile and inconsiderate mass from which it sprung; and hence its menaces are disregarded, its ancient

relations broken, its old allies disgusted, and the weight of its influence being no longer felt, projects the most threatening to its independence are without hesitation undertaken by other states.

Nor is the supineness and apathy of the nation less important or alarming. It exists to such an extent as clearly to demonstrate, that not only are the days of its glory numbered, but the termination even of its independence may be foreseen at no distant period. Enterprises the most hostile to its interests, conquests the most fatal to its glory, are undertaken by its rivals not only without the disapprobation, but with the cordial support, of the majority of the nation. Portugal, for a century the ally of England, for whose defence hundreds of thousands of Englishmen had died in our own times, has been abandoned without a murmur to the revolutionary spoliation and propagandist arts of France. Holland, the bulwark of England, for whose protection the great war with France was undertaken, has been assailed by British fleets, and threatened by British power; and the shores of the Scheldt, which beheld the victorious legions of Wellington land to curb the power of Napoleon, have witnessed the union of the Tricolor and British flags, to beat down the independence of the Dutch provinces. Constantinople, long regarded as the outpost of India against the Russians, is abandoned without regret; and, amidst the strife of internal faction, the fixing of the Moscovite standards on the shores of the Bosphorus, the transference of the finest harbour in the world to a growing maritime power, and of the entrepot of Europe and Asia to an already formidable commercial state, is hardly the subject of observation.

The reason cannot be concealed, and is too clearly illustrative of the desperate tendency of the recent changes upon all the classes of the Empire. With the Revolutionists the passion for change has supplanted every other feeling, and the spirit of innovation has extinguished that of patriotism. They no longer league in thought, or word, or wish, exclusively with their own countrymen; they no longer regard the interests and glory of England, as the chief objects of their solicitude; what they look to is the revolutionary party in other States; what they sympathize with, the progress of the Tricolor in overturning other dynasties. The loss of British dominion, the loss of British colonies, the downfall of British power, the decay of British glory, the loss of British independence, is to them a matter of no sort of regret, provided the Tricolor is triumphant, and the cause of revolution is making progress in the world. Well and truly did Mr. Burke say, that the spirit of patriotism and Jacobinism could not coexist in the same state; and that the greatest national disasters are lightly passed over, provided they bring with them the advance of domestic ambition.

The Conservatives, on the other hand, are so utterly desperate in regard to the future prospects of the Empire, from the vacillation and violence of the Democratic party who are in-



stalled in sovereignty, that external events, even of the most threatening character, are regarded by them but as dust in the balance, when compared with the domestic calamities which are staring us in the face. What although the ingratitude and tergiversation of England to Holland have deprived us of all respect among foreign States? That evil, great as it is, is nothing to the domestic embarrassments which overwhelm the country from the unruly spirit which the Whigs fostered with such sedulous care during the Reform contest. What although the empire of the Mediterranean, and ultimately our Indian possessions, are menaced by the ceaseless growth of Russia; the measures which Government have in contemplation for the management of that vast dominion, will sever it from the British Empire before any danger is felt from external foes; and long ere the Moscovite eagles are seen on the banks of the Indus, the insane measures of Ten Pounders will have banished the British standards from the plains of Hindostan.

Every thing, in short, announces that the external weight and foreign importance of Great Britain are irreversibly lost; and that the passing of the Reform Bill has truly been the death-warrant of the British Empire. The Russians are at Constantinople! the menaces, the entreaties of England, are alike disregarded; and the ruler of the seas has submitted in two years to descend to the rank of a second-rate power. That which a hundred defeats could have hardly effected to old England, is the very first result of the innovating system upon which new England has entered. The Russians are at Constantinople! How would the shade of Chatham, or Pitt, or Fox, thrill at the announcement! But it makes no sort of impression on the English people: as little as the robbery of the Portuguese fleet by the French, or the surrender of the citadel of Antwerp to the son-in-law of Louis Philippe. In this country we have arrived, in an inconceivably short space of time, at that weakness, disunion, and indifference to all but revolutionary objects, which is at once the forerunner and the cause of national ruin.

But leaving these mournful topics, it is more instructive to turn to the causes which have precipitated, in so short a space of time, the fall of the Turkish Empire. Few more curious or extraordinary phenomena are to be met with in the page of history. It will be found that the Ottomans have fallen a victim to the same passion for innovation and reform which have proved so ruinous both in this and a neighbouring country; and that, while the bulwarks of Turkey were thrown down by the rude hand of Mahmoud, the States of Western Europe were disabled, by the same frantic course, from rendering him any effectual aid. How well in every age has the spirit of Jacobinism and revolutionary passion aided the march, and hastened the growth of Russia!

The fact of the long duration of Turkey, in the midst of the monarchies of Europe, and the

stubborn resistance which she opposed for a series of ages to the attacks of the two greatest of its military powers, is of itself sufficient to demonstrate that the accounts on which we had been accustomed to rely of the condition of the Ottoman Empire were partial or exaggerated. No fact is so universally demonstrated by history as the rapid and irrecoverable decline of barbarous powers, when the career of conquest is once terminated. Where is now the Empire of the Caliphs or the Moors? What has survived of the conquests, one hundred years ago, of Nadir Shah? How long did the Empire of Aurengzebe, the throne of the Great Mogul, resist the attacks of England, even at the distance of ten thousand miles from the parent state? How then did it happen that Turkey so long resisted the spoiler? What conservative principle has enabled the Osmanleys so long to avoid the degradation which so rapidly overtakes all barbarous and despotic empires; and what has communicated to their vast empire a portion of the undecaying vigour which has hitherto been considered as the grand characteristic of European civilization? The answer to these questions will both unfold the real causes of the long endurance, and at length the sudden fall, of the Turkish Empire.

Though the Osmanleys were an Asiatic power, and ruled entirely on the principles of Asiatic despotism, yet their conquests were effected in Europe, or in those parts of Asia in which, from the influence of the Crusades, or of the Roman institutions which survived their invasion, a certain degree of European civilization remained. It is difficult utterly to exterminate the institutions of a country where they have been long established; those of the Christian provinces of the Roman Empire here in part survived all the dreadful tempests which for the last six centuries have passed over their surface. It is these remnants of civilization, it is the institutions which still linger among the vanquished people, which have so long preserved the Turkish provinces from decay; and it is these ancient bulwarks, which the innovating passions of Mahmoud have now destroyed.

1. The first circumstance which upheld, amidst its numerous defects, the Ottoman Empire, was the rights conceded on the first conquest of the country by Mahomet to the *dere beys* or ancient nobles of Asia Minor, and which the succeeding Sultans have been careful to maintain inviolate. These *dere beys* all capitulated with the conqueror, and obtained the important privileges of retaining their lands in perpetuity for their descendants, and of paying a *fixed tribute* in money and men to the Sultan. In other words, they were a hereditary noblesse; and as they constituted the great strength of the empire in its Asiatic provinces, they have preserved their privilege through all succeeding reigns. The following is the description given of them by the intelligent traveller whose work is prefixed to this article:—

"The *dere beys*," says Mr. Slade, "literal-

ly lords of the valleys, an expression peculiarly adapted to the country, which presents a series of oval valleys, surrounded by ramparts of hills, were the original possessors of those parts of Asia Minor, which submitted, under feudal conditions, to the Ottomans. Between the conquest of Brussa and the conquest of Constantinople, a lapse of more than a century, chequered by the episode of Tamerlane, their faith was precarious; but after the latter event, Mahomet II. bound their submission and finally settled the terms of their existence. He confirmed them in their lands, subject, however, to tribute, and to quotas of troops in war; and he absolved the head of each family for ever from personal service. The last clause was the most important, as thereby the Sultan had no power over their lives, nor consequently, could be their heirs, that despotic power being lawful over those only in the actual service of the Porte. The families of the *dere* beys, therefore, became neither impoverished nor extinct. It would be dealing in truisms to enumerate the advantages enjoyed by the districts of these noblemen over the rest of the empire; they were oases in the desert: their owners had more than a life interest in the soil, they were born and lived among the people, and, being hereditarily rich, had no occasion to create a private fortune, each year, after the tribute due was levied. Whereas, in a pashalik, the people are strained every year to double or treble the amount of the impost, since the pasha, who pays for his situation, must also be enriched. The devotion of the dependents of the *dere* beys was great: at a whistle, the Car'osman-Oglous, the Tchapan-Oglous, the Elleazar-Oglous, (the principal Asiatic families that survive,) could raise, each, from ten thousand to twenty thousand horsemen, and equip them. Hence the facility with which the Sultans, up to the present century, drew such large bodies of cavalry into the field. The *dere* beys have always furnished, and maintained, the greatest part; and there is not one instance, since the conquest of Constantinople, of one of these great families raising the standard of revolt. The pashas invariably have. The reasons, respectively, are obvious. The *dere* bey was sure of keeping his possessions by right; the pasha of losing his by custom, unless he had money to bribe the Porte, or force to intimidate it.

These provincial nobles, whose rights had been respected during four centuries, by a series of 24 sovereigns, had two crimes in the eyes of Mahmoud II.: they held their property from their ancestors, and they had riches. To alter the tenure of the former, the destination of the latter, was his object. The *dere* beys—unlike the *seraglio* dependents, brought up to distrust their own shadows—had no causes for suspicion, and therefore became easy dupes of the grossest treachery. The unbending spirits were removed to another world, the flexible were despoiled of their wealth. Some few await their turn, or, their eyes opened, prepare to resist oppression. Car'osman Oglou, for example, was summoned to Constantinople, where expensive employment, forced on him during several years, reduced his ready cash; while a follower of the *seraglio* resided at his city of Magnesia, to collect his revenues.

peasants, in consequence, ceased to cultivate their lands, from whence they no longer hoped to reap profit; and his once flourishing possessions soon became as desolate as any which had always been under the gripe of pashas."

This passage throws the strongest light on the former condition of the Turkish Empire. They possessed an *hereditary* noblesse in their Asiatic provinces; a body of men whose interests were permanent; who enjoyed their rights by succession, and, therefore, were permanently interested in preserving their possessions from spoliation. It was their feudal tenantry who flocked in such multitudes to the standard of Mahomet when any great crisis occurred, and formed those vast armies who so often astonished the European powers, and struck terror into the boldest hearts in Christendom. These hereditary nobles, however, the bones of the empire, whose estates were exempt from the tyranny of the Pashas, have been destroyed by Mahmoud. Hence the disaffection of the Asiatic provinces, and the readiness with which they opened their arms to the liberating standards of Mehmet Ali. It is the nature of innovation, whether enforced by the despotism of a sultan or a democracy, to destroy in its fervour the institutions on which public freedom is founded.

2. The next circumstance which contributed to mitigate the severity of Ottoman oppression was the privileges of the provincial cities, chiefly in Europe, which consisted in being governed by magistrates elected by the people themselves from among their chief citizens. This privilege, a relic of the rights of the *municipia* over the whole Roman Empire, was established in all the great towns; and its importance in moderating the otherwise intolerable weight of Ottoman oppression was incalculable. The Pashas or temporary rulers appointed by the Sultan had no authority, or only a partial one in these free cities, and hence they formed nearly as complete an asylum for industry in Europe as the estates of the *dere* beys did in Asia. This important right, however, could not escape the reforming passion of Mahmoud; and it was accordingly overturned.

"In conjunction with subverting the *dere* beys, Mahmoud attacked the privileges of the great provincial cities, (principally in Europe,) which consisted in the election of *ayans* (magistrates) by the people, from among the notables. Some cities were solely governed by them, and in those ruled by pashas, they had, in most cases, sufficient influence to restrain somewhat the full career of despotism. They were the protectors of *rayas*, as well as of Mussulmans, and, for their own sakes, resisted exorbitant imposts. The change in the cities where their authority has been abolished (Adrianople, *e. g.*) is deplorable; trade has since languished, and population has diminished. They were instituted by Solyman (the lawgiver), and the protection which they have invariably afforded the Christian subjects of the Porte, entitles them to a Christian's good word. Their crime, that of the *dere* beys, was being pos-

nessed of authority not emanating from the Sultan.

"Had Mahmoud II. instructed the government of the provinces to the dere beys, and strengthened the authority of the ayans, he would have truly reformed his empire, by restoring it to its brightest state, have gained the love of his subjects, and the applauses of humanity. By the contrary proceeding, subverting two bulwarks (though dilapidated) of national prosperity—a provincial nobility and magistracy—he has shown himself a selfish tyrant."

3. In addition to an hereditary nobility in the dere beys, and the privileges of corporations in the right of electing their ayans, the Mussulmans possessed a powerful hierarchy in the *ulema*; a most important body in the Ottoman dominions, and whose privileges have gone far to limit the extent of its despotic government. This important institution has been little understood hitherto in Europe; but they have contributed in a most important manner to mitigate the severity of the Sultan in those classes who enjoyed no special protection.

"In each of the Turkish cities," says Mr. Slade, "reside a muphti and a mollah. A knowledge of Arabic, so as to be able to read the Koran in the original, is considered sufficient for the former, but the latter must have run a legal career in one of the medressehs, (universities of Constantinople.) After thirty years probation in a medresseh, the student becomes of the class of *murderis*, (doctors at law,) from which are chosen the mollahs, comprehended under the name of *ulema*. Students who accept the inferior judicial appointments can never become of the *ulema*."

"The *ulema* is divided into three classes, according to a scale of the cities of the empire. The first class consists of the *cazi-askers*, (chief judges of Europe and Asia;) the *Stamboul effendis*, (mayor of Constantinople;) the mollahs qualified to act at Mecca, at Medina, at Jerusalem, at Bagdat, at Salonica, at Aleppo, at Damascus, at Brussa, at Cairo, at Smyrna, at Cogni, at Galata, at Scutari. The second class consists of the mollahs qualified to act at the twelve cities of next importance. The third class at ten inferior cities. The administration of minor towns is intrusted to *cadis*, who are nominated by the *cazi-askers* in their respective jurisdiction, a patronage which produces great wealth to these two officers."

"In consequence of these powers the mollah of a city may prove as great a pest as a needy pasha; but as the mollahs are hereditarily wealthy, they are generally moderate in their perquisitions, and often protect the people against the extortions of the pashas. The *cadis*, of the minor towns, who have not the advantage of being privately rich, seldom fail to join with the *aga* to skin the 'serpent that crawls in the dust.'

"The mollahs, dating from the reign of Solyman—zenith of Ottoman prosperity—were not slow in discovering the value of their situations, or in taking advantage of them; and as their sanctity protected them from spoilation,

they were enabled to leave their riches to their children who are brought up to the same career, and were, by privilege, allowed to finish their studies at the medresseh in eight years less time than the prescribed number of years, the private-tuition which they were supposed to receive from their fathers making up for the deficiency. Thus, besides the influence of birth and wealth, they had a direct facility in attaining the degree of *muderi*, which their fellow-citizens and rivals had not, and who were obliged in consequence to accept inferior judicial appointments. In process of time the whole monopoly of the *ulema* centred in a certain number of families, and their constant residence at the capital, to which they return at the expiration of their term of office, has maintained their power to the present day. Nevertheless, it is true that if a student of a medresseh, not of the privileged order, possess extraordinary merit, the *ulema* has generally the tact to admit him of the body: woe to the cities to which he goes as mollah, since he has to create a private fortune for his family. Thus arose that body—the peerage of Turkey—known by the name of *ulema*, a body uniting the high attributes of law and religion; distinct from the clergy, yet enjoying all the advantages connected with a church paramount free from its shackles, yet retaining the perfect odour of sanctity. Its combination has given it a greater hold in the state than the dere beys, who, though possessed individually of more power, founded too on original charters, sunk from a want of union."

The great effect of the *ulema* has arisen from this, that its lands are safe from confiscation or arbitrary taxation. To power of every sort, excepting that of a triumphant democracy, there must be some limits; and great as the authority of the Sultan is, he is too dependent on the religious feelings of his subjects to be able to overturn the church lands. The consequence is that the *vacouf* or church lands have been always free both from arbitrary taxation and confiscation; and hence they have formed a species of mortmain or entailed lands in the Ottoman dominions, enjoying privileges to which the other part of the empire, excepting the estates of the dere beys, are entire strangers. Great part of the lands of Turkey, in many places amounting to one-third of the whole, were held by this religious tenure; and the device was frequently adopted of leaving property to the *ulema* in trust for particular families, whereby the benefits of secure hereditary descent were obtained. The practical advantages of this ecclesiastical property are thus enumerated by Mr. Slade.

"The *vacouf* (mosque lands) have been among the best cultivated in Turkey, by being free from arbitrary taxation. The *mektebs* (public schools) in all the great cities, where the rudiments of the Turkish language and the Koran are taught, and where poor scholars receive food gratis, are supported by the *ulema*. The medressehs, *isaretts*, (hospitals,) *fountains*, &c. are all maintained by the *ulema*; add to these the magnificence of the mosques, their number, the royal sepulchres, and it will be seen that Turkey owes much to the existence of this body, which has been enabled, by its power and its union, to resist royal capidity. Without it, where would be the establishments above

mentioned? Religious property has been an object of attack in every country. At one period, by the sovereign, to increase his power; at another, by the people, to build fortunes on its downfall. Mahomet IV. after the disastrous retreat of his grand vizir, Kara Mustapha, soon before Vienna, 1683, seized on the riches of the principal mosques, which arbitrary act led to his deposition. The ulama would have shewn a noble patriotism in giving its wealth for the service of the state, but it was right in resenting the extortion, which would have served as a precedent for succeeding sultans.—In fine, rapid as has been the decline of Ottoman empire since victory ceased to attend its arms, I venture to assert, that it would have been *tenfold more rapid but for the privileged orders*—the *dere beys* and the *ulama*. With out their powerful weight and influence—fleet of hereditary wealth and sanctity—the Janissaries would long since have cut Turkey in slices, and have ruled it as the Mamelukes ruled Egypt.

"Suppose, now, the influence of the ulama to be overturned, what would be the consequence? The mollahs, like the pashalicks, would then be sold to the highest bidders, or given to the needy followers of the *sefialio*. These must borrow money of the bankers for their outfit, which must be repaid, and their own purses lined, by their talents at extortion."

It is one of the most singular proofs of the tendency of innovation to blind its votaries to the effects of the measures it advocates, that the ulama has long been singled out for destruction by the reforming Sultan, and the change is warmly supported by many of the inconsiderate Franks who dwell in the East. Such is the aversion of men of every faith to the vesting of property or influence in the church, that they would willingly see this one of the last barriers which exist against arbitrary power done away. The power of the Sultan, great as it is, has not yet ventured on this great innovation; but it is well known that he meditates it, and it is the knowledge of this circumstance which is one great cause of the extreme unpopularity which has rendered his government unable to obtain any considerable resources from his immense dominions.

4. In every part of the empire, the superior felicity and well-being of the peasantry in the mountains is conspicuous, and has long attracted the attention of travellers. Clarke observed it in the mountains of Greece, Mariti and others in Syria and Asia Minor, and Mr. Slade and Mr. Walsh in the Balkan, and the hilly country of Bulgaria. "No peasantry in the world," says the former, "are so well off as that of Bulgaria. The lowest of them has abundance of every thing—meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to kindle his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on; but these are the customs of the country, and a pacha is equally unhappy. Where, then, is the tyranny under which the Christian subjects of the Porte are generally supposed to groan? Not among the Bulgarians certainly. I wish that in every country a traveller could pass from one end to the other, and find a good supper and a warm fire in every cottage, as he can in this part of European Turkey."<sup>\*</sup> This description applies generally to almost all the mountainous provinces of the Ottoman Empire, and in an especial manner to the peasants of Parnassus and Olympia, as described

by Clarke. As a contrast to this delightful state of society, we may quote the same traveller's account of the plains of Romelia. "Romelia, if cultivated, would become the granary of the East, whereas Constantinople depends on Odessa for daily bread. The burial-grounds, choked with weeds and underwood, constantly occurring in every traveller's route, far remote from habitations, are eloquent testimonials of continued depopulation. The living too are far apart; a town every fifty miles, and a village every ten miles, is close, and horsemen meeting on the highway regard each other as objects of curiosity. The cause of this depopulation is to be found in the pernicious government of the Ottomans."<sup>†</sup> The cause of this remarkable difference lies in the fact, that the Ottoman oppression has never yet fully extended into the mountainous parts of its dominions; and, consequently, they remained like permanent veins of prosperity, intersecting the country in every direction, amidst the desolation which generally prevailed in the pashalicks of the plain.

5. The Janissaries were another institution which upheld the Turkish Empire. They formed a regular standing army, who, although at times extremely formidable to the Sultan, and exercising their influence with all the haughtiness of Praetorian guards, were yet of essential service in repelling the invasion of the Christian Powers. The strength of the Ottoman armies consisted in the Janissaries, and the *delhis* and *sphas*; the former being the regular force, the latter the contingents of the *dere beys*. Every battle-field, from Constantinople to Vienna, can tell of the valour of the Janissaries, long and justly regarded as the bulwark of the empire; and the Russian battalions, with all their firmness, were frequently broken, even in the last war, by the desperate charge of the *delhis*. Now, however, both are destroyed; the vigorous severity of the Sultan has annihilated the dreaded battalions of the former—the ruin of the *dere beys* has closed the supply of the latter. In these violent and impolitic reforms is to be found the immediate cause of the destruction of the Turkish Empire.

Of the revolt which led to the destruction of this great body, and the policy which led to it, the following striking account is given by Mr. Slade:

"Every campaign during the Greek war a body was embarked on board the fleet, and landed in small parties, purposely unsupported, on the theatre of war: none returned, so that only a few thousand remained at Constantinople, when, May 30, 1826, the Sultan issued a *hatti scheriff* concerning the formation of 'a new victorious army.' This was a flash of lightning in the eyes of the Janissaries. They saw why their companions did not return from Greece; they saw that the old, hitherto abortive policy, dormant since eighteen years, was revived; they saw that their existence was threatened; and they resolved to resist, confiding in the prestige of their name. June 15,

\* Slade, ii. 97.

† Ibid. 15.



following, they reversed their soup-kettles, (signal of revolt,) demanded the heads of the ministers, and the revocation of the said firman. But Mahmoud was prepared for them. Hussein, the aga of the Janissaries, was in his interests, and with him the yamaks, (garrisons of the castles of the Bosphorus,) the Galiond-gis, and the Topchis. Collecting, therefore, on the following morning, his forces in the Atmeidan, the sandjack scheriff was displayed, and the ulema seconded him by calling on the people to support their sovereign against the rebels. Still, noways daunted, the Janissaries advanced, and summoned their aga, of whom they had no suspicion, to repeat their demands to the Sultan, threatening, in case of non-compliance, to force the seraglio gates. Hussein, who had acted his part admirably, and with consummate duplicity, brought them to the desired point—open rebellion—flattering them with success, now threw aside the mask. He stigmatized them as infidels, and called on them in the name of the prophet, to submit to the Sultan's clemency. At this defection of their trusted favourite chief, their smothered rage burst out; they rushed to his house, razed it in a moment, did the same by the houses of the other ministers, applied torches, and in half an hour Constantinople streamed with blood beneath the glare of flames. Mahmoud hesitated, and was about to conciliate; but Hussein repulsed the idea with firmness, knowing that to effect conciliation, his head must be the first offering. 'Now or never,' he replied to the Sultan, 'is the time! Think not that a few heads will appease this sedition, which has been too carefully fomented by me,—the wrongs of the Janissaries too closely dwelt on, thy character too blackly stained, thy treachery too minutely dissected,—to be easily laid. Remember that this is the second time that thy arm has been raised against them, and they will not trust thee again. Remember, too, that thou hast now a son, that son not in thy power, whom they will elevate on thy downfall. Now is the time! This evening's sun must set for the last time on them or us. Retire from the city, that thy sacred person may be safe, and leave the rest to me.' Mahmoud consented, and went to Dolma Bachtche, (a palace one mile up the Bosphorus,) to await the result. Hussein, then free to act without fear of interruption, headed his yamaks, and vigorously attacked the rebels, who, cowardly as they were insolent, offered a feeble resistance, when they found themselves unsupported by the mob, retreated from street to street, and finally took refuge in the Atmeidan. Here their career ended. A masked battery on the hill beyond opened on them, troops enclosed them in, and fire was applied to the wooden buildings. Desperation then gave them the courage that might have saved them at first, and they strove with madness to force a passage from the burning pile; part were consumed, part cut down; a few only got out, among them five colonels, who threw themselves at the aga's feet, and implored grace. They spoke their last."

Fifty thousand fell under this grand blow; twenty-five thousand perished throughout the whole empire. The next day a hatti scheriff was

read in the mosques, declaring the Janissaries infamous, the order abolished, and the name an anathema.

This great stroke made a prodigious sensation in Europe, and even the best informed were deceived as to its effects on the future prospects of the Ottoman Empire. By many it was compared to the destruction of the Strelitzes by Peter the Great, and the resurrection of Turkey anticipated from the great reform of Mahmoud, as Moscow arose from the vigorous measures of the Czar. But the cases and the men were totally different. Peter, though a despot, was practically acquainted with his country. He had voluntarily descended to the humblest rank, to make himself master of the arts of life. When he had destroyed the Prætorian guards of Moscow, he built up the new military force of the empire, in strict accordance with its national and religious feelings, and the victory of Pultowa was the consequence. But what did Sultan Mahmoud? Having destroyed the old military force of Turkey, he subjected the new levies which were to replace it to such absurd regulations, and so thoroughly violated the political and religious feelings of the country, that none of the Osmanleys who could possibly avoid it would enter his ranks, and he was obliged to fill them up with mere boys, who had not yet acquired any determinate feelings—a wretched substitute for the old military force of the empire, and which proved totally unequal to the task of facing the veteran troops of Russia. The impolicy of his conduct in destroying and rebuilding, is more clearly evinced by nothing than the contrast it affords to the conduct of Sultan Amurath, in originally forming these guards.

"Strikingly," says Mr. Slade, "does the conduct of Mahmoud, in forming the new levies, contrast with that of Amurath in the formation of the Janissaries; the measures being parallel, inasmuch as each was a mighty innovation, no less than the establishment of an entire new military force, on the institutions of the country. But Amurath had a master mind. Instead of keeping his new army distinct from the nation, he incorporated it with it, made it conform in all respects to national usages; and the success was soon apparent by its spreading into a vast national guard, of which, in later times, some thousands usurped the permanence of enrolment, in which the remainder, through indolence, acquiesced. Having destroyed these self-constituted battalions, Mahmoud should have made the others available, instead of outlawing them, as it were; and, by respecting their traditional whims and social rights, he would easily have given his subjects a taste for European discipline. They never objected to it in principle, but their untutored minds could not understand why, in order to use the musket and bayonet, and manœuvre together, it was necessary to leave off wearing beards and turbans."

"But Mahmoud, in his hatred, wished to condemn them to oblivion, to eradicate every token of the pre-existence, not knowing that trampling on a grovelling party is the surest

way of giving it fresh spirit; and trampling on the principles of the party in question, was trampling on the principles of the whole nation. In his ideas, the Oriental usages in eating, dressing, &c. were connected with the Janissaries, had been invented by them, and therefore he proscribed them, prescribing new modes. He changed the costume of his court from Asiatic to European; he ordered his soldiers to shave their beards, recommending his courtiers to follow the same example, and he forbade the turban,—that valued, darling, beautiful head-dress, at once national and religious. His folly therein cannot be sufficiently reprobated: had he reflected that Janissarism was only a branch grafted on a wide-spreading tree, that it sprang from the Turkish nation, not the Turkish nation from it, he would have seen how impossible was the more than Herculean task he assumed, of suddenly transforming national manners consecrated by centuries,—a task from which his prophet would have shrunk. The disgust excited by these sumptuary laws may be conceived. Good Mussulmans declared them unholly and scandalous, and the Asiatics, to a man, refused obedience; but as Mahmoud's horizon was confined to his court, he did not know but what his edicts were received with veneration."

"If Mahmoud had stopped at these follies in the exercise of his newly-acquired despotic power, it would have been well. His next step was to increase the duty on all provisions in Constantinople, and in the great provincial cities, to the great discontent of the lower classes, which was expressed by firing the city to such an extent that in the first three months six thousand houses were consumed. The end of October, 1826, was also marked by a general opposition to the new imposts; but repeated executions at length brought the people to their senses, and made them regret the loss of the Janissaries, who had been their protectors as well as tormentors, inasmuch as they had never allowed the price of provisions to be raised. These disturbances exasperated the Sultan. He did not attribute them to the right cause, distress, but to a perverse spirit of Janissarism, a suspicion of harbouring which was death to any one. He farther extended his financial operations by raising the miri (land-tax) all over the empire, and, in ensuing years, by granting monopolies on all articles of commerce to the highest bidder. In consequence, lands, which had produced abundance, in 1830 lay waste. Articles of export, as opium, silk, &c. gave the growers a handsome revenue when they could sell them to the Frank merchants, but at the low prices fixed by the monopolists they lose, and the cultivation languishes. Sultan Mahmoud kills the goose for the eggs. In a word, he adopted in full the policy of Mehemet Ali, which supposed the essence of civilization and of political science to be contained in the word *taxation*; and having driven his chariot over the necks of the dere boys, and of the Janissaries, he resolved to tie his subjects to its wheels, and to keep them in dire slavery. Hence a mute struggle began throughout the empire between the Sultan and the Turks, the former trying to reduce the latter to the condition of the Egyptian fellahs, the latter unwilling to imitate the fellahs

in patient submission. The Sultan flatters himself (1830) that he is succeeding, because the taxes he imposed, and the monopolies he has granted, produce him more revenue than he had formerly. The people, although hitherto they have been able to answer the additional demands by opening their hoards, evince a sullen determination not to continue doing so, by seceding gradually from their occupations, and barely existing. The result must be, if the Sultan cannot compel them to work, as the Egyptians, under the lashes of task-masters, either a complete stagnation of agriculture and trade, ever at a low ebb in Turkey, or a general rebellion, produced by misery."

The result of these precipitate and monstrous innovations strikingly appeared in the next war with Russia. The Janissaries and dere boys were destroyed—the Mussulmans everywhere disgusted; the turban, the national dress—the scymitar, the national weapon, were laid aside in the army; and instead of the fierce and valiant Janissaries wielding that dreaded weapon, there was to be found only in the army boys of sixteen, wearing caps in the European style, and looked upon as little better than heretics by all true believers.

"Instead of the Janissaries," says Mr. Slade, "the Sultan reviewed for our amusement, on the plains of Ramis Tchiftlik, his regular troops, which were quartered in and about Constantinople, amounting to about four thousand five hundred foot, and six hundred horse; though, beyond being dressed and armed uniformly, scarcely meriting the name of soldiers. What a sight for Count Orloff, then ambassador extraordinary, filling the streets of Pera with his Cossacks and Circassians! The Count, whom the Sultan often amused with a similar exhibition of his weakness, used to say, in reference to the movements of these successors of the Janissaries, that *the cavalry were employed in holding on, the infantry knee a little, and the artillery galloped about as though belonging to no party*. Yet over such troops do the Russians boast of having gained victories! In no one thing did Sultan Mahmoud make a greater mistake, than in changing the mode of mounting the Turkish cavalry, which before had perfect seats, with perfect command over their horses, and only required a little order to transform the best irregular horse in the world into the best regular horse. But Mahmoud, in all his changes, took the mask for the man, the rind for the fruit. European cavalry rode flat saddles with long stirrups; therefore he thought it necessary that his cavalry should do the same. European infantry wore tight jackets and close caps; therefore the same. Were this blind adoption of forms only useless, or productive only of physical inconvenience, patience; but it proved a moral evil, creating unbounded disgust. The privation of the turban particularly affected the soldiers; first, on account of the feeling of insecurity about the head with a fez on; secondly, as being opposed to the love of dress, which a military life, more than any other, engenders."

"Mahmoud," says the same author, "will learn that in having attacked the customs of his nation,—customs descended to it from Abra-

ham, and respected by Mohammed,—he has directly undermined the divine right of his family, that right being only so considered by custom,—by its harmonizing with all other cherished usages. He will learn, that in having wantonly trampled on the unwritten laws of the land, those traditional rights which were as universal household gods, he has put arms in the hands of the disaffected, which no rebel has hitherto had. Neither Ali Pasha nor Passwan Oglou could have appealed to the fanaticism of the Turks to oppose the Sultan. Mehemet Ali can and will. Ten years ago, the idea even of another than the house of Othman reigning over Turkey would have been heresy: the question is now openly broached, simply because the house of Othman is separating itself from the nation which raised and supported it. Reason may change the established habits of an old people; despotism rarely can."

How completely has the event, both in the Russian and Egyptian wars, demonstrated the truth of these principles! In the contest in Asia Minor, Paskowitch hardly encountered any opposition. Rage at the destruction of the Janissaries among their numerous adherents—indignation among the old population, in consequence of the ruins of the dero beys, and the suppression of the rights of the cities—lukewarmness in the church, from the anticipated innovations in its constitution—general dissatisfaction among all classes of Mahometans, in consequence of the change in the national dress and customs, had so completely weakened the feeling of patriotism, and the Sultan's authority, that the elements of resistance did not exist. The battles were mere parades—the sieges little more than the summoning of fortresses to surrender. In Europe, the ruinous effects of the innovations were also painfully apparent. Though the Russians had to cross in a dry and parched season the pathless and waterless plains of Bulgaria; and though, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate, and the wretched arrangements of their commissariat, they lost 200,000 men by sickness and famine in the first campaign, yet the Ottomans, though fighting in their own country, and for their hearths, were unable to gain any decisive advantage; and in the next campaign, when they were conducted with more skill, and the possession of Varna gave them the advantage of a seaport for their supplies, the weakness of the Turks was at once apparent. In the battle of the 11th June, the loss of the Turks did not exceed 4000 men, the forces on neither side amounted to 40,000 men, and yet this defeat proved fatal to the empire. Of this battle, our author gives the following characteristic and graphic account:

"In this position, on the west side of the Koulevcha hills, Diebitch found himself at daylight, June 11th, with thirty-six thousand men and one hundred pieces of cannon. He disposed them so as to deceive the enemy. He posted a division in the valley, its right leaning on the cliff, its left supported by redoubts; the remainder of his troops he drew up behind the hills, so as to be unseen from the ravine; and then, with a well-grounded hope that not a Turk would escape him, waited the grand vizir, who was advancing up the defile totally unconscious that Diebitch was

in any other place than before Silistria. He had broke up from Pravodi the day before, on the receipt of his despatch from Schumla, and was followed by the Russian garrison, which had been reinforced by a regiment of hussars; but the general commanding it, instead of obeying Diebitch's orders, and quietly tracking him until the battle should have commenced, harassed his rear. To halt and drive him back to Pravodi caused the vizir a delay of four hours, without which he would have emerged from the defile the same evening, and have gained Schumla before Diebitch got into position.

"In the course of the night, the vizir was informed that the enemy had taken post between him and Schumla, and threatened his retreat. He might still have avoided the issue of a battle, by making his way transversely across the defiles of the Kampechik, sacrificing his baggage and cannon; but deeming that he had only left to deal with, he, as in that case was his duty, prepared to force a passage; and the few troops that he saw drawn up in the valley on gaining the little wood fringing it, in the morning, confirmed his opinion. He counted on success; yet, to make more sure, halted to let his artillery take up a flanking position on the north side of the valley. The circuitous and bad route, however, delaying this manoeuvre, he could not restrain the impatience of the delhis. Towards noon, 'Allah, Allah her,' they made a splendid charge; they repeated it, broke two squares, and amused themselves nearly two hours in carving the Russian infantry, their own infantry, the while, admiring them from the skirts of the wood. Diebitch, expecting every moment that the vizir would advance to complete the success of his cavalry—thereby sealing his own destruction—ordered Count Pahlen, whose division was in the valley, and who demanded reinforcements, to maintain his ground to the last man. The Count obeyed, though suffering cruelly; but the vizir, fortunately, instead of seconding his adversary's intentions, quietly remained on the eminence, enjoying the gallantry of his delhis, and waiting till his artillery should be able to open, when he might descend and claim the victory with ease. Another ten minutes would have sufficed to envelope him; but Diebitch, ignorant of the cause of his backwardness, supposing that he intended amusing him till night, whereby to effect a retreat, and unwilling to lose more men, suddenly displayed his whole force, and opened a tremendous fire on the astonished Turks. In an instant the rout was general, horse and foot; the latter threw away their arms, and many of the nizami dgedits were seen clinging to the tails of the delhis' horses as they clambered over the hills. So complete and instantaneous was the flight, that scarcely a prisoner was made. Redschid strove to check the panic by personal valour, but in vain. He was compelled to draw his sabre in self-defence: he fled to the Kampechik, accompanied by a score of personal retainers, crossed the mountains, and on the fourth day re-entered Schumla.

"This eventful battle, fought by the cavalry on one side, and a few thousand infantry on the other, decided the fate of Turkey;—immense in its consequences compared with the trifling loss sustained, amounting, on the side of the Russians, to three thousand killed and wounded; on that of the Turks, killed, wounded, and prisoners, to about four thousand. Its effect, however, was the same as though the whole Turkish army had been slain."

We have given at large the striking account of this battle, because it exhibits in the clearest point of view the extraordinary weakness to which a power was suddenly reduced which once kept all Christendom in awe. Thirty-six thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon decided the fate of Turkey; and an army of Ottomans forty thousand strong, after sustaining a loss of four thousand men, was literally annihilated. The thing almost exceeds belief. To such a state of weakness had the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud so soon reduced the Ottoman power. Such was the prostration, through innovation, of an empire, which, only twenty years before, had waged a bloody and doubtful war with Russia, and maintained for four campaigns one hundred and fifty thousand men on the Danube.

6. Among the immediate and most powerful causes of the rapid fall of the Ottoman Empire unquestionably must be reckoned the Greek Re-

volution, and the extraordinary part which Great Britain took in destroying the Turkish navy at Navarino.

On this subject we wish to speak with caution. We have the most heartfelt wish for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, and the liberation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage. But with every desire for the real welfare of the Greeks, we must be permitted to doubt whether the Revolution was the way to effect it, or the cause of humanity has not been retarded by the premature effort for its independence.

Since the wars of the French Revolution began, the condition and resources of the Greeks have improved in as rapid a progression as those of the Turks have declined. Various causes contributed to this.

These causes fostered the Greek Insurrection, which was secretly organized for years before it broke out in 1821, and was then spread universally and rendered unquenchable by the barbarous murder of the Greek patriarch, and a large proportion of the clergy at Constantinople, on Easter Day of that year. The result has been, that Greece, after seven years of the ordeal of fire and sword, has obtained its independence; and by the destruction of her navy at Navarino, Turkey has lost the means of making any effectual resistance on the Black Sea to Russia. Whether Greece has been benefited by the change, time alone can show. But it is certain that such have been the distractions, jealousies, and robberies of the Greeks upon each other since that time, that numbers of them have regretted that the dominion of their country has passed from the infidels.

But whatever may be thought on this subject, nothing can be more obvious than that the Greek Revolution was utterly fatal to the naval power of Turkey; because it deprived them at once of the class from which alone sailors could be obtained. The whole commerce of the Ottomans was carried on by the Greeks, and their sailors constituted the entire seamen of their fleet. Nothing, accordingly, can be more lamentable than the condition of the Turkish fleet since that time. The catastrophe of Navarino deprived them of their best ships and bravest sailors; the Greek revolt drained off the whole population who were wont to man their fleets. Mr. Slade informs us that when he navigated on board the Captain Pasha's ship with the Turkish fleet in 1829, the crews were composed almost entirely of landsmen, who were forced on board without the slightest knowledge of nautical affairs; and that such was their timidity from inexperience of that element, that a few English frigates would have sent the whole squadron, containing six ships of the line, to the bottom. The Russian fleet also evinced a degree of ignorance and timidity in the Euxine, which could hardly have been expected, from their natural hardihood and resolution. Yet, the Moscovite fleet, upon the whole, rode triumphant; by their capture of Anapa, they struck at the great market from whence Constantinople is supplied, while, by the storming of Sizepolis, they gave a

point d'appui to Diebitsch on the coast within the Balkan, without which he could never have ventured to cross that formidable range. This ruin of the Turkish marine by the Greek Revolution and the battle of Navarino, was therefore the immediate cause of the disastrous issue of the second Russian campaign; and the scale might have been turned, and it made to terminate in equal disasters to the invaders, if five English ships of the line had been added to the Turkish force; and addition, Mr. Slade tells us, which would have enabled the Turks to burn the Russian arsenals and fleet at Swartopol, and postponed for half a century the fall of the Ottoman Empire.

Nothing, therefore, can be more instructive than the rapid fall of the Turkish power; nor more curious than the coincidence between the despotic acts of the reforming Eastern Sultan and of the innovating European democracies. The measures of both have been the same; both have been actuated by the same principles, and both yielded to the same ungovernable ambition. The Sultan commenced his reforms by destroying the old territorial noblesse, ruining the privileges of corporations, and subverting the old military force of the kingdom; and he is known to meditate the destruction of the Mahometan hierarchy, and the confiscation of the property of the church to the service of the public treasury. The Constituent Assembly, before they had sat six months, had annihilated the feudal nobility, extinguished the privileges of corporations, uprooted the military force of the monarchy, and confiscated the whole property of the church. The work of destruction went on far more smoothly and rapidly in the hands of the great despotic democracy, than of the Eastern Sultan; by the whole forces of the State drawing in one direction, the old machine was pulled to pieces with a rapidity to which there is nothing comparable in the annals even of Oriental potentates. The rude hand even of Sultan Mahmoud took a lifetime to accomplish that which the French democracy effected in a few months; and even his ruthless power paused at devastations which they unhesitatingly adopted amidst the applause of the nation. Despotism, absolute despotism, was the ruling passion of both; the Sultan proclaimed the principle that all authority flows from the throne, and that every influence must be destroyed which does not emanate from that source; "The Rights of Man" publicly announced the sovereignty of the people, and made every appointment, civil and military, flow from their assemblies. So true it is that despotism is actuated by the same jealousies, and leads to the same measures on the part of the sovereign as the multitude: and so just is the observation of Aristotle. "The character of democracy and despotism is the same. Both exercise a despotic authority over the better class of citizens; decrees are in the first, what ordinances and arrests are in the last. Though placed in different ages or countries, the court favourite and democrat are in reality the same characters, or at least they always bear a close



analogy to each other; they have the principal authority in their respective forms of government; favourites with the absolute monarch, demagogues with the sovereign multitudes.\*

The immediate effect of the great despotic acts in the two countries, however, was widely different. The innovations of Sultan Mahmoud being directed against the wishes of the majority of the nation, prostrated the strength of the Ottomans, and brought the Russian battalions in fearful strength over the Balkin. The innovations of the constituent Assembly being done in obedience to the dictates of the people, produced for a time a portentous union of revolutionary passions, and carried the Republican standards in triumph to every capital of Europe. It is one thing to force reform upon an unwilling people: it is another and a very different thing to yield to their wishes in imposing it upon a reluctant minority in the state.

But the ultimate effect of violent innovations, whether proceeding from the despotism of the Sultan or the multitude, is the same. In both cases they totally destroy the frame of society, and prevent the possibility of freedom being permanently erected, by destroying the classes whose intermixture is essential to its existence. The consequences of destroying the *dere beys*, the *ayans*, the *Janissaries* and *ulema* in Turkey, will, in the end, be the same as ruining the church, the nobility, the corporations, and landed proprietors in France. The tendency of both is identical, to destroy all authority but that emanating from a single power in the state, and of course to render that power despotic. It is immaterial whether that single power is the primary assemblies of the people, or the *Divan* of the Sultan; whether the influence to be destroyed is that of the church or the *ulema*, the *dere beys* or the nobility. In either case there is no counterpoise to its authority, and of course no limit to its oppression. As it is impossible, in the nature of things, that power should long be exercised by great bodies, as they necessarily and rapidly fall under despots of their own creation, so it is evident that the path is cleared, not only for despotism, but absolute despotism, as completely by the innovating democracy as the resistless Sultan. There never was such a pioneer for tyranny as the Constituent Assembly.

It is melancholy to reflect on the deplorable state of weakness to which England has been reduced since revolutionary passions seized upon her people. Three years ago, the British name was universally respected; the Portuguese pointed with gratitude to the well-fought fields, where English blood was poured forth like water in behalf of their independence; the Dutch turned with exultation to the Lion of Waterloo, the proud and unequalled monument of English fidelity; the Poles acknowledged with gratitude, that, amidst all their sorrows, England alone had stood their friend, and exerted its influence at the Congress of Vienna to procure for them constitutional free-

dom; even the Turks, though mourning the catastrophe of Navarino, acknowledged that British diplomacy had at length interfered, and turned aside from Constantinople the sword of Russia, after the barrier of the Balkan had been broke through. Now, how woful is the change! The Portuguese recount, with undisguised indignation, the spoliation of their navy by the Tricolor fleet, then in close alliance with England; and the fostering, by British blood and treasure, of a cruel and insidious civil war in their bosom, in aid of the principle of revolutionary propagandism: the Dutch, with indignant rage, tell the tale of the desertion by England of the allies and principles for which she had fought for a hundred and fifty years, and the shameful union of the Leopard and the Eagle, to crush the independence and partition the territories of Holland: the Polish exiles in foreign lands dwell on the heart-rending story of their wrongs, and narrate how they were led on by deceitful promises from France and England to resist, till the period of capitulation had gone by: the Eastern nations deplore the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, and hold up their hands in astonishment at the infatuation which has led the mistress of the seas to permit the keys of the Dardanelles to be placed in the grasp of Moscovite ambition. It is in vain to conceal the fact, that by a mere change of ministry, by simply letting loose revolutionary passions, England has descended to the rank of a third-rate power. She has sunk at once, without any external disasters, from the triumphs of Trafalgar and Waterloo, to the disgrace and the humiliation of Charles II. It is hard to say whether she is most despised or insulted by her ancient allies or enemies; whether contempt and hatred are strongest among those she aided or resisted in the late struggle. Russia defies her in the east, and, secure in the revolutionary passions by which her people are distracted, pursues with now undisguised anxiety her long-cherished and stubbornly-resisted schemes of ambition in the Dardanelles; France drags her a willing captive at her chariot-wheels, and compels the arms which once struck down Napoleon to aid her in all the mean revolutionary aggressions she is pursuing on the surrounding states; Portugal and Holland, smarting under the wounds received from their oldest ally, wait for the moment of British weakness to wreak vengeance for the wrongs inflicted under the infatuated guidance of the Whig democracy. Louis XIV., humbled by the defeats of Blenheim and Ramillies, yet spurned with indignation at the proposal that he should join his arms to those of his enemies, to dispossess his ally, the King of Spain; but England, in the hour of her greatest triumph, has submitted to a greater degradation. She has deserted and insulted the nation which stood by her side in the field of Vittoria; she has joined in alliance against the power which bled with her at Waterloo, and deserted in its last extremity the ally whose standards waved triumphant with her on the sands of Egypt.

The supineness and weakness of Ministers in the last agony of Turkey, has been such as would

\* Arist. de Pol. iv. c. 4.

have exceeded belief, if woful experience had not taught us to be surprised at nothing which they can do. France acted with becoming foresight and spirit; they had an Admiral, with four ships of the line, to watch Russia in the Dardanelles, when the crisis approached. What had England? *One ship of the line* on the way from Malta, and a few frigates in the Archipelago, were all that the mistress of the waves could afford, to support the honour and interests of England, in an emergency more pressing than any which has occurred since the battle of Trafalgar. Was the crisis not foreseen? Every man in the country of any intelligence foresaw it, from the moment that Ibrahim besieged Acre. Can England only fit out one ship of the line to save the Dardanelles from Russia? Is this the foresight of the Whigs, or the effect of the dock-yard reductions? Or has the Reform Act utterly annihilated our strength, and sunk our name?

It is evident that in the pitiful strifes to which Government is now reduced, foreign events of the greatest magnitude, have no sort of weight in its deliberations. Resting on the quicksands of popular favour; intent only on winning the applause or resisting the indignation of the rabble; dreading the strokes of their old allies among the Political Unions; awakened, when too late, to a sense of the dreadful danger arising from the infatuated course they have pursued; hesitating between losing the support of the Revolutionists and pursuing the antireligious projects which they avow; unable to command the strength of the nation for any foreign policy; having sown the seeds of interminable dissension between the different classes of society, and spread far and wide the modern passion for innovation in lieu of the ancient patriotism of England; they have sunk it at once, and apparently for ever in the gulf of degradation. By the passions they have excited in the Empire, its strength is utterly destroyed, and well do foreign nations perceive its weakness. They know that Ireland is on the verge of rebellion; that the West Indies, with the torch and the tomahawk at their throats, are waiting only for the first national reverse to throw off their allegiance; that the splendid Empire of India is shaking under the democratic rule to which it is about to be subjected on the expiry of the Charter; that the dock-yards, stripped of their stores to make a show of economy, and conceal a sinking revenue, could no longer fit out those mighty fleets which so recently went forth from their gates, conquering and to conquer. The foreign historians of the French revolutionary war deplored the final seal it had put upon the maritime superiority of England, and declared that human sagacity could foresee no possible extrication of the seas from her resistless dominion: but how vain are the anticipations of human wisdom! The fickle change of popular opinion subverted the mighty fabric; a Whig Ministry succeeded to the helm, and before men had ceased to tremble at the thunder of Trafalgar, England had become contemptible on the waves!

The attention of all classes in this country has been so completely absorbed of late years by the progress of domestic changes, and the march of revolution, that little notice has been bestowed on the events we have been considering; yet they are more important to the future fate of the species, than even the approaching dismemberment of the British Empire. We are about to witness the overthrow of the Mahometan religion; the emancipation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage; the accomplishment of that deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, for which the Crusaders toiled and bled in vain; the elevation of the Cross on the Dome of St Sophia, and the walls of Jerusalem.

That this great event was approaching has been long foreseen by the thoughtful and the philanthropic. The terrors of the Crescent have long since ceased: it received its first check in the Gulf of Lepanto: it waned before the stars of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, and set in flames in the Bay of Navarino. The power which once made all Christendom tremble, which shook the imperial throne, and penetrated from the sands of Arabia to the banks of the Loire, is now in the agonies of dissolution: and that great deliverance for which the banded chivalry of Europe fought for centuries, and to attain which millions of Christian bones whitened the fields of Asia, is now about to be effected through the vacillation and indifference of their descendants. That which the courage of Richard Cœur de Lion' and the enthusiasm of Godfrey of Bouillon, could not achieve; which resisted the arms of the Templars and the Hospitallers, and rolled back from Asia the tide of European invasion, is now in the act of being accomplished. A more memorable instance was never afforded of the manner in which the passions and vices of men are made to work out the intentions of an overruling Providence, and of the vanity of all human attempts to prevent that ceaseless spread of religion which has been decreed by the Almighty.

That Russia is the power by whom this great change was to be effected, by whose arm the tribes of Asia were to be reduced to subjection, and the triumph of civilization over barbaric sway effected, has long been apparent. The gradual but unceasing pressure of the hardy races of mankind upon the effeminate, of the energy of Northern poverty on the corruption of Southern opulence, rendered it evident that this change must ultimately be effected. The final triumph of the Cross over the Crescent was secure from the moment that the Turcoman descended to the plains of Asia Minor, and the sway of the Czar was established in the deserts of Scythia. As certainly as water will ever descend from the mountains to the plain, so surely will the stream of a permanent conquest, in every age, flow from the northern to the southern races of mankind.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

# THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

THERE are few apophthegms more pregnant than "Charity begins at home." There it is born and bred. It gets its education by the fireside. One of its first lessons is, to rock the cradle of infancy, lisping or singing a prayer; another, almost as early, to minister silently by the bed of age. And thus gradually expanding to its perfect growth, it becomes the religion of the hearth—the guardian genius of domestic life—the spirit that imbues and embalms all our best human affections. Thus trained within holy walls, it delights to walk through their neighbourhood. It makes as yet no long excursions, but keeps within the vicinage of its beloved birth-place. It is never at a loss to find there objects having a natural claim on its tender solicitude; and towards them its heart yearns "with loves and longings infinite." The circle of its cares continues to widen and widen; and it sees that they may eventually embrace the uttermost ends of the earth. But it never ceases to feel that the light within it, which assuredly is from heaven, must be concentrated before it be diffused—that otherwise there will ensue loss or extinction of the celestial flame. Charity is but another name for love. And love is founded "in reason, and is judicious," intuitively discerning ends and means, and achieving those by following these, as if obedient to a holy instinct. Its home is now its natal land. It hears the voice of God—the still small voice of conscience—bidding it busy itself with the concerns of that region. In one great sense we are all brethren—brethren of mankind. "The blue sky bends over us all." But dearest—such is nature's fiat—is still the visible horizon! If we shut our eyes to the sights it encircles, our imaginations shall not prosper of those lying beyond; if we shut our ears to the sounds close beside us, can we hope to please Providence, by listening to those that come across the seas? Let us not seek to reverse the order of nature. Our duties extend from the shadow of our own house "to the farthest extreme of the poles." But all the duties that lie near, are comparatively clear and easy; the distant are often doubtful and difficult; and they who strive earnestly or passionately to effect first what should be attempted last, can have read to little purpose the New Testament. Let us not fly away as on wings on aerial voyages of discovery, while disregarded miseries are lying thick around our feet!

Never at any time of our social state was there more for man to do for man than now. There has been a breaking up of the entire system. It may all be for our ultimate good. But this is certain, that the love of money is the ruling passion of the rich—of the poor, the mere love of life. Here we behold the

Museum.—Vol. XXIII.

splendour of ease, affluence, and luxury—there the squalor of toil, want, and hunger. The lower orders—for godsake quarrel not with the word lower, for they are as low as tyranny can tread them down—are in many places as much parts of machinery as are spindles. Thousands are but cogs. The more delicate parts of the machinery soonest wear out; and these are boys and girls. You can have no conception of the waste of infants. The weak wretches are soon worn out and flung away. True that they are not expensive. They are to be purchased from their parents at a low price. The truth is, they are too cheap. Their very bodies are worth more than they bring; and then there is one error in the calculation, which, great as it seems to us, has been seldom noticed,—seldom has buyer or seller thought of inserting their souls.

This brings us at once into the Factories. It was the introduction of Sir Richard Arkwright's invention,—Mr. Sadler remarks, in his noble speech, on moving the second reading of the Factories' Regulation Bill,—that revolutionized the entire system of our national industry. Previously to that period, the incipient manufactures of the country were carried on in the villages, and around the domestic hearth. That invention transferred them principally to the great towns, and almost confined them to what are now called Factories. Thus children became the principal operatives; and they no longer performed their tasks, as before, under the parental eye, and had them affectionately and considerably apportioned, according to their health and capacities; but one universal rule of labour was prescribed to all ages, to both sexes, and every state and constitution. But a regulation, therefore, it might have been expected, would have been adapted to the different degrees of physical strength in the young, the delicate, and especially the female sex. But instead of that, it was doubled in many cases, beyond what the most athletic and robust men in the prime and vigour of life can with impunity sustain. Our ancestors would not have supposed it possible, exclaims this benevolent, enlightened, and eloquent statesman—posterity will not believe it true, that a generation of Englishmen could exist that would labour lisping infancy, of a few summers old, regardless alike of its smiles or tears, and unmoved by its unresisting weakness, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, sixteen, hours a-day, and through the weary night also, till, in the dewy morn of existence, the bud of youth faded and fell ere it was unfolded. "Oh! cursed lust of gold!" Oh! the guilt which England was contracting in the kindling eye of heaven, when nothing but exultations were heard about the perfection of her machinery, the want of her manufactures, and the rapid increase of her wealth and prosperity!

No. 135.—2 C

Yes—"true it is and of verity," that few of our political economists have suffered their eyes to see such things; and in that voluntary blindness have their hearts been hardened. But the wonder and the pity and the shame is, that the people of England have suffered themselves to be hood-winked by such false "friends of humanity." They have among them wiser instructors. Still they pin their faith to the dicta that drivel in dust from the cold hard lips of an oracle of dry bones, such as Peter Macculloch, when they may hear, if they will but choose to listen, responses from the inner shrine of the sacred genius of William Wordsworth!

"I have lived to mark  
A new and unforeseen Creation rise  
From out the labours of a peaceful Land,  
Wielding her potent Engineering to frame  
And to produce, with appetite as keen  
As that of War, which rests not night or day,  
Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains  
Might one like me now visit many a tract  
Which, in his youth he trod, and trod again,  
A lone Pedestrian with a scanty freight,  
Wished for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came,  
Among the tenantry of Thorpe and Vill;  
Or straggling Burgh, of ancient charter proud,  
And dignified with battlements and towers  
Of some stern Castle, mouldering on the brow  
Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.  
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track  
wild,  
And formidable length of plashy lane,  
(Prized avenues ere others had been shaped,  
On easier links connecting place with place.)  
Have vanished,—swallowed up by stately roads,  
Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom  
Of England's farthest Glens. The Earth has  
lent

Her waters; Air her breezes; and the Sail  
Of traffic glides with ceaseless interchange,  
Glistening along the low and woody dale,  
Or on the naked mountain's lofty side.  
Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,  
How quick, how vast an increase! From the  
germ

Of some poor Hamlet, rapidly produced  
Here a huge Town, continuous and compact,  
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,  
Where not a Habitation stood before,  
The Abodes of men irregularly massed  
Like trees in forests—spread through spacious  
tracts,  
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires  
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths  
Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.  
And, wheresoe'er the Traveller turns his steps,  
He sees the barren wilderness erased,  
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims  
How much the mild Directress of the plough  
Owes to alliance with these new-born Arts!  
—Hence is the wide Sea peopled,—and the  
Shores

Of Britain are resorted to by Ships  
Freighted from every climate of the world  
With the world's choicest produce. Hence  
that sum

Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,  
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;

That animating spectacle of Sails  
Which through her inland regions, to and fro  
Pass with the respirations of the tide,  
Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,  
Hence a dread arm of floating Power, a voice  
Of Thunder, daunting those who would ap-  
proach  
With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,  
Truth's consecrated residence, the seat  
Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

"And yet, O happy Pastor of a Flock!  
Faithfully watched, and by that loving care  
And Heaven's good providence preserved from  
taint!

With You I grieve, when on the darker side  
Of this great change I look; and there behold,  
Through strong temptation of those gainful  
Arts,

Such outrage done to Nature, as compels  
The indignant Power to justify herself;  
Yea to avenge her violated rights  
For England's bane.—When soothing darkness  
spreads

O'er hill and vale, the Wanderer thus expressed  
His recollections, 'and the punctual stars  
While all things else are gathering to their  
homes,

Advance, and in the firmament of heaven  
Glitter—but undisturbed, undisturbed,  
As if their silent company were charged  
With peaceful admonitions for the heart  
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful Lord;  
Then, in full many a region, once like this  
The assured domain of calm simplicity  
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light,  
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes,  
Breaks from a many-windowed Fabric huge;  
And at the appointed hour a Bell is heard—  
Of harsher import than the Curfew-knoll  
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern be-  
hest,

A local summons to unceasing toil!  
Disgorge are now the Ministers of day;  
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,  
A fresh Band meets them, at the crowded  
door,—

And in the courts—and where the rumbling  
Stream,

That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,  
Glares, like a troubled Spirit, in its bed  
Among the rocks below. Men, Maidens,  
Youths,

Mother and little children, Boys and Girls,  
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes  
Within this Temple—where is offered up  
To Gain—the Master Idol of the Realm,  
Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old  
Our Ancestors, within the still domain  
Of vast Cathedral or Conventual Church,  
Their vigils kept; where tapers day and night  
On the dim altar burned continually,  
In token that the House was evermore  
Watching to God. Religious men were they;  
Nor would their Reason, tutored to aspire  
Above this transitory world, allow  
That there should pass a moment of the year,  
When in their land the Almighty's Service  
ceased.

"Triumph who will in these profaner rites  
Which We, a generation self-extolled,



As zealously perform! I cannot share  
His proud complacency; yet I exult,  
Casting reserve away, exult to see  
An Intellectual mastery exercised  
O'er the blind Elements; a purpose given,  
A perseverance fed; almost a soul  
Imparted—to brute Matter. I rejoice,  
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,  
Which by the thinking Mind have been com-  
pelled

To serve the Will of feeble-bodied Man.  
For with the sense of admiration blends  
The animating hope that time may come  
When strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the  
might

Of this dominion over Nature gained,  
Men of all lands shall exercise the same  
In due proportion to their Country's need;  
Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,  
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,  
Upon the Moral law. Egyptian Thebes;  
Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves;  
Palmyra, central in the Desert, fell;  
And the Arts died by which they had been  
raised.

—Call Archimedes from his buried Tomb  
Upon the plain of vanquished Syracuse,  
And feelingly the Sage shall make report  
How insecure, how baseless in itself,  
Is that Philosophy, whose away is framed  
For mere material instruments:—how weak  
Those Arts, and high Inventions, if unpropped  
By Virtue.—He with sighs of pensive grief,  
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit  
That not the slender privilege is theirs  
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness."

There you have Poetry, and Moral Philo-  
sophy, and Christianity, and Political Econo-  
my, all in one—Truth—the pure bright ore  
of Truth. You know where to go for the  
dross of falsehood.

What, then, is the object of that Bill,  
which Mr. Sadler, alas, in vain! implored the  
House to sanction with its authority? The  
liberation of children and other young per-  
sons employed in the mills and factories of  
the United Kingdom, from that over-exertion  
and long confinement which common sense,  
as well as experience, has shown to be utterly  
inconsistent with the improvement of their  
minds, the preservation of their morals, and  
the maintenance of their health—in a word,  
to rescue them from a state of suffering and  
degradation.

Mr. Sadler separates the parents, who, in  
their free agency, send their children to in-  
fantile slavery, into two classes; those who  
by extreme indigence are driven to do so with  
great reluctance and bitter regret; those, who  
dead to all the instincts of nature, instead of  
providing for their offspring, make their off-  
spring provide for them, and not only for their  
necessity, but for their intemperance and pro-  
fligacy. The first class, say we, are not to be  
pitied only, but to be protected; they must  
not be blamed; their "poverty but not their  
will consents;" and many, perhaps most of  
them, do what they can to cheer their chil-

dren's lot, but they have little in their power.  
They see them often so utterly wearied and  
worn out at night, that they have to beat them  
to keep them from falling asleep before they  
have had their scanty supper. The most affec-  
tionate heart ceases at last to send up to the  
eyes useless tears, the well-spring itself is  
dried up, and where all is arid, love weakens  
and dies. The other class, Mr. Sadler strongly  
says, count upon their children as upon their  
cattle, and they make the certainty of having  
offspring the indispensable condition of mar-  
riage, that they may breed what he calls a  
generation of slaves—what men, in their own  
conceit wiser than he, call a race of free  
agents. Such is the disgusting state of de-  
gradation to which the system leads. It  
shows us fathers "without the *storge* of the  
beast or the feelings of the man;" and all  
this wickedness and woe must be suffered to  
wax wider and wider, rather than revoke the  
principle of non-interference!

The great invention of Sir Richard Ark-  
wright originally used for the spinning of cot-  
ton, has at length been applied, with the ne-  
cessary adaptations, to a similar process in all  
our manufactures; and he holds that it would  
be the grossest injustice, as well as insult, to  
argue that those engaged in the cotton-trade  
(where Parliament has several times seen it  
necessary to regulate the labour of children)  
were one whit less humane and considerate  
than those engaged in spinning any other ma-  
terial. The same law should apply to all. It  
is against the system he fights—not against  
the men who have got involved in it by the  
operation of causes hard to resist, and which  
he thoroughly understands. The evil has  
been progressive; competition, not with for-  
eign markets, but between capitalists at home,  
has carried it to a height which it cannot per-  
haps exceed, for it has reached the limit set  
by Nature's self, and flesh and blood would  
"thaw, and resolve itself into a dew," under  
any severer misery.

The evidence in the Report will be called  
*ex parte*, it is such as we cannot by any power  
of fancy imagine to be rebutted. If it be, we  
shall rejoice over the dilapidated falsehood as  
it falls into rubbish.

No desire have we—any more than Mr.  
Sadler—to make out a case *against* the mil-  
lowners. So far from it, we freely and fully  
admit that there are many evils necessarily  
inherent in the labour in factories. They will  
endure for ever. No legislative enactments—  
no regulations, however wise and humane—  
will entirely remove them—while the beings  
working there breathe by lungs, and their  
blood circulates from their hearts. The at-  
mosphere must be hot, and dusty, and pol-  
luted; and therefore does humanity demand  
for them who must inhale it, a few more gulps  
of fresh air. Sickness and sorrow enough,  
and too much, will there be under a Ten  
Hour's Bill—but many will then escape death,

who now wither away out of a languid life, old-looking dwarfs though yet in their teens. The engine will, under any bill, clutch up boy or girl, and dash out their brains against the ceiling, or crush them into pancakes by pressure against the walls, or seem to be devouring them, as, in horrid entanglement, mutilated body and deformed limbs choke the steam-fed giant, till, for a few moments he coughs—rather than clanks—over his bloody meal, and threatens even all at once to stop, when away he goes again, free from all impediment, as if fresh-oiled with that libation, and in scorn of his keeper, who, in consternation, has been shivering amidst the shrieks like the ghost of a paralytic. But we shall not have to shudder so often at the thought of “some sleeping killed;” nor be then justified in exclaiming, “All murdered!”

It is impossible, Mr. Sadler tells us, to furnish any uniform account of the hours of labour endured by children in the Factories, and he is careful not to represent extreme cases as general ones. Yet is it the bounden duty of Parliament to provide against such extreme cases, just as it provides against atrocious crimes. The following were the hours of labour imposed upon the children employed in a Factory at Leeds the summer before last. On Monday morning, work commenced at six o'clock; at nine, half an hour for breakfast; from half-past nine till twelve, work. Dinner, one hour; from five till eight, work; rest for half an hour. From half-past eight till twelve (midnight), work; an hour's rest. From one in the morning till five, work; half an hour's rest. From half-past five till nine, work; breakfast. From half-past nine till twelve, work; dinner; from one till half-past four, work. Rest half an hour; and work again from five till nine on Tuesday evening, when the labour terminated, “and the party of adult and infant slaves” are dismissed for the night, after having toiled thirty-nine hours, with brief intervals (amounting only to six hours in the whole) for refreshment, but none for sleep. On Wednesday and Thursday, day-work only. From Friday morning till Saturday night, the same labour repeated, but closed at five—to show that even such masters can be merciful. This is one of the extreme cases—but they are not of very rare occurrence; ordinarily the working hours vary from twelve to fourteen; they are often extended to sixteen; but in some mills (are we right in saying so?) they seldom exceed twelve for children.

The length of labour varies according to the humanity of the employer, and the demand for his goods at particular seasons. Thus sometimes the operatives, mostly children, are worked nearly to death; at other times, they are thrown partially or totally out of work, and left to beggary or the parish. Averaged throughout the year, their work may not seem excessive. But is it just, asks Mr. Sad-

ler, that the owners should be allowed to throw out of employment all these children at a few days' notice, and to work them at an unlimited number of hours the moment it suits their purpose? Just or unjust, it is—say we—a lamentable condition for the children—and we do think with Mr. Sadler, that, if the effect of his bill were in some measure to equalize the labour, and thereby prevent those distressing fluctuations, distressing in both extremes, it would so far accomplish a most beneficial object.

A Factory child—say, a *smally girl*, “Simon's sickly daughter”—must be at her work—say at four o'clock of a snowy winter-morning—else she will be cursed—fined—or strapped. Her father's house is a long mile from the mill—and has no clock. To ensure punctuality, the *smally sickly wretch* (“nature,” says Mr. Sadler, “is not very wakeful on a short night's rest, after a long day's labour,”) has been roused much too early, by one of her parents shaking the sleeper, “more in sorrow than in anger;” and with the sleet in her face, away she sets off to the town just as the cock, after his first few faint crows, has again put his head under his wing, on his perch between his favourite particles. ‘Tis no uncommon case; “whoever,” says Mr. Sadler, “has lived in a manufacturing town, must have heard, if he happened to be awake many hours before light on a winter's morning, the patter of little pattens on the pavement, lasting perhaps for half an hour together, though the time appointed for assembling was the same.” She works for some hours before breakfast, after what some folks would have called no supper—and then what a breakfast—covered with dust! Nor is she allowed to eat it, such as it is, sitting; but must swallow a mouthful now and then as best she may, standing and working at the beek of that engine. Her work, it is true, may not be of a very hard or heavy kind. Nay, it is even light. But her eye must be quick, and her hand nimble, and her mind on the alert—for if she have “a bad-side,” smack comes the strap across her shoulders. It is not so much the degree of the wretch's labour that wears her out, as its duration. Wearisome uniformity, continued position, constant and close confinement—these are cruel to body and mind, and these are her portion. A cockney in a counting-house “wielding his delicate pen,” as he “pens a stanza while he should engross,” is wearier at nightfall in his embroidered vest, than the naked coalheaver who has hoisted from the hold of a Newcastle a ton of black diamonds to each of his twelve pots of porter. At midday “to dinner with what appetite she may,” and some hours after, a cup of thin sugarless tea, for nothing else will stay on her stomach. There is a demand—and work must go on till midnight. She gets drowsy, and lies down on the floor to snatch some sleep. The overlooker spies her white face

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upon her thin arm for a pillow—blue eyelids shut—pale lips apart; and, to cure that lazy trick, dashes over her head and neck, and breast, and body, a bucketful of water. And now the whole gang of small sweaty sickly slaves is at work in spite of the stupor of sleepiness,—and how think ye do they contrive to keep themselves awake? By all manner of indecencies of look, speech, and action, possible in purgatory. Fathers have sworn to it, and wished they had been childless. Weak, sickly, rickety, chicken-breasted, crooked, decrepit, spine-distorted Sally, scarcely nine years old, to that leering deformed dwarf Daniel, answers obscenity to obscenity, at which the street-walking prostitute would shudder, and fear the downfall of the day of judgment!

Yet it is maintained by some that the factories are *healthy*. Let us speak first of the health of the body—afterwards of the soul.

Medical men were examined before the Committee of 1818—Winstanley, Ashton, Graham, Ward, Bellot, Dean, Dudley, Boutflower, Simmons, Jarrold, and Jones; all highly respectable, some of them of the highest eminence. They spoke out like honest and skilful men, and gave their opinions which were wanted; and they stated facts, too, and melancholy ones—"which made them shudder." Dr. Winstanley says, that in general the children in Cotton Factories are sickly and small in stature, and unhealthy in their general appearance, with sallow complexion, showing a great debility of constitution, and a want of muscular strength; that, on examination of about a hundred of them in a Sunday school, he found forty-seven had received considerable, three very considerable, and others greater or less injuries; and that when the Factory children were separated from the rest, the difference in the appearance as to health and size was striking at first sight. Dr. Ashton gave in a report, shewing that, in six Factories he visited with other medical men, the aggregate number was 824, of whom 163 were healthy, 240 delicate, 43 much stunted, 100 with enlarged ankles or knees, and 37 distorted in the inferior extremities, and 258 unhealthy; and he took alternately a dirty and a clean Factory, in order to satisfy himself—three reported to be the cleanest, and three the dirtiest, in the town of Stockport. He visited Church-gate Sunday school containing 1145 children. Of that number there were 291 girls and 275 boys employed in Factories; and their countenances betrayed such sickness, want, and ill-health, that he could at once distinguish, without giving the masters the trouble to separate them from the rest employed differently, who were blooming and ruddy. All those authorities agreed that employment in Cotton Factories brings on disease and shortens life. Dr. Simmons says, that the children look so much worse than others, that, in the

general population of Manchester, he could almost unerringly point them out on the streets. They are all in *possession of facts*; but independently of facts, they all deliver opinions founded on their knowledge of the nature of things, without hesitation and without doubt, as to the pernicious and deadly effects of those occupations, on which the above audacious blockheads persisted in declaring their incapacity to form any judgment. Dr. Perceval, "a name equally dear to philosophy and philanthropy," who saw the rise, progress, and effects of the system, and closely connected though he was with many who were making rapid fortunes by it, expressed himself upon the subject, says Mr. Sadler, as a professional man and a patriot, in terms of the strongest indignation. He says, even of the large Factories, which some suppose need little regulation, that they "are generally injurious to the constitution of those employed in them, even when no particular diseases prevail, from the close confinement which is enjoined, from the debilitating effects of hot or impure air, and from the want of the active exercises which nature points out as essential to childhood and youth. The untimely labour of the night, and the protracted labour of the day, not only tend to diminish future expectation as to the general run of life and industry, by impairing the strength, and destroying the vital stamina of the rising generation; but it too often gives encouragement to idleness, extravagance, and profligacy, in the parents, who contrary to the order of nature, subsist by the oppression of their offspring." He afterwards asserts the necessity of establishing "a general system of laws for the wise, humane, and equal government of all such works."

The evidence of the distinguished Medical Men examined before the Committee last summer, is all to the same effect. Mr. Samuel Smith, surgeon in Leeds, says, that the digestive organs of the children are soon materially impaired in their powers—extreme debility and lassitude follow—so that although the body is not reduced to a state of actual disease, and though there may not be any decided organic change in any particular viscera of the body, yet still it is very different from a state of health. They are "out of condition;" and when the body is reduced to that state, there is a continual tendency to disease. He has no hesitation in saying, that if a number of Factory children should be attacked by the cholera, the mortality would be greater and more sudden, than among the same number of children in other employments. There is never a year passes—but he sees several instances where children "are in the act of being worn to death by thus working at Factories." Nor does he hesitate to confess his belief, after much scientific detail, as laid before the Committee—that if the same causes continue to operate a few generations more,

the manufacturers of Yorkshire, instead of being what they were fifty years ago, as fine a race of people as were to be found throughout the country, will be a very diminutive and degenerated race. Mr. Thackrah, surgeon, Leeds, says, in reference to the more dusty occupations, that the lungs are sooner or later seriously altered in their capacities, and the power of respiration diminished; that after middle age, inflammatory affections or change of structure are found in the lungs and air tube, and a number of maladies of other parts are connected with or result from those changes of the pulmonary organs. He found men who had attained the age of from forty to fifty (in dusty occupations) almost universally diseased. With respect to the children in mills, if you ask them, "Are you well?" They say, "Yea." They have not any particular ailment, but if you examine them, they have not that degree of health, that muscular power, and that buoyancy of spirits to be found in children not confined and congregated in mills. The insufficiency of the period of sleep, he thinks a very great cruelty of the system. And the same time of labour in mills he thinks more injurious than it would be in private houses, or the house manufacture. In the present state of things he thinks that physical education, or the improvement of health, is most urgently required; and that is impossible, without some regulation that could give air and exercise.

The evidence of Sir Anthony Carlisle shows a master mind. At every blow he knocks the right nail on the head. From forty years' observation and practice, he is satisfied that vigorous health, and the ordinary duration of life cannot be generally maintained under the circumstances of twelve hours' labour, day by day. He speaks not of children, but of adults. But during the growth and formation of the young creature, its liability to deviate from the natural standard is much greater than in the adult. Unless the young creature be duly exercised and not overlaboured, duly fed, and properly treated with regard to the needful regulations of life, all will go wrong. All domesticated creatures that are kept in close confinement, and worked at too early an age, or too severely, become deteriorated in form and vigour, and are more or less injured, so as to unfit them for the performance of their ordinary and habitual labours. And are the young of the human race an exception from the general law of life? We must not, he says, be deluded by outward show. Children brought up from early life in warm rooms, may enjoy an apparent degree of health until almost the age of maturity, but they never obtain vigorous health. They are unfit to carry on a succeeding generation of healthy human beings; nor is there any thing more hereditary than family tendencies, particularly such as are

engendered by such habits as are hurtful to the first formation of physical structures.

When asked if he does not think that the general custom of society, which abridges the duration of labour during half the year, six winter months, (in factories how small the difference!) is dictated by the nature and condition of human beings—he answers, that it arises from the Law of Animal Life. In the winter season the whole animal creation requires greater rest than in the summer season. The whole creation, man, animals, birds, fishes, insects, rise, if they be day-creatures, with the rising sun, and go to rest with the setting sun, winter and summer. Even the nocturnal creatures do not wander all night; they only go out at twilight, and early in the morning. During the stillness of midnight, the whole creation is at rest. Dr. Blundell, on the same subject, says simply and finely, "day-labour, I think, is more consistent with health than night-labour. Many animals are by nature nocturnal; man is not; to them the star-light is, I presume, agreeable, but man finds it a pleasant thing to behold the light of the sun."

All these are truths which it might seem any one might know; but enunciated by men of science, they strike the sides of a bad system like cannon-balls. Do you think that a child under nine years of age ought to be doomed to habitual long labour in a Factory? You or I say no—and employers laugh at us; Sir Anthony Carlisle says no; and they frown and bite their lips. But he says more than —no; he says, "My own opinion is, as a matter of feeling, that to do so is to condemn and treat the child as a criminal; it is a punishment which inflicts upon it the ruin of its bodily and moral health, and renders it an inefficient member of the community, both as to itself and its progeny. It is to my mind an offence against nature, which, alas! is visited upon the innocent creature instead of its oppressor, by the loss of its health, or the premature destruction of its race." A sixty-two pound shot—from a carronade—at point-blank distance—whiz—through the Factories. Children demand legislative protection, in his opinion, for their own sakes, and for the sake of future generations of English labourers; because every succeeding generation will be progressively deteriorated, if we do not stop these sins against nature and humanity. Nature has been very wise in punishing all the offences we commit against her in our own person. If young persons between nine and eighteen are worked longer than twelve hours, including two for meals, their employers, he adds, must consider them machines, or mere animals, not moral beings. Sir Anthony does himself great honour by the spirit in which he speaks of the poor. On Sabbath let the children, he says, go to church—let the church be well ventilated, and there, from a good scholar and divine, let them derive instruc-

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tion, moral and religious. He cannot, as matters now are, approve of Sunday schools. It is only changing the week-day labour of the body, for the Sunday labour of the mind. Let the little worn-out creatures have some little time for repose, for domestic enjoyment and instruction, and for the exercise of the domestic and kindred affections. For

"Gravely says the mild physician,"

"I am of opinion that the instinctive and natural affections of the industrious classes of society are more pure, more sincere, and more active, than among the educated classes; I have witnessed sacrifices on the part of people in the lowest condition of life, which I never saw among people educated artificially from the commencement of life. The yearnings of those people after their progeny, and their filial affections, disparage the heartless manners and cold morals which too often prevail in fashionable life." And is it not, in great measure, for sake of people in fashionable life, with their "heartless manners and cold morals," that the Factory-System, by its unnatural labours, dulls and deadens those affections in the hearts of the poor, which this man of experience and wisdom so truly and beautifully describes?

Dr. Blundell, on being asked what he thinks of some of the extreme cases of long-continued labour, without intermission for sleep, which have sometimes occurred for months together at factories, involving children and young persons, replies, that to convince him that it could be endured without great injury, would require evidence unbiassed and cumulative, and of several consenting witnesses; and that, after all, he would wish for the *evidence of his own sight and touch*. Sir William Bliggard, we perceive, on being asked a somewhat similar question, answers, "Horribly so." From such labour, and from labour not nearly approaching it in continuance, such as is common in factories, Dr. Blundell would expect dyspeptic symptoms, and all its consequences; nervous diseases; stunted growth; languors; lassitude; general debility; and a recourse to unusual stimulants to rid the mind of its distressing feelings. "I look," says he, "upon the factory towns as nurseries of feeble bodies and fretful minds."

The evidence of Dr. Farre is at once a medical and a moral lecture; nor is it possible to peruse it without loving and venerating the man. To the usual questions about air and exercise, with due intervals for rest and meals, he says all that need or can be said in one line—"they are so essential that without them medical treatment is unavailing;" and then he says solemnly—"Man can do no more than he is allowed or permitted to do by nature, and in attempting to transgress the bounds Providence has pointed out to him, he abridges his life in the exact proportion in which he transgresses the laws of nature and the Divine

command." There is to us something sublime in its simplicity, in the following answer to the question, if twelve-hours-a-day labour be as much as the human constitution can sustain without injury? "It depends upon the kind and degree of exertion; for the human being is the creature of a day, and it is possible for the most athletic man, under the highest conflicts of body or mind, and especially of both, to exhaust in one hour the whole of his nervous energy provided for that day, so as to be reduced, even in that short space of time, to a state of extreme torpor, confounded with apoplexy, resembling, and sometimes terminating in death. The injury is in proportion to the exhaustion of the sensorial power. Let me take the life of a day to make myself clearly understood. It consists of alternate action and repose; and repose is not sufficient without sleep. The alternation of the day and night is a beautiful provision in the order of Providence for the healing of man, so that the night repairs the waste of the day, and he is thereby fitted for the labour of the ensuing day. If he attempt to live two days in one, or to give only one night and two days' labour, he abridges his life in the same, or rather in a greater proportion—for as his days are, so will be his years."

Dr. Farre was in his youth engaged in medical practice in the West Indies—in the island of Barbadoes. He informs us, that there the labour of children and very young persons consisted in exercising them in gathering in the green crops for the stock—not in digging or carrying manure. Such long continued labour as that by which the children in our factories are enslaved, would not have been credited in Barbadoes. The employment of the Negro children was used only as a training for health and future occupation. Perhaps the selfishness of the owners saved them from sacrifice. Be it so. Here the selfishness of the employers sends them to sacrifice. Dr. Farre boldly speaks the truth—"In English factories every thing which is valuable in manhood, is sacrificed to an inferior advantage in childhood. You purchase your advantage at the price of infanticide; the profit thus gained is death to the child." Political Economy, he urges, ought not to be suffered to trench on Vital Economy. The voice of the profession would maintain that truth, and never assent to life being balanced against health. That the life is more than the meat, is a divine maxim, which we are bound to obey. The vigour of the animal life depends upon the perfection of the blood, and the balance preserved between the pulmonary and aortic circulation; but in the aortic circulation, there is also a balance between the arterial and the venous systems, and the heart is the regulating organ of the whole. If the arterial circulation be too much exhausted, an accumulation takes place on the venous side; the blood is deteriorated, and organic diseases

are produced, which abridge life. But there is another, and a higher effect, for man is to be considered as something vastly better than an animal; and the effect of diminishing the power of the heart and arteries, by over-labour in a confined atmosphere, is to deteriorate the blood, and thus to excite, in the animal part of the mind, gloomy and discontented trains of thought, which disturb and destroy human happiness, and lead to habits of over-stimulation. The reflecting or spiritual mind gradually becomes debased; and unless education interpose to meet the difficulties of the case, the being is necessarily ruined, both for the present and for future life. Ventilation, exercise, and diminished exertion in the factories, are therefore the most obvious means of doing so, joined to the change of ideas resulting from an education adapted to the spiritual nature of man. Dr. Farre therefore views remission of the hours of labour imposed upon children and young persons in Factories, not only as a benefit, but as a duty; and emphatically adds, that, speaking not only as a physician, a Christian, and a parent, but also from the common sympathies of a man, the State is bound to afford it.

The sentiments and opinions of Mr. Surgeon Green, of St. Thomas's Hospital, are equally excellent. They do honour to his head and heart. He denounces the system which demands uniform, long-continued, unintermitted, and therefore wearisome, though perhaps "light" work, from children, (or adults,) without air or exercise—and with meals hurried and often scanty. He draws a frightful picture of the maladies that must be engendered by such a kind of life—and fears that this country will have much to answer for in permitting the growth of that system of employing children in Factories. They should not be suffered to become "victims of avarice." We do not believe that there is a medical man of any character in Britain, who would hesitate one moment to declare his belief, that the average labour, the year through, for a full-grown, strong, and healthy man, ought not to exceed twelve hours, meals included. From nine to twelve, Mr. Green thinks six hours in the twenty-four enough; and that from twelve upwards, the hours should be gradually increased to the maximum. All the eminent medical men, whose evidence is given in the report, are of one opinion respecting infant labour. Eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' recreation, is the allotment of the twenty-four, which seems most agreeable to nature to some of them, for adults. But to the great majority of employers of all kinds of labour, such a humane division of the day must seem very preposterous; for as man was born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards, so, according to their creed, was he born to labour, as the sweat drops downwards. Are not the poor the "working-classes?" Then let them work—

work—work. If they are to rest hours and hours on week-days, pray, what is the use of the Sabbath? Work is the Chief End and whole Duty of Man.

Nobody dreams, that in Britain labour can now be apportioned to men, women, and children, according to the laws of nature. We are in a most unnatural state. But we ought, nevertheless, to remember that there are laws of nature; and sometimes in extremity even to consult them, that nature may not, seeing we have flung off our allegiance, abdicate the throne, and leave us to grope our groaning way through the empire of Chaos and old Night.

It is a general rule without exception, that all writers are blockheads who sign themselves Vindex. The Vindex of the Halifax and Huddersfield Express, is the First Blockhead of his year. There has been much said, says he, "about the length of the hours of labour. I will, for the information of the public, lay before you an account of the customs of our manufacturing neighbours of both continents. In the States of New York, Ohio, Jersey, Pennsylvania, and generally through the United States of America, the hours of labour in mills are from sunrise to sunset. The bell rings at three o'clock A.M., the mill begins to run at four, and continues till eleven A.M.; they rest two hours during the heat of the day, (which they *do not* in Halifax or Huddersfield,) and run from one P.M., to seven P.M. or thirteen hours per day. In the winter half-year, they commence at half-past five A.M., and run till twelve o'clock; dinner one hour, and run from one P.M. to half past seven P.M. i. e. thirteen hours and a half per day." Very well—they run too long, and probably too fast—and what does all this running prove as to the right time and ratio of running? But Vindex thinks he has gained a great victory over something, and thus brays the Ass of the Express. "This is the routine in the land of liberty and equality, the chosen land of freedom and independence, where personal and public liberty are enjoyed in a perhaps greater extent than in any other nation of the world." Is he sarcastic on Jonathan? No! he is as serious as a chamberpot—as Mr. Twiss. In "the chosen land of freedom and independence," men work from sunrise to sunset, thirteen hours all summer, and half an hour longer all winter—and therefore it is right. Does he not see, that by his own statement they are steam-driven slaves?

In Germany, the Netherlands, and France, again, he says, "they run from five A.M. till eight P.M., with one hour interval—fourteen hours per day. They receive their wages every fortnight, on Saturday afternoon, when they stop at five P.M.; but on the alternate Saturdays they work up the three hours, and actually run till ten o'clock at night. This, let it be noted, is seventeen hours' labour for that day."

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Yes! let it be noted. We hope—we suspect—that it is not true. If it be, who set them running seventeen hours every alternate Saturday? and who desires not that they should stop? They beat the “routine in the land of liberty and equality” all to sticks.

We have read a Pamphlet by Dr. James Philip Kaye, on the Moral and Physical Condition of the Working Classes employed in the Cotton Manufacture in Manchester.

We respect Dr. Kaye's character, and we admire his talents,—and shall enrich our Article with an extract from his Pamphlet. He thinks that the evils affecting the working-classes in Manchester, so far from being the necessary results of the manufactory system, furnish evidence of a disease which impairs its energies, if it does not threaten its vitality.

We thank Dr. Kaye for the following powerful picture:—

“Political economy, though its object be to ascertain the means of increasing the wealth of nations, cannot accomplish its design, without at the same time regarding their happiness, and, as its largest ingredient, the cultivation of religion and morality. With unfeigned regret, we are therefore constrained to add, that the standard of morality is exceedingly debased, and that religious observances are neglected amongst the operative population of Manchester. The bonds of domestic sympathy are too generally relaxed; and as a consequence, the filial and paternal duties are uncultivated. The artisan has not time to cherish these feelings, by the familiar and grateful arts which are their constant food, and without which nourishment they perish. An apathy benumbs his spirit. Too frequently the father, enjoying perfect health, and with ample opportunities of employment, is supported in idleness on the earnings of his oppressed children; and on the other hand, when age and decrepitude cripple the energies of the parents, their adult children abandon them to the scanty maintenance derived from parochial relief.

“That religious observances are exceedingly neglected, we have had constant opportunities of ascertaining, in the performance of our duty as physician to the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, which frequently conducted us to the houses of the poor on Sunday. With rare exceptions, the adults of the vast population of 84,147, contained in Districts Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, spend Sunday either in supine sloth, in sensuality, or in listless inactivity. A certain portion only of the labouring classes enjoy even healthful recreation on that day, and a very small number frequent the places of worship.

“Having enumerated so many causes of physical depression, perhaps the most direct proof of the extent to which the effect coexists in natural alliance with poverty, may be derived from the records of the medical charities of the town. During the year preceeding July 1831—21,196 patients were treated at the Royal Infirmary—472 at the House of Recovery—3163 at the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, of which (subtracting one-sixth as belonging to the township of Ardwick) 2636 were inhabitants of Manches-

ter—perhaps 2000 at the Workhouse Dispensary, and 1500 at the Children's, making a total of 28,804, without including the Lock Hospital and the Eye Institution. ‘If to this sum,’ says Mr. Robertson, engaged in making a similar calculation, ‘we were further to add the incomparably greater amount of all ranks visited or advised as private patients by the whole body (not a small one) of professional men; those prescribed for by chemists and druggists, scarcely of inferior pretension; and by herb doctors and quacks; those who swallow patent medicines; and lastly, the subjects of that ever flourishing branch—domestic medicine; we should be compelled to admit that not fewer, perhaps, than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Manchester annually are, or fancy they are, under the necessity of submitting to medical treatment.”

“Ingenious deductions, by Mr. Robertson, from facts contained in the records of the Lying-in-Hospital of Manchester, prove, in a different manner, the extreme dependence of the poor on the charitable institutions of the town. The average annual number of births, (deducted from a comparison of the last four years,) attended by the officers of the Lying-in-Charity, is four thousand three hundred; and the number of births to the population may be assumed as one in twenty-eight inhabitants. This annual average of births, therefore, represents a population of 124,400 and assuming that of Manchester and the environs to be 230,000, more than one-half of its inhabitants are, therefore, either so destitute or so degraded, as to require the assistance of public charity in bringing their offspring into the world.

“The children thus adopted by the public, are often neglected by their parents. The early age at which girls are admitted into the factories, prevents their acquiring much knowledge of domestic economy; and, even supposing them to have had accidental opportunities of making this acquisition, the extent to which women are employed in the mills, does not, even after marriage, permit the general application of its principles. The infant is the victim of the system; it has not lived long, ere it is abandoned to the care of a hireling or neighbour, whilst its mother pursues her accustomed toil. Sometimes a little girl has the charge of the child, or even of two or three collected from neighbouring houses. Thus abandoned to one whose sympathies are not interested in its welfare, or whose time is too often also occupied in household drudgery, the child is ill-fed, dirty, ill-clothed, exposed to cold and neglect; and, in consequence, more than one-half of the offspring of the poor (as may be proved by the bills of mortality of the town) die before they have completed their fifth year. The strongest survive; but the same causes which destroy the weakest, impair the vigour of the more robust; and hence the children of our manufacturing population are proverbially pale and sallow, though not generally emaciated, nor the subjects of disease. We cannot subscribe to those exaggerated and unscientific accounts of the physical ailments to which they are liable, which have been lately revived with an eagerness and haste equally unfriendly to taste and truth; but we

are convinced, that the operation of these causes, continuing unchecked through successive generations, would tend to depress the health of the people; and that consequent physical ills would accumulate in an unhappy progression.

"We have avoided alluding to evidence which is founded on general opinion, or depends merely on matters of perception; and have chiefly availed ourselves of such as admitted of a statistical classification. We may, however, be permitted to add, that our own experience, confirmed by that of those members of our profession, on whose judgment we can rely with the greatest confidence, induces us to conclude, that diseases assume a lower and more chronic type in Manchester, than in smaller towns and in agricultural districts; and a residence in the Hospitals of Edinburgh, and practice in the Dispensaries amongst the most debased part of its inhabitants, enables us to affirm with confidence, that the diseases occurring here admit of less active antiphlogistic or depletory treatment, than those incident to the degraded population of the old town of that city."

Mr. Robertson has proved, that "the nature of the present employment of the people of Manchester renders existence itself, in thousands of instances, one long disease." We have seen in the extract from Dr. Kaye's Pamphlet, from proofs given by Mr. Robertson, that during 1830, the patients admitted at the four great dispensaries amounted to 22,626, independently of those assisted at other charitable institutions, such as the Infirmary, amounting at least to 10,000 more. To this he adds many other calculations, which bring him to this conclusion, that "not fewer, perhaps, than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Manchester annually are, or fancy they are, under the necessity of submitting to medical treatment." To the evils of the Factory System his observant eyes are wide open, and especially to the "astounding inebriety." The present manufacturing system, he shows, "has not produced a healthy population, but one, on the contrary, where there always exists considerable, and sometimes general poverty, and an extraordinary amount of petty crime; that in several respects, they are in a less healthy, and a worse condition than at any period within the two last centuries."

Dr. Kaye, referring to the frequent allusions that have been made to the supposed rate of mortality in Manchester, as the standard by which the health of the manufacturing population may be ascertained, well observes, that from the mortality of towns their comparative health cannot be invariably deduced. For there is a state of physical depression which does not terminate in total organic changes, which, however, converts existence into a prolonged disease, and is not only compatible with life, but is proverbially protracted to an advanced senility.

But Mr. Sadler goes into the very heart of his melancholy subject, and compares the proportion of those buried under and above the age of forty in Manchester (that part of it in which the registered burials are given together with the ages of the interred) with the corresponding interments of the immensely larger cities of London and Paris. What are the results? To every 100,000 interments under forty, there would be above that age, in London 63,666; in Paris, 65,109; in Manchester only 47,291,—in other words, 16,375 fewer would have survived that period in Manchester than in London, and 17,818 fewer than in Paris. The operative spinners complain that few of themselves survive forty! It is quite true. Calculating the mean duration of life from mortality registers, it is in London about 32 years, in Paris 34, in Manchester 24 1-10 years only! In other towns where the same system prevails, it is still less; in Stockport, it is 22 years only, that town not having increased so rapidly as Manchester from immigration.

We have already touched incidentally on the Cruelties perpetrated in the Factories. What is a billy-roller? A billy-roller is a heavy rod from two to three yards long, and of two inches diameter, with an iron pivot at each end. Its primary and proper function is to run on the top of the cording over the feeding cloth. Its secondary and improper function is to rap little children "on the head, making their heads crack, so that you may hear the blow at the distance of six or eight yards, in spite of the din and rolling of the machinery." Mr. Whitehead, clothier at Scholes, near Holmfirth, a most respectable and trustworthy man, tells the Committee, that often when a child, so fatigued as not to know whether it is at work or not, falls into some error, the billy-spinner takes the billy-roller and says, "Damn thee, little devil, close it," and then smites it over the head, face, or shoulders. It is very difficult, he adds, to go into a mill in the latter part of the day—particularly winter, when the children are weary and sleepy—and not to hear some of them crying for being thus beaten. A young girl has had the end of a billy-roller jammed through her cheek; and a woman in Holmfirth was beaten to death. We have been taking another glance over the cruelties, as described by scores of witnesses, not a few of whom had been sufferers, but any detailed account of them would be sickening—so we refrain. Suffice it to say, that unless the witnesses be all liars of the first magnitude, the billy-roller is in active employment in many factories—that black strap is at frequent work in them all—that cuffs from open and blows from clenched hands are plentiful as blackberries—that samples are shown of every species of shaking—and that there is no dearth of that perhaps most brutal of all beastly punishment, kicking.



To be billy-rolled or strapped, after perhaps having been bucketed for falling asleep, is bad to endure; still it seems to be insensate matter that gives the pain—wood or leather. A blow from the fist is hateful; yet the hand being in common use, the degradation is not in such cases utter. The boy wipes his bloody nose, and he forgives the fist of the overlooker. But a foot—a large, stinking, splay-foot—flung suddenly out “*with a fung*,” ere a boy has time by crouching to elude or supplicate, savage as it is, is yet more insulting, and sends to the core of the heart the shame of slavery, that can be extinguished but by undying hatred and deadly revenge. We wonder there are no murders. But what if the kicked be—a girl! We do not mean a little girl, eight or ten years’ old, for that is not the precise kind of brutality we are thinking of in a kicking to such a one as she; the worst of a kick in her case is, that it may kill her on the spot, or make her a cripple for life. We mean a girl who, approaching to puberty, and in those heated regions they too soon reach it, has something of the pride of sex, perhaps of beauty; and in presence of her sweetheart, she herself being chaste and not immodest, and many such there are even in Factories, feels her whole being degraded beneath that of a brute-beast, in her person suddenly assailed by such shameful outrage from the hoof of a fiend grinning the while like a satyr. Mr. Sadler—exhibiting some black, heavy, leathern thongs, one of them fixed in a sort of handle, the smack of which, when struck upon the table, resounded through the House—exclaimed, “Sir I should wish to propose an additional clause in this bill, enacting, that the overseer who dares to lay the lash on the almost naked body of the child, shall be sentenced to the tread-mill for a month; and it would be right, if the master, who knowingly tolerates the infliction of this cruelty on abused infancy, this insult on parental feeling, this disgrace on the national character, should bear him company, though he roll to the house of correction in his chariot.” A month in the tread-mill! Why, many a dishonest fellow gets that and more for picking a bumpkin’s fob of his watch, or the pocket of his great-coat of a purse at the door of a theatre. The man who kicks a girl must not be suffered to pollute the steps of a tread-mill, or to violate the feelings of vagrants. He must be flogged privately and publicly, his raw back denied plaster,—his head shaved,—and his carcass clothed in some ingeniously ignominious dress, of a substance suited to be spit upon, and a board adjusted to his posteriors, that his life may not be sacrificed by the continual kicking legalized by the legislative wisdom of the State, nor yet the feet of its inflictors soiled by contact with the “shameful parts of his constitution.”

If there be truth in the account we have thus far given of the Factory System, what

must be the Morality—we mean the immorality of the boys and girls! Mr. Drake, a worthy manufacturer, says, “As far as I have observed with regard to morals in the Mills, there is every thing about them that is disgusting to every one conscious of correct morality. Their language is very indecent; and both sexes take great liberties with each other in the Mills, without being at all ashamed of their conduct.” Another witness says, “They are immoral in all their conduct. Going to the Factories is like going to a school, but it is to learn every thing that is bad.” Mr. Benjamin Bradshaw, a witness of great intelligence, and a pious man, a preacher among the Methodists, says, “They are, generally speaking, ignorant and wicked, proverbially so; to hear them in the Factory, and see their conduct, would move any body with commiseration that had any thing like a feeling of concern for the morals of his fellow-creatures; they are, in general, bad to an extreme.” —But here the details are far more painful than of the cases of cruelty, and some of them truly horrible. Many Factories are the worst of brothels.

Fathers wept before the Committee, thinking of their own daughters. The contagion of vice in the heated and huddled Factory is dreadful, and the disease is rank among very childhood.

Yet think not that even the Factory System has utterly eradicated all virtue from the female character. Many masters there are who do all they can for their children. It may seem, but it is not, invidious, to mention by name one out of many—Mr. John Wood, junior, of Bradford, of whom the Rev. G. S. Bull, of Bierly, thus spoke a few days ago at a great Factory Bill meeting held at Nottingham. “I have the honour of living in the same parish with that distinguished and benevolent individual; I have the honour of superintending a day-school established by him, and I inform this assemblage, that he has lately taken on 60 additional hands, in order that 60 children might be left at liberty to attend that school. It is impossible to describe the delight felt by him in putting that school on its legs, and he said to me, ‘SIR, THAT IS THE BEST ROOM IN MY WORKS.’ The affection that subsists between the employer and the children in the whole of Mr. Wood’s establishment, is more beautiful than I can express.” And who is the Rev. G. S. Bull? The man who, next to Mr. Sadler—not forgetting his admirable lay brother, Richard Oastler—has most strenuously exerted himself—soul and body—in this holy cause. He had, at the time he was examined, Sunday-schools under his superintendence, containing 516 scholars, one-third of them being engaged in Factories. He has been led to conclude, from an observation of the different classes, that there is much more demoralization arising from the Factory System, than from any

other system of employment for the children of the poor. But he says with great earnestness, in another part of his most instructive evidence, "I should do injustice to many young persons who are brought up in the Factory System, if I did not say, that their industry, neatness, and disposition to improve themselves, are beyond the powers of my commendation. I know several such. I have several such females employed, under my superintendence, as Sunday-school teachers, for whom I do, and ought to entertain the greatest respect; but I would say, that these are exceptions to the generality of young persons brought up in Factories."—"The generality of them, he says, are as unfit as they possibly can be to fill the important station of a cottager's wife. Many cannot even mend a hole in their garments, or darn a stocking; and he knew of one little girl whose father was so anxious that she should acquire the use of the needle, that "when he was confined at home himself by a lameness, he sat over her, after her return from work, with a little light rod in his hand, and insisted on her mending her stockings, though she was falling asleep continually, and when she nodded over it, he gave her a very gentle tap upon the head with the rod."—"The Factory-dolls," as a working-man calls them, can in no case make or mend their own clothes, nor in any way supply the wants of a family when they become mothers.

In a letter in defence of the Cotton Factories, addressed to Lord Althorp, by Mr. Holland Hoole, we find this passage: "The week which follows Whitsunday is a universal holiday in Manchester, and is celebrated by processions of Sunday-school children, assembled to the number of 25 to 30,000. Your Lordship might there see 'the miserable victims of the Cotton Factory System,' well clad, and often even elegantly dressed, in full health and beauty, a sight to gladden a monarch—not to be paralleled, perhaps, in the whole of the civilized world; and your Lordship would, I firmly believe, draw this conclusion, that the hands employed in Cotton Factories, so far from being degraded below their neighbours of the same rank in society, far exceed them in comfort, in order, and even in health."

This is very amiable. Mr. Holland Hoole is a good-hearted, nor do we doubt, an enlightened man, and the spectacle he speaks of is, we know, very beautiful. We have seen it. Many of the girls at Factories are of an interesting appearance—not a few lovely; many of the boys good-looking—not a few handsome; and the whole together, in their best array, make a pleasant show. They are English. But there is much was smiling there, and many wo-begone faces, that "vainly struggle at a smile;" hundreds white as plaster of Paris; and scores of an indescribable colour,—of which the ground looks yellow glimmered over by blue,—less like death than

consumption. They are, in general, neatly clad; and strange if, on such an occasion, it were otherwise in Lancashire; too "elegantly dressed," many of the girls are, we fear; yet we must not be harshly critical on such a holiday.

One of the witnesses,—Thomas Daniel, an acute man,—says before the Committee, "as to the appearance of health of the children, (who walk in Whitsunday-week procession,) they are the most delicate and the most feeble-looking; and as to their dresses, it may be thought very fine with them, and it certainly is attended with some expense, but it is of no value; and the dresses are principally of white calico or cambric frocks, that make them look fine, and they take great pride in them, I have no doubt." Thomas is no great admirer of Whitsun-week holidays. And far better, think we, were they distributed. In most places, there are but two holidays in the whole year. As for Lord Althorp, he is perhaps a better judge of fat cattle at a show in Smithfield, than of lean Factory boys and girls in a Whitsunday festival in Manchester. He might, therefore, draw from such a sight such a conclusion as Mr. Holland Hoole firmly believes he would; but such conclusion would be illogical. The "comfort" and "order" apparent in that well-garbed and well-marshalled assemblage, transitory as a slow-floating beautiful summer-cloud, seem almost to belong to a visionary world, before the eyes of him who has seen the discomfort and disorder of the real world, in which the creatures of that pageantry are glad to get kicked and strapped, so that from his throne descends not the billy-roller.

Contrast the picture painted by Mr. Holland Hoole, with one of a similar kind by Ebenezer Elliot,—*"Preston Mills,"* a Jubilee in celebration of the Reform Bill. We take it from this year's Amulet, an Annual always full of good things. Ebenezer Elliot is next—not behind Crabbe—the greatest Poet of the Poor. And he calls poetry (did not we ourselves use the same words before him in the *Noctes*?) "impassioned truth."

"The day was fair, the cannon roar'd,  
Cold blew the bracing north,  
And Preston's mills, by thousands pour'd  
Their little captives forth.

"All in their best they paced the street,  
All glad that they were free;  
And sang a song with voices sweet—  
They sang of liberty!

"But from their lips the rose had fled,  
Like 'death-in-life' they smiled;  
And still as each pass'd by, I said,  
Alas! is that a child?

"Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—  
March'd with them side by side;  
While hand in hand, and two by two,  
They moved—a living tide.

"Thousands and thousands—oh, so white!  
With eyes so glazed and dull!

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Alas! it was indeed a sight  
Too sadly beautiful!

"And, oh, the pang their voices gave,  
Refuses to depart!

'This is a waiting for the grave!'  
I whisper'd to my heart.

"It was as if, where roses blush'd,  
A sudden, blasting gale,  
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rush'd,  
And turn'd the roses pale.

"It was as if, in glen and grove,  
The wild birds sadly sung;  
And every linnet mourn'd its love,  
And every thrush its young.

"It was as if, in dungeon gloom,  
Where chain'd Despair reclined,  
A sound came from the living tomb,  
And hymn'd the passing wind.

"And while they sang, and though they smiled,  
My soul groan'd heavily—  
Oh! who would wish to have a child!  
A mother who would be!"

The contagion of vice spreads from the Factories. They are, many of them, nurseries of prostitution. In bad times—and how long is it since they have been good?—in bad times, which are, like demons' visits, many and short between—shoals are sent into the streets, to shame, sin, and death. So says the evidence—and is it possible to disbelieve it? That evil is in the Factory System; and, alas! in many a system besides. Is it, therefore, to be denied, overlooked, let alone, given up as hopeless? God forbid we should calumniate the poor creatures—we but believe in sorrow what their parents have told us;—and we do not, like Mr. Mill, call on "legislation," or the "powerful agency of popular sanction," to "direct an intense degree of disapprobation" on such sufferers and sinners; but we call on both to do what they can for their protection from such wo and such wickedness.

We call not even "for an intense degree of disapprobation" on the overlookers and others, who, it has been proved, are too frequently guilty of very great barbarities. Their temper, their patience, must be often severely tried. Nay, sometimes they are cruel from a sense of duty. The strap rouses the soundest sleeper—the most callous feel the billy-roller. Slaves will grow up into tyrants. With more sleep and more rest, there would be far less punishment—there would then be no call for cruelty;—the supply, we presume, would be regulated by the demand. We call not even "for an intense degree of disapprobation" on the supporters of the system out of which such evils inevitably arise. But we denounce the system itself, as it now works; and we call down blessings on the heads of all men who are striving to reform it. Some of "the modes in which legislation can weaken the tendency of such evils to increase" have been shown; and though the regulations it may enact will leave many evils to be bewailed, some—much—nay, great diminution of them

MUSEUM.—Vol. XXIII.

may before very long be effected;—enough to justify still better and brighter hopes of the distant future.

Such is the Factory System which Mr. Sadler has so nobly striven—with some noble coadjutors—to deprive of its sting. But how will that be done by his Bill? The sting will still be in the monster; but much of the venom will be taken from it, and what is left will not be mortal. For first of all, it prohibits the labour of infants under the age of nine years. How much may, in time, be learned at home or at school, before the expiration of that period, now worse than lost! How many little domestic arts and appliances, in which children of the same tender years are so skilful, "among the rural villages and farms!" And better far even than these, how much of filial affection sweetening the sense of duty, a sense, alas! in those districts within many miserable families utterly unknown! Children may then learn to say their prayers, and their parents will be happy to hear them doing so—to see their little arms and hands in the attitude of prayer, unscarred and undiscoloured by cruel wounds. Now, prayer must seem to too many wretched parents a mockery—or worse than a mockery from such livid lips; and how can the poor creatures get through a prayer under a load of weariness—struggling, or sinking without a struggle, in the short respite of a sleep!

Then to all between nine and eighteen years, actual work, exclusive of meals and refreshment, is to be limited to—ten hours. Ten hours! limited to ten hours! "Is there not, Sir,"—indignantly exclaims the eloquent Children's Friend—"something inexpressibly cruel, most disgustingly selfish, in thus attempting to ascertain the utmost limits to which infant labour and fatigue may be carried, without their certainly occasioning misery and destruction!—the full extent of profitable torture that may be safely inflicted, and in appealing to learned and experienced doctors to fix the precise point, beyond which it would be murder to proceed!" To the humane mind, somewhat inconsiderate in its merciful disposition, it at first seems as if Mr. Sadler's own Bill were barbarous. It cuts off but one hour—or two—(aye, in many cases, three and four, and five,) from the weary working-day, and still leaves children slaves. But poor people, young and old, must work, and they are willing to work. Even in one hour may then be developed many blessings. In one hour are now crowded countless curses. Put on or take off twenty pounds, when a strong man's back bears 200, and he slackens his pace in pain, or increases it with pleasure, beneath the loaded, or the lightened burden.

But the mercy is to be shown not to their mere bodies, but to their minds. Yes! they have minds—and what is more, hearts, and immortal souls. Many who harangue and scribble about the education of the people,

No. 135—2 D

forget that,—or perhaps they do not believe it. We, who have been called lovers of intellectual darkness among the lower ranks, have wished to see the torch of knowledge lighted at the sun of Revelation, that it may burn, a shining and a saving light, over all the land, undimmed by mists, and steady in storms.

But what minds—to say nothing of hearts and souls—can there be in those Factories? Many of extraordinary—of surpassing worth. They have sent witnesses to the Committee who are an honour to England. They have sent delegates over great part of the north, whom to despise would prove the proudest aristocrat to be despicable, man to man. “What lessons had they known?” There is the mystery. But in that clamorous and doleful region they found silence and light, in which the powers and faculties of their minds grew up to no unstately strength; as one sometimes sees trees green and flourishing, though their leaves be somewhat dimmed with dust, and their knotted boles begrimed with the smoke—with the soot of cities.

And what are their hearts? We have seen them, and groaned to see, withered and rotten, or when crushed, full of ashes. But all are not such. Nature’s holiest affections have, in thousands of cases, there survived both the mildew and the blight. The profligate boy, who may have cursed his own father to his face, and broken his mother’s heart, grown up to be a man, has outgrown the vices that once seemed festering in his own heart, and to blacken its very blood. He has become a good husband to the wife, whom when almost a child he had basely seduced; and rather than see his boy such a boy as he was, his girl such a girl as once was the mother that bore him, would he see them both buried in one grave, and pray that their parents too might be dust to dust.

How much unassisted human nature may thus do by means of its own affections, for its own purification, we know not; but let in upon the forsaken soul even some small stray light of religion, like a few broken sun-rays through a chink in the window of a room lying in deserted darkness, and in both there shall be the same vital change. Perhaps a few plants in flower-pots had been left by the tenants on going away, to die on the floor in their worthlessness; and they were almost dead. But they lift up their leaves at that faint touch of light, and look towards the day. Thus will they live lingeringly on, and wondrously survive in that less than twilight. Let in more sun, and with it too the blessed breath of heaven, and they will recover some tinge of beauty. Fling open the shutters, and show them all the sky, and in a few weeks green as emerald is the foliage, and bright are the blossoms as rubies. Even so is it with the flowering plants—the thoughts and feelings in that soul—the soul of an ope-

rative in a Factory or Cotton-mill; and if you think the illustration out of place as too poetical, you can feel nothing for the glory that is seen by the inner eye, sometimes stealing over the degradation of our fallen nature.

As the Factory System now works, all who do get any education, get it under dismal difficulties and disadvantages; the most any get can be but little; and thousands on thousands get none. The very young, wearied and worn out as they must be, do not need to be sent to bed; but if the power of cruelty could forward them on their last legs, to school, we defy it to keep the leaden lids from closing over the dim eyes in sleep. By the time they might, by possibility, go to school, what inclination will they have to learn? A school-room filled at sunset with children, who have been employed as they have been since sunrise, would be a shocking spectacle, and we devoutly trust there are few such places of punishment in a Christian land. But under Mr. Sadler’s Bill, school education, which had been going on with many before nine years of age, might be continued, in some measure, after that period, and all might have some instruction. A wish for it, perhaps a desire, might spring up among the children themselves; and those parents who have now not only an excuse for their indifference, but in nature and reason a right of scorn, when you talk to them about reading and writing, would be ashamed of their own ignorance, and look better after their children in all things. They would be proud and happy to see them getting a month’s schooling now and then, and small, after all has been done, must be the scholarship that can ever be acquired, except what nature teaches, in those Factories.

Under the present system,—sorry are we to say it, but it is true,—little good is done by Sunday-schools. Under Mr. Sadler’s Bill, great good might be done by them—good incalculable; for they would entirely change their character. Now, they are the only means of education. The Rev. G. S. Bull says, that “Children cannot obtain any thing like a knowledge of letters suitable for a cottage education, except on Sunday.” That excellent man has been a Sunday-school teacher ever since he was sixteen years of age, and has scarcely ever spent a Sunday without attending them personally. In seven Sunday-schools in his own neighbourhood, there are 1135 scholars. But he confesses that their effects have not been great, in counteracting the immoral and irreligious tendencies that exist in human nature, throughout the manufacturing districts. Their failure, he says, is mainly attributable to the “lassitude of the scholars.” The poor creatures cannot command their attention. Besides, the time during which they are instructed is quite insufficient to produce the desired effect;—two hours before divine service, in



summer, one hour in winter, and another hour before divine service in the afternoon. But from the time of instruction have to be deducted the intervals of marking attendance, giving out books and taking them in, and preparing to attend divine service, which is a very considerable diminution of time. During nearly the whole time, they are occupied with the mere machinery of reading,—the A, B, C part of it; and as to impressing religious precepts, or explaining religious doctrines, it is next to impossible. Then there is great difficulty in finding proper teachers. They belong to that class who have to make long and laborious exertions during the preceding week, to earn their own maintenance. And they, asks the chairman of the committee, “nevertheless, seeing the total destitution in which the children would be otherwise left, devote their only day of leisure or of domestic enjoyment, to the noble purpose of giving some little instruction or information to those poor deserted children?” And the Rev. G. S. Bull replies, “I would say that I, as a clergyman, am almost entirely indebted to the labouring classes for the assistance by which 516 children are, in some degree, religiously educated under my care; and I would also add, that it is the lamentation of many of my teachers—their own spontaneous lamentation—that the circumstances of their youth, I was going to say infancy, the continuous labour to which they have been accustomed, and the little leisure they have had for improvement, render them far less efficient than they would wish.” At a meeting of 48 Sunday-school teachers, of various denominations, (a teacher being voted to the chair, who was himself part-owner of a Factory,) they came to a unanimous resolution, that the Factory System, as at present conducted, decidedly interfered with their plans of religious instruction, and that the amelioration which had been proposed, was absolutely necessary, that they might have any chance of producing those effects which they desired to see, as the result of their labours. We can add nothing to the simple statement of these simple men. Under Mr. Sadler’s Bill, evening schools would arise, children would then learn to read, and then Sunday-schools would be schools of religion.

But while children continue to be employed in the Factories, say twelve hours and a half a-day, exclusive of meals and recreation, it must be a painful thing to all minds, as it has often been to the mind of the good clergyman from whom we have been quoting, “to consider the manner in which we confine the children on the Sabbath-day, after the very close confinement of the week. They may think that our system on the Sabbath-day is a sort of justification of the system in the week-day; for we, while they are stowed up in the mills during six days of the week, confine them in our crowded Sunday-school rooms on the Sab-

bath-day.” One and all of the medical witnesses—Blundell, Carlisle, Brodie, Roget, Blizard, Elliotson, Tuthill, Green, Key, Guthrie, Bell, Travers,—speak in the strongest terms of the certain and great injury to the health of children who have been working all the week twelve hours a-day and more, in heated Factories, from being shut up again in crowded schools on the Sabbath. Under the present system, the most conscientious and pious men can hardly bring themselves to believe Sunday-schools should be encouraged; under another, no conscientious and pious man could for a moment doubt that they would be a precious blessing to the poor.

We have no room now—to enter at any length into the politico-economical view of the question. It would appear that some Mill-owners have declared they cannot abridge “the long and slavish hours of infant-labour,” because of the Corn Laws. Suppose they were just to try. We do not see any very great difficulty they would have to encounter in getting on tolerably well with the abridgment and the Corn Laws. Were not many of them once very poor—who are now very rich men—in spite of the Corn Laws? During their progress to opulence (the wealth of some of them to the imagination of a poor man like us seems enormous) were wages always progressive too, and the operatives well off? But has it never occurred to them, that “many of them owe every farthing they possess to these little labourers?” They may complain, then, of the Corn Laws; but not employ them as an argument against their showing gratitude to their benefactors. Grant they suffer some loss. Is the sight of smiles spread over five hundred human faces no recompense to a rich or well-to-do man for the loss of a shilling or two in the pound? To men of commonplace—common run humanity—we think it might; and among the Mill-owners there are many men whose characters are up to that mark,—many far above it, who will not oppose—but we trust support, Mr. Sadler’s Bill, and afterwards with a safe conscience, if such be their way of thinking, they may try to crack the heads of the Corn Laws with their billy-rollers.

But they are afraid that the loss will fall upon the poor. This is taking up new ground—a change of position. They surely can consent—if they choose—to an abridgment of the wages of the poor—in spite of the Corn Laws.

But grant that the operatives under a Ten-Hour Bill will get less wages, because they will then produce less. How much less will they produce? As a man works better when he is not tired than when he is, he will, it is admitted on and by all hands, do as much, *minus one-twelfth part*, in ten hours as in twelve; and is a twelfth-part of his weekly wages a price that he would grudge to pay for some domestic happiness every evening,

some rest and something better than rest every Sabbath.

But as he will suffer less under ten hours' work than under twelve or more, so he will cost himself less in keeping himself alive. Doctor's fees, one item of his expenses, will dwindle down to next to nothing. The children will have time to go home to meals. That is no small saving. And Joseph Sadler, the Rev. Mr. Bull, and other witnesses, point out many savings besides—which taken together, might more than counterbalance the loss of a twelfth-part of wages.

But what if, in ten hours, operatives in Factories were to do as much as they now do? Then would they be "healthy, wealthy, and wise;" and they would owe it all to Mr. Sadler.

The wealth of a nation can never be increased by the sacrifice of the strength and lives of the people employed in one great branch of its manufactures. Pauperism is not a source of national wealth. In Factories you see few operatives above forty years old.

	Under 20 Years old.	Under 40 Years old.	Lived to 40 and upwards.
In the Healthy County, . . . . .	3756	5031	4969
In the Marshy County, . . . . .	4279	5805	4105
In the Metropolis, . . . . .	4580	6111	3889
In the City of Chester, . . . . .	4538	6066	3934
In the City of Norwich, . . . . .	4962	6049	3951
In the City of Carlisle, (former state) . . . . .	5319	9325	3674
In the City of Carlisle, (present state) . . . . .	5668	6927	3071
In the Town of Bradford, (Worsted Spinning) . . . . .	5896	7061	2939
In the Town of Macclesfield, (Silk Spinning and Throwing) . . . . .	5889	7300	2700
In the Town of Wigan, (Cotton Spinning, &c.) . . . . .	5911	7117	2883
In the Town of Preston, (ditto) . . . . .	6083	7462	2538
In the Town of Bury, (ditto) . . . . .	6017	5319	2681
In the Town of Stockport, (ditto) . . . . .	6005	7367	2633
In the Town of Bolton, (ditto) . . . . .	6113	7459	2541
In the Town of Leeds, (Woollen, Flax, and Silk Spinning, &c.) . . . . .	6213	7441	2559
Holbeck, (Flax Spinning) . . . . .	6133	7337	2663

So that about as many have died *before their twentieth year*, where the Factory system exclusively prevails, as *before their fortieth year* elsewhere.

But are the operatives themselves afraid of a fall in their wages under a Ten-Hour Bill? No. Men, women, and children, are unanimous for release from slavery. Many believe there will be no fall, many that there will; but though as a class they are degraded, they are yet human; they feel, though you treat them as such, that they are neither machines nor brutes.

Seeing and feeling the subject in all its bearings, Mr. Sadler, towards the close of his speech, broke forth into the following fine strain of eloquence:—"The industrious classes are looking with intense interest to the proceedings of this night, and are demanding protection for themselves and their children. Thousands of maternal bosoms are beating with the deepest anxiety for the future fate of their long oppressed and degraded offspring.

Have they gone to their graves, or the workhouse?

Many to the workhouse—more to the grave.

In the Appendix to the Report, there is a Comparative Table of the duration of life. We have the number of persons buried, and at what age buried, during fifteen years, (1815 to 1830,) in certain counties and places; namely, in Rutland, Essex, London, Chester, Norwich, and Carlisle; the several parishes of Bolton-le-Moors, Bury, Preston, Wigan, Bradford, (in Yorkshire,) Stockport and Macclesfield; the town of Leeds, and the townships of Holbeck and Beeston, in the parish of Leeds; showing the number buried under five years of age, from 5 to 10, from 10 to 15, from 15 to 20, from 20 to 30, and so for each decennary period to the end of life: with decimal results annexed, for the purpose of comparison. It is a most instructive nest of Tables, and here are results.

In every 10,000 of the persons buried, there died—

Under 20 Years old.	Under 40 Years old.	Lived to 40 and upwards.
3756	5031	4969
4279	5805	4105
4580	6111	3889
4538	6066	3934
4962	6049	3951
5319	9325	3674
5668	6927	3071
5896	7061	2939
5889	7300	2700
5911	7117	2883
6083	7462	2538
6017	5319	2681
6005	7367	2633
6113	7459	2541
6213	7441	2559
6133	7337	2663

Nay, the children themselves are made aware of the importance of your present decision, and look towards the House for succour. I wish I could bring a group of these little ones to that bar,—I am sure their silent appearance would plead more forcibly in their behalf than the loudest eloquence. I shall not soon forget their affecting presence on a recent occasion, when many thousands of the people of the north were assembled in their cause—in the intervals of those loud and general acclamations which rent the air, while their great and unrivalled champion, Richard Oastler, (whose name is now lisped by thousands of these infants, and will be transmitted to posterity with undiminished gratitude and affection;)—when this friend of the Factory children was pleading their cause as he alone can plead it, the repeated cheers of a number of shrill voices were heard, which sounded like echoes to our own; and on looking around, we saw several groups of little children, amidst the crowd, who raised their voices in

"the fervour of hope and exultation, while they heard their sufferings commiserated, and, as they believed, about to be redressed. Sir, I still hope, as I did then, that their righteous cause will prevail. But I have seen enough to mingle apprehension with my hopes. I perceive the rich and the powerful once more leaguings against them, and wielding that wealth which these children, or such as they, have created, against their cause. I have long seen the mighty efforts that are made to keep them in bondage, and have been deeply affected at their continued success; so that I can hardly refrain from exclaiming with one of old, 'I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and on the side of the oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter!' "

[The Westminster Review contains an article on the same subject, from which we make a few extracts.]

For the degree of labour which is demanded from the working classes, and the meagreness of the remuneration which most of them receive, thanks may be given to the opponents of free trade, and the partisans of monopoly. The increase of population, though it has been little subjected to the wholesome control of moral restraint, has never been so rapid as the augmentation of the resources of the country might have been, had its commerce been unrestricted. But devoid of education, rendered reckless by want and extreme toil, tempted by the boon practically offered by the law for the increase of the population, the most wretched of the working classes have married at the earliest period; and while commerce has overtaken the limits prescribed to it by the law, the population has surpassed all that under such limitation is consistent with the due reward of the labourer.

If the statements recently published in the public journals, from the evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons are adduced as proofs of the general physical condition of the children of the manufacturing poor, they are utter and groundless exaggerations. The depression of health among the manufacturing population results more from municipal, social, domestic, and moral evils, than from the nature of their employment. The collecting of the cases where health has been depressed by the combined influence of these and accidental causes, and exhibiting the exceptions as evidence against the rule, was an obvious measure to one so versed in political tactics as the late member for Newark. In the country, under judicious management, Dr. Kay proves, by a reference to some interesting statistical evidence relative to the works of Mr. Thomas Ashton of Hyde, that "the present hours of labour do not injure the health of a population otherwise favourably situated, but that when evil results ensue, they must chiefly

be ascribed to the combination of this with other causes of moral and physical depression."

The hours of labour in mills are, especially in towns, hostile to the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the working classes. The just inference from which is, that the whole laws of trade must speedily be subjected to so thorough a revision, that our manufactures may be successfully conducted, without demands being made on the labour of the working classes which are inconsistent with their permanent well-being.

The present hours of labour in the manufacturing districts have been gradually introduced, as the pressure of the several restrictions and burdens upon commerce was felt. The tax in support of West-Indian slavery added one portion to the hours of infant labour,—the East India monopoly another,—the Corn Laws run up the total of fifteen;—yet so dull is the manufacturer's perception, so gullible the English animal, that this very fact is pounced upon by the supporters of these abuses as what shall be made to aid their purpose. The direct and visible object of the inventor and mover of the Factory Bill, was to run his Bill against Parliamentary Reform, Slave Emancipation, and the removal of the Corn Laws; and the Mirror of Parliament is there to prove it. Yet the manufacturing population run headlong into the snare, and support the schemes of their oppressors for the beggarly boon of being directed how many hours their children may work to escape the artificial famine the same men are making for them. Profits have been gradually diminished,—the rapidity of production, transmission, and return have constantly increased, the most persevering industry and the most subtle sagacity have been racked for expedients to maintain the contest. The question presented has been whether our manufacturers would be able to meet their foreign competitors in the market; and the alternative, the loss of their capital, and the ultimate non-employment and destitution of the population dependent upon them. In these struggles the hours of labour have been gradually increased. The cotton trade is even now in a critical position; and the only way to relieve the workmen from the evils of oppressive toil, is to remove the burthens which render that toil necessary to the support of the commercial portion of the country, and consequently to the continuance of employment and subsistence to the people.

Our vaunted advantage in machinery is declining. The latest machines introduced into the cotton trade are of foreign invention; and even in the remotest part of the Continent, machinery on the English plan is invariably employed. The chance of gaining and keeping the manufacture for the Continent of Europe, was thrown away the day it was determined that none but a landholder should sit in the British Parliament.

The Bill introduced into Parliament by Mr. Sadler, strikes at the root of none of the evils which affect the poor. The opponent of almost every other measure which has been advocated for promoting the elevation of the people;—content to leave them still uneducated, and uninstructed in domestic economy;—horror-stricken at the thought of their being politically enlightened;—the advocate of their improvident marriages;—the protector of the poor laws;—and the champion of restrictions on trade;—he would add, to the benefactions of his microscopic benevolence, the paltry boon of reducing the hours of the labour of the ill-paid poor, thus making them still poorer.

This law would be extremely defective in its practical operation. No restriction of the hours of labour can be extended to all branches of trade, and unless extended to all, it would be unequal and unfair to impose it on any. The best general measure which could be devised to restrict the hours of labour, would be partial in its practical operation. Where manufactories are most subjected to public inspection, and therefore to the influence of public opinion, and where they are consequently best regulated, restrictive laws would, from similar causes, act with the greatest force; but in remote districts, where the present laws are infringed because there public opinion has little power, all future laws would be equally inoperative. Those manufactories which are therefore least amenable to the control of public principles, and are consequently worst managed, would have their sinister advantages increased to the prejudice of superior establishments. Even if the restriction were placed on the moving power, an extent of interference which few would probably be prepared to support, the enactment would be evaded, as all others have been, by mutual consent of master and workman, because it is inimical to the obvious interests of both. Unless a special preventive police were established to enforce the law, it would be disobeyed, as the present law is, by an agreement on the part of the workmen to indemnify the master for any penalty to which he might be subjected for disobedience. This statement supercedes all commentary. Legislature, in the depth of its wisdom, enacts, that under an artificial scarcity of that legislature's own creation, you shall not work a man's children above twelve hours per day, lest their health should be injured; and the man himself, preferring not to starve, guarantees you against penalties inflicted upon you for evading the law passed for the protection of his children.

How will such an enactment, supposing it to be efficient, affect the operatives themselves? One of three events must occur. Either all children under the prohibited age (eighteen,) will be immediately dismissed, and their places supplied by adults who will be worked thirteen or fourteen hours per day;

or all mills will work ten hours, and the production be consequently one-sixth less than at present, and proportionably more costly;—or the masters will contrive, by employing machinery instead of men, by stimulating their workmen to greater exertions, by increasing the speed of their machinery, to render the law nugatory by producing as much in ten hours as they do in twelve.

Suppose all children under eighteen years of age to be dismissed. The number of individuals now employed in cotton factories in England is about 170,000, of which about 70,000 are children under the prescribed age. The loss to the industrious classes of the community for their non-employment, would be about equal to £15,700 in weekly wages. If the limitation extended to cotton factories alone, many of those dismissed might find employment in woollen, flax, silk, and other establishments; but the result would be a reduction of the general remunerating price of all labour which could be performed by adolescents, in consequence of the immensely increased competition. On the other hand, if, as impartiality would dictate, the restrictive law were extended to all factories, the number dismissed from employment would be far greater than has been above calculated, and they would be unable to find any other occupation, but would be sent adrift to drain the bitter cup of poverty and destitution, or to cultivate every vicious propensity in the school of idleness.

It might be supposed, by those ignorant of the practical regulations of trade, that an equal number of adults would be employed to supply the places of these dismissed children. An adult would, however, frequently be expected and obliged to do the work of two children, and he would not receive, even then, much higher wages, for the profits of trade would not admit of such increase in his remuneration. On the other hand, adults would be obliged to purchase any augmentation of their wages which might occur, by an increase in the quantity and the duration of their labour, in comparison with which the present system is an easy burthen.

According to the present alternative, all mills would work ten hours instead of twelve; the production would be diminished one-sixth; the wages would, after a short interval, be reduced in proportion; more mills would be built to compensate for the diminished supply from those already in operation; a larger number of workmen would thus become dependent on the manufacturer; and, after a certain period of feverish excitement, the market of the trade would be reduced within narrower limits by the increased cost of production, and the wages of the augmented population would be seriously reduced. To what extent this diminution in the reward of labour might proceed, would be determined by the power we might still possess of entering into competition with



foreign manufacturers. The injury resulting from restrictions on trade, accumulates however in a rapid ratio, and is especially felt when the danger of the success of foreign rivals is imminent. When the balance is wavering, feathers turn the scale.

Lastly, masters would employ machinery in operations where they now employ men. The limitation of the hours of labour would introduce the self-acting mule throughout the trade, and many thousands of the most highly paid hands would be dismissed from employment.

Or masters would introduce improvements by which they would be enabled to "speed" their machinery; by which measure, *ceteris paribus*, much greater exertion and attention would be required from the operative. The number of threads which used to break some years ago in certain operations, was thirteen per cent.; it is now reduced to three per cent.; and other improvements by which the speed of machinery might be increased without a deterioration in the quality of the yarn, would naturally ensue in a season of commercial embarrassment. Thus Throstle spindles used to run 4500 turns per minute; they now run in many cases 5400 turns, and mule spindles have been "speeded" in a similar proportion. The American throstles have been introduced, which run 7500 turns per minute. Other machinery has been "speeded" from ten to twenty per cent. If the Factory Bill occasions the working of machinery at an increased speed, an intensity of application will be required from the operatives, which will at least balance any advantages arising from the diminution of the hours of labour.

Has legislation no better remedy for the evils suffered by the working classes, than this new restrictive blunder? Are we still to continue the slaves of the pernicious school which has manacled our commerce from head to foot? What have the opponents of retrenchment, reform, and free trade to do with the interests of the working classes? Long ago have they proved how ignorant they were of even the elementary principles concerned in the advancement of the social state, and after this bill has caused a reduction of wages,—an increase of mills, and consequently of population,—a "speeding" of machinery, and a substitution of machinery for men,—will they even then be content to abandon their measure; will they not rather favour us with some new restrictive nostrum for the evils their short-sighted policy has entailed upon the people;—fresh bleeding and more warm water? What remedy would they propose, when necessity had compelled the resumption of the hours of labour;—when production had still further surpassed the demand;—when prices had fallen,—profits were reduced,—wages diminished,—extensive failures had occurred,—multitudes had been dismissed from employment,—and the poor-rates had become more oppressive than ever;—what

panacea would they find for these evils;—how would they allay general dismay, discontent, turbulence, and crime?

Are the miseries which have been exposed, to be tolerated without any effort being made for their removal? By no means. Remove the Corn Laws; and as a preliminary, let Mr. Sadler be brought as evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons to prove their consequences. A woeful day was it for his employers, when he bethought himself of raking into the consequences of their legislation. Evils undoubtedly there are, though they have been exaggerated; and they must be mended at the right time. But two inferences will force themselves on all whose powers of thought are above the lowest standard. First, that *every man is either dishonest, or the victim of dishonesty*, who, when one reform is demanded, thrusts forward the absence of another as a reason for refusing it; and Secondly, that when the two nuisances have been abated which the Factory Bill was brought forward as the stalking-horse to cover and protect,—the Corn-Laws and West-Indian slavery,—then and not till then, the government should take the Factory question in hand, and give the country the measure of its talents, by the judgment and despatch with which it applies the remedy.

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[The Examiner gives us the result of the Debate in Parliament as follows.]

THE Bill for the Regulation of Infant Labour in Factories is thrust out for the Session by the commission of inquiry moved for by Mr. W. Patten, and carried by a majority of two. The evidence on this subject is considerably more copious than that on the state of Ireland, but nevertheless it would not satisfy a Legislature content to coerce on the vague plea of notoriety, eked out with a score of vamped up instances. The difference of conduct is referable to the difference of the cause. The Factory Bill was for the restraint of the mastery; the Coercion Bill is for the restraint of a people. The offences of the many against the few are intolerable to an aristocratic Legislature; the offences of the few against the many have their secret sympathies. The people are yet in a small minority of the Commons House, and these decisions which so jar on the national sentiment, most offensively show that is not their instrument. Ministers pointed to their majority as evidence of the complete working of the Reform Bill; that majority is set against every object dear to the people, and is composed for the most part of the false, the foolish, and the servile, the parasites of power wherever it is deposited. The first stage of the session is now passed, and let it be recorded of the House, self-called Reformed, that its first act was the measure of tyranny for Ireland, and

its last vote the denial of present protection to the helpless martyrs to avarice in the factories. We heartily agree with Mr. Wynn, that "if there were not a tittle of evidence the Bill would be highly desirable in order to limit the hours which children might be compelled to work by their parents." When the limitation so strenuously resisted is to ten hours' labour, what must be the excess to be prevented! need we further evidence to judge of it? might we not safely conjecture the enormous extent of the abuse from the opposition to such a measure of restriction? Mr. Gisborne, a worthy mouth-piece for such a cause, said with a spirit illustrative of what humanity has to grapple with:—

"There might be a necessity occasionally for greater exertions than usual, but was not this the case with all classes? Was it not the case with the soldiers?"

The case of soldiers put upon a footing with the case of children!—of soldiers, picked, able men, with all their powers developed, their capacities of endurance mature—this case instanced in justification of the extraordinary demands on the labour of childhood needing strength for growth, and recreation as the very food of their spirits! Surely we need not dissent on the spirit which upbears the man with great exertions incident to his profession, and the strain on industry which breaks down the spirit of the child—these reflections will occur to all but the task-masters, and such as Mr. Gisborne, who aptly represent their cruelty of thoughtless custom. Beautifully has Godwin, in his *Fleetwood*, described the injuries to humanity in the bud which are unblushingly advocated:—

"Almost all that any parent requires of a child consists in negatives: stand still: do not go there: do not touch that. He scarcely expects or desires to obtain from him any mechanical attention. Contrast this with the situation of the children I saw: brought to the mill at six in the morning; detained till six at night; and, with the exception of half an hour for breakfast, and an hour at dinner, kept incessantly watchful over the safety and regularity of fifty-six threads continually turning. By my soul, I am ashamed to tell you by what expedients they are brought to this unintermitted vigilance, this dead life, this inactive and torpid industry!

"Consider the subject in another light. Liberty is the school of understanding. This is not enough adverted to. Every boy learns more in his hours of play than in his hours of labour. In school he lays in the materials of thinking; but in his sports he actually thinks: he whets his faculties, and he opens his eyes. The child, from the moment of his birth, is an experimental philosopher: he essays his organs and his limbs, and learns the use of his muscles. Every one who is attentively observe him, will find that this is his perpetual employment. But the whole process depends upon liberty. Put him into a mill, and his under-

standing will improve no more than that of the horse which turns it. I know that it is said that the lower orders of the people have nothing to do with the cultivation of the understanding; though for my part I cannot see how they would be the worse for that growth of practical intellect which should enable them to plan and provide, each one for himself, the increase of his conveniences and competence. But be it so! I know that the earth is the great bridewell of the universe, where spirits descended from heaven are committed to drudgery and hard labour. Yet I should be glad that our children, up to a certain age, were exempt; sufficient is the hardship and subjection of their whole future life; methinks, even Egyptian task-masters would consent that they should grow up in peace, till they had acquired the strength necessary for substantial service.

"Liberty is the parent of strength. Nature teaches the child, by the play of the muscles, and pushing out his limbs in every direction, to give them scope to develop themselves. Hence it is that he is so fond of sports and tricks in the open air, and that these sports and tricks are so beneficial to him. He runs, he vaults, he climbs, he practises exactness of eye and sureness of aim. His limbs grow straight and taper, and his joints well knit and flexible. The mind of a child is no less vagrant than his steps: it pursues the gossamer, and flies from object to object, lawless and unconfined: and it is equally necessary to the development of his frame, that his thoughts and his body should be free from fetters. But then he cannot earn twelve sous a week. These children were uncouth and ill-grown in every limb, and were stiff and decrepit in their carriage, so as to seem like old men. At four years of age they could earn salt to their bread; but at forty, if it were possible that they should live so long, they could not earn bread to their salt. They were made sacrifices, while yet tender; and, like the kid, spoken of by Moses, were seethed and prepared for the destroyer in their mother's milk. This is the case in no state of society but in manufacturing towns. The children of gipsies and savages have ruddy cheeks and a sturdy form, can run like lapwings, and climb trees with the squirrel."

The law, which will not allow a pheasant's egg to be stolen or destroyed, permits the child to be robbed of the man—to be cheated of the present strength which should feed his growth, develop his frame, and make him a hale, healthy being, capable of labour and the enjoyment of rest. Of this (according to the intention of nature) future self, the factory child is swindled in a fraudulent bargain, and the miserable being is unconsciously, unconsentingly, repugnantly, made spendthrift of manhood in infancy.

Stupidly, injuriously, the law forbids usury in money, but not usury in the blood of life; not the usury which for the wages of a child anticipates and exhausts the energies that should have made the man, stunting into dwarfishness or decrepitude what would otherwise be the hale, healthy being. The law will not permit the infant heir to squander his

estate, but it sees without interference the poor child whose only inheritance is labour, making ruin of his future self, and that not in reckless enjoyment, but in present misery.

We have instanced the case of the male sufferers, but the females, girls of the tenderest ages, are victims of the same system, and with the same cruel consequences.

This is one of the rare cases for the interference of the law with the engagements of individuals; for though moral considerations might be of force to prevent some parents from sacrificing their children, their very forbearance would improve the market for others less scrupulous, and it is only by putting a rule upon all that the protection for humanity can be had. The limitation to time seems to us insufficient; it should extend to age, (14 or 15 we should say,) and exempt the more tender years of childhood. Lord Althorp was not present at the debate on Wednesday; had he been so, he would have had a grand opportunity for his favourite doctrine of *experience*. He would have argued that the masters' experience as to the fitness of the system was of the highest authority, and one to which the judgment of the House must bow. The master is as competent a judge of the propriety of infant labour as the Chancellor of the Exchequer is of partial taxation, or officers in the army of the necessity for the cat o'nine tails.

From the Annual Biography.

#### JEREMY BENTHAM, ESQ.

"FROM time to time, in the history of mankind, at far distant intervals, men have arisen, who have silently, and almost imperceptibly, changed the whole face of some great department of human knowledge; but who, though destined to effect these great revolutions, and to be followed by succeeding generations as founders of a new and improved philosophy, have by their contemporaries been comparatively unknown. These are the master-minds among mankind. Others, in their day, may attain more renown, may attract more notice from the crowd, who are able to appreciate those labours which produce immediate good, but pass by with neglect every exertion which can be followed by beneficial effects only at some distant period. The philosopher, though he may produce incalculable good, can only do so by degrees almost impalpable to common observation; each step of his progress is slow, though certain, and not till years have passed away do we perceive the important changes he has wrought. It is he, however, who is the great light to his fellow-men; and him, as the real fountain of the blessings which mankind are hereafter to enjoy, we ought principally to honour. That within a few years a change has taken place in moral

and jurisprudential science, must be obvious even to those who are incapable of estimating the importance of its consequences. Definite conceptions are beginning to be entertained of the ends to which those sciences are directed; and established principles, upon which all reasonings connected with them must be founded, begin to be acknowledged. The political, moral, and jurisprudential writings of the day, have generally assumed a ratiocinative character. What was before vague, wavering, and undetermined, begins to be clear, definite and systematic. Appeals to passion, prejudice, and sentiment, are going out of fashion; and the understanding of the reader must be convinced, before we can hope to influence either his actions or his opinions. This is a mighty change in the feelings of society; a change, the effects of which are only beginning to be felt, but which is destined eventually to work a complete alteration in the whole frame of the civilized world. Mr. Bentham's writings may certainly be classed among the most efficient causes of this great revolution. For years they have been extending their power silently and gradually; under their influence, men of every shade of opinions—men, many of whom are ignorant almost of the names of these writings—have grown up and formed their habits of reasoning and thinking. A fashion has been set, which all are obliged to follow, though many are ignorant of the source from whence it originated. These men, thus formed, are coming fast and thick upon the stage; and some already hold the very highest rank among the leading intellects of the day; those who will stamp the character of the age in which we live."<sup>\*</sup>

Jeremy Bentham was the eldest son of Mr. Jeremiah Bentham, attorney; and was born at his father's house, in Red Lion Street, Houndsditch, adjacent to Aldgate Church, February 15, (Old Style) 1747-8. His grandfather, who had followed the same profession, and had occupied the same two houses in the city and at Barking, was clerk to the Company of Scriveners. The name of Jeremy was derived from an ancestor, Sir Jeremy Snow, a banker in the reign of Charles the Second. The late General Sir Samuel Bentham, of the Russian service, who died April 30, 1831, was his brother. His father married, secondly, Sarah, widow of the Rev. John Abbot, D.D., Rector of All Saints, Colchester, and mother of the late Lord Colchester. She died September 27, 1809, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. About the year 1765, Mr. Jeremiah Bentham purchased the house in Queen's Square Place, Westminster, where he and his son both passed the remainder of their lives. It had previously been the residence of the notorious courtesan, Theresa

<sup>\*</sup> Westminster Review, January, 1828; Critique on Bentham's "Rationale of Judicial Evidence."

Constantia Phillips, author of "Memoirs," in three vols. 1761.

Mr. Bentham was remarkably forward in his youth. Soon after he was three years of age he read Rapin's History of England as an amusement; and at seven he read *Télémaque* in French. At eight he played the violin,—an instrument on which, at a subsequent period of his life, he became remarkably proficient. He was very distinguished at Westminster School. During one of the vacations, he read Helvetius's celebrated work on the Mind; from which he first obtained a glimpse of that principle, which at a subsequent period he so powerfully developed. At the age of thirteen he was admitted a member of Queen's College, Oxford, where he at once engaged in public disputations in the Common Hall, and excited, by the acuteness of his observations, the precision of his terms, and the logical correctness of his inductions, the surprise and admiration of all who heard him. At the age of sixteen he took his degree of A.B., and at the age of twenty that of A.M., being the youngest graduate that had at that time been known at either of the Universities. He afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn, of which Society he became a bencher in 1817.

From early childhood, such was the contemplative turn of his mind, and the clearness and accuracy with which he observed whatever came under his notice, that at the age of five years he had already acquired the name of "the Philosopher," being familiarly called so by the members of his family; and such, even in youth, were the indications of that benevolence to which his manhood and his old age were consecrated, that a celebrated statesman, who at that period had conceived an affection for him, and with whom he spent much of his time after he was called to the Bar, speaks of him, in a letter to his father, in these remarkable words:—"His disinterestedness, and his originality of character, refresh me as much as the country air does a London physician."

Many incidents of his early life mark the extent of his connexion with the last century. He was accustomed to relate with great pleasure, that, when he was a boy, he was taken to drink tea with Hogarth, whose works he greatly admired. He was one of the class who attended the lectures of Sir William Blackstone, when they were delivered at Oxford; and young as the mind of Bentham was, it even then revolted at the reasoning of the Professor. As a Law student, he took notes of the speeches of Mansfield; and he was a member of the club ruled by Johnson, whom he never liked, considering him to be a gloomy misanthropist.

An occurrence at Oxford, related in his own words, will illustrate the acuteness of his perception, and a portion of his moral character which became more strongly developed in after life:—

"Of the University of Oxford I had not long been a member, when, by a decree of the Vice Chancellor in his court, five students were, under the name of Methodists, expelled from it. Heresy and frequentation of *conventicles* were the only offences charged upon them. Taking the word *conventicle* for the place of meeting—these conventicles were so many private rooms, the small apartments of the several poor students; for poor they were. The congregation consisted of these same poor and too pious students, with the occasional addition of one and the same ancient female. The offence consisted in neither more nor less than the reading and talking over the Bible. The heresy consisted in this—viz., that, upon being, by persons sent to examine them, questioned on the subject of the Thirty-nine Church of England Articles, the sense which they put upon these same Articles was found to be in some instances different from the sense put upon these same Articles by those their interrogators."—After having forcibly depicted the iniquity of this sentence, he proceeds thus:—"By the sentence by which those readers of the Bible were thus expelled from the University, that affection which at its entrance had glowed with so sincere a fervour—my reverence for the Church of England, her doctrine, her discipline, her Universities, her ordinances, was expelled from my youthful breast. I read the controversy: I studied it: and, with whatsoever reluctance, I could not but acknowledge the case to stand exactly as above. Not long after—for at my entrance, that immaturity of age, which had excused me from the obligation of signature, had excused me from the necessity of perjury)—not long after came the time for attaching my signature to the *Thirty-nine Articles*. Understanding that of such signature the effect and sole object was—the declaring, after reflection, with solemnity and upon record, that the propositions therein contained were, in my opinion, every one of them true; what seemed to me a matter of duty was—to examine them in that view, in order to see whether that were really the case. The examination was unfortunate. In some of them, no meaning at all could I find; in others, no meaning but one, which, in my eyes, was but too plainly irreconcilable either to reason or to Scripture. Communicating my distress to some of my fellow collegiates, I found them sharers in it. Upon inquiry, it was found that among the fellows of the College there was one to whose office it belonged, among other things, to remove all such scruples. We repaired to him with fear and trembling. His answer was cold; and the substance of it was—that it was not for uninformed youths, such as we, to presume to set up our private judgments against a public one, formed by some of the holiest as well as best and wisest men that ever lived. When, out of the multitude of his attendants, Jesus chose twelve for his



Apostles, by the men in office he was declared to be possessed by a devil; by his own friends, at the same time, he was set down for mad. The like fate, were my conscience to have showed itself more scrupulous than that of the official casuist, was before my eyes. Before the eyes of Jesus stood a comforter—his Father—an Almighty one. Before my weak eyes stood no comforter. In my father, in whom in other cases I might have looked for a comforter, I saw nothing but a tormentor: by my ill-timed scruples, and the public disgrace that would have been the consequence, his fondest hopes would have been blasted, the expenses he had bestowed on my education bestowed in vain. To him, I durst not so much as confess those scruples. I signed: but by the view I found myself forced to take of the whole business, such an impression was made, as will never depart from me but with life."

Mr. Bentham entered upon his profession with a prospect amounting almost to a certainty of the highest success. His father's practice and influence as a solicitor were considerable, and his (the son's) draughts of bills in equity were at once distinguished for their superior execution. In one of his pamphlets ("Indications respecting Lord Eldon") Mr. Bentham thus notices the circumstances which led to his retirement from the Bar:—

"By the command of a father, I entered into the profession, and, in the year 1772, or thereabouts, was called to the Bar. Not long after, having drawn a bill in Equity, I had to defend it against exceptions before a Master in Chancery. 'We shall have to attend on such a day,' said the solicitor to me, naming a day a week or two distant; 'warrants for our attendance will be taken out for two intervening days; but it is not customary to attend before the third.' What I learnt afterward was—that though no attendance more than *one* was ever bestowed, *three* were on every occasion regularly charged for; for each of the two falsely pretended attendances, the client being by the solicitor charged with a fee for himself, as also with a fee of 6s. 8d. paid by him to the Master: the consequence was—that for every attendance, the Master, instead of 6s. 8d., received 1£; and that, even if inclined, no solicitor durst omit taking out the three warrants instead of one, for fear of the not-to-be-hazarded displeasure of that subordinate judge and his superiors. True it is, the solicitor is not under any *obligation* thus to charge his client for work not done. He is, however, sure of *indemnity* in doing so: it is accordingly done of course. \* \* \* These things, and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and, as soon as I could obtain my father's permission, I did so: I found it more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them, than to profit by them."

Between Mr. Bentham's coming of age, and the commencement of the French Revolution—a period of nearly twenty years—he was thrice on the Continent, and every time resided chiefly in Paris. In his second visit to the Gallic capital, he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated but unfortunate Brissot, then better known by the name of Wanville, and who soon after that period produced the following powerful sketch of him:—

"If the reader has ever endeavoured to picture in his imagination those rare men whom Heaven sometimes sends upon the earth to console mankind for their sufferings, and who, under the imperfections of the human form, conceal the brightness of an ethereal nature, such men, for example, as Howard or Benezet—he may perhaps conceive some idea of my friend Bentham. Candour in the countenance, mildness in the looks, serenity upon the brow, calmness in the language, coolness in the movements, imperturbability united with the keenest feelings; such are his qualities." In describing Howard to me one day, he described himself. Howard had devoted himself to the reform of prisons, Bentham to that of the laws which peopled those prisons. Howard said nothing, thought of nothing, but prisons; and to better their condition, renounced all pleasures, all spectacles. Bentham has imitated this illustrious example. Selecting the profession of the law, not with the design of practising it, or of acquiring honours and gaining money, but for the purpose of penetrating to the roots of the defects in the jurisprudence of England—a labyrinth through the intricacies of which none but a lawyer can penetrate—and having descended to the bottom of this Trophonian cavern, Bentham was desirous, before proposing his reforms, of rendering himself familiar with the criminal jurisprudence of the other nations of Europe. But the greater number of these codes were accessible only in the language of the people whom they governed. What difficulties can deter the man who is actuated by a desire to promote the public good? Bentham successively acquired nearly the whole of those languages. He spoke French well; he understood the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and I myself saw him acquire the Swedish and the Russian. When he had examined all these wrecks of Gothic law, and collected his materials, he applied himself to the construction of a systematic plan of civil and criminal law, founded entirely upon reason, and having for its object the happiness of the human race. \* \*

\* This account was written by Brissot in the year 1793. The editor of the works of Brissot, in the year 1830, adds this commentary:—"A few years ago, Jeremy Bentham was in Paris. We had then the opportunity of ascertaining that the portrait which Brissot has given of him is by no means exaggerated. Never did a nobler countenance, or a more venerable head, present to the eye the material type of loftier virtues or a purer soul; nor

There were several strong points of resemblance between Brissot and Bentham, which will account for the warmth of their friendship; added to which, the aspects of the time gave occasion, first to a correspondence, and afterwards to a residence with each other, which tended much to strengthen their mutual attachment. It is well known that some few years before the French Revolution, Brissot fixed his abode in London, in prosecution of a design of conducting a periodical, entitled "A Universal Correspondence on Points interesting to the Welfare of Man and of Society." London was chosen as the centre, where information was to be collected from all points, and from which he could diffuse it in all directions through the medium of his publication. In this way, Brissot thought it possible to evade the restriction upon the press in France, and to illuminate that country by means of the more elastic press of England. The design, however, failed; and the cost of the experiment subjected Brissot to an arrest in London, from which he was freed by the generosity of a friend, generally supposed to be Mr. Bentham. When Brissot returned to Paris, and rose into popularity, he testified his gratitude to Mr. Bentham, by nominating him, without his consent or knowledge, a member of the Second National Assembly.

Between the years 1784 and 1788, Mr. Bentham took an extensive European tour. Leaving France by way of Montpellier, Marseilles, and Antibes, he sailed to Genoa, and thence to Leghorn. From Leghorn he passed with letters of introduction to Florence, and spent several days in the hospitable mansion of the late Sir Horace Mann, who had been for some years the British Envoy in that city. From Leghorn he resolved upon a passage to Smyrna, in a vessel owned and commanded by a captain with whom he had previously formed an intimate friendship in London. In the voyage, a storm drove the ship into a narrow straight, near the island of Mitelene, where she passed the night, and where, in the morning, he obtained a full view of the beautiful but ill-fated Isle of Scio. Mr. Bentham stayed three weeks at Scio, and thence proceeded in a Turkish ship to Constantinople, where he remained about double that time. His ultimate destination was Crechoff, in Russia, where his brother, Sir Samuel Bentham, was quartered as commandant of an independent battalion of a thousand men, and in which neighbourhood was the estate of the prime-minister of Russia, Prince Potemkin. Mr. Bentham reached his brother's house in the beginning of the year 1786; but, unfortu-

ately, the latter was on an excursion to Cherson, where he was detained for the defence of the country against the threatened invasion of the Capitan Pacha. With characteristic industry, Mr. Bentham sat down in his absent brother's study, and wrote his "Letters on the Usury Laws." There, also, he wrote the first portion of his "Panopticon." After about three years absence, he returned home through Poland, Germany, and the United Provinces, in February, 1788.

The death of his father, in 1792, left Mr. Bentham with a moderate fortune, and the free choice of his course of life; when he wholly abandoned all prospect of professional emoluments and honours, and devoted himself entirely to the composition of his laborious and valuable works.

Availing himself of the truce of Amiens, Mr. Bentham again visited Paris, in 1802, accompanied by Sir Samuel Romilly. At that very time M. Dumont was publishing Mr. Bentham's works in French.\* This circum-

\* Mr. Bentham became acquainted with M. Dumont during one of his visits to Bowood, the seat of the Marquess of Lansdowne. It was there that M. Dumont first proposed to become the editor of his MSS. on Legislation; and the result was, the celebrated "*Traité de Legislation Civile et Pénale*," in three volumes, of which above four thousand copies have been sold in Paris. The following passage, written by M. Dumont a few days before his death, shows the high opinion which he had formed of Mr. Bentham.

"What I most admire is, the manner in which Mr. Bentham has laid down his principle, the development he has given to it, and the vigorous logic of his inductions from it. The first book of the '*Traité sur la Législation*' is an act of reasoning upon this principle,—of distinguishing it from the false notions which usurp its place, of analysing evil, and of showing the strength of the legislator in the four sanctions—natural, moral, political, and religious. The whole is new, at least with regard to method and arrangement; and they who have attacked the principle generally, have taken good care not to make an especial attack upon the detailed exposition of the system. Egotism and materialism,—how absurd! Nothing but vile declamation, and insipid mummery. Look into the catalogue of pleasures for the rank which the author assigns to those of benevolence; and see how he finds in them the germ of all social virtue! His admirable '*Traité upon the indirect Means of preventing Crime*,' contains, among others, three chapters sufficient to pulverize all those miserable objections. One is on the cultivation of benevolence; another, on the proper use of the motive of honour; and the third, on the importance of religion when maintained in a proper direction; that is to say, of that religion which conduces to the benefit of society. I am convinced that Fenelon himself would have put his name to every word of this doctrine. Consider the nature and number of Mr. Bentham's works; see what a wide range he has taken in legislation; and is it not acknowledged that no man has more the character of originality, independence, love of public good, disinterestedness, and noble courage in braving the danger and persecutions which have more than once threatened his old age? *His moral life is as*

was so prodigious a reputation ever more justly merited. Bentham should not only be regarded as one of the profoundest lawyers that ever lived, but as one of those philosophers who have done most for enlightening the human race, and for the advancement of liberty in his own times."

stance considerably aided the purpose of his Parisian friends in electing him a member of the French Institute, to which he was eligible in consequence of the citizenship of France having previously been conferred upon him. When it is remembered that only three vacancies existed, and that one was reserved for the nomination of Buonaparte, then First Consul of France, Mr. Bentham's election must be considered as no slight proof of the estimation in which he was held by the savans of Paris. Nor were the circumstances which attended his last visit to the French capital, in 1825, when he went for the benefit of his health, less flattering. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm; and on casually visiting one of the supreme courts, the whole body of the advocates rose and paid him the highest marks of respect, and the Court invited him to the seat of honour.

The qualities which, in youth, formed the charm of Mr. Bentham's character, and which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, were truth and simplicity. Truth was deeply founded in his nature as a principle; it was devoutly pursued in his life as an object; it exercised, as we have seen, even in early life, an extraordinary influence over the operations of his mind and the affections of his heart; and it was the source of that moral boldness, energy, and consistency, for which, from the period of manhood to the close of life, he was so distinguished. There was nothing in the entire range of physical, moral, or legislative science; nothing whatever relating to any class of subjects that could be presented to his understanding; nothing, however difficult other men thought it, or pretended to think it, or with whatever superstitious, political, or religious reverence and awe they regarded, or affected to regard it; which he did not approach without fear; to the very bottom of which he did not endeavour to penetrate; the mystery regarding which he did not strive to clear away; the real, the whole truth of which, he did not aim to bring to light. Nor was there any consideration, whether of a personal nature or not, that could induce him to conceal any conclusion at which he had arrived, and of the correctness of which he was satisfied: even though, by the desertion of

friends and the clamour of foes, the very cause he advocated might to some have appeared to be endangered by his so doing. It was not possible to apply his principle to all the points and bearings of all the subjects included in the difficult and contested field of legislation, government, and morale; to apply it as he applied it, acutely, searchingly, profoundly, unflinchingly, without consequences at first view startlingly, if not appalling, even to strong minds and stout hearts. They startled not, they appalled not him, mind or heart. He had confidence in his guide; he was satisfied that he might go with unfaltering step wherever it led; and with unfaltering step he did go wherever it led. Hence his singleness of purpose; hence, in all his voluminous writings, in all the multiplicity of subjects which have come under his investigation, as well those which he has exhausted, as those which he has merely touched; as well those which are uncomplicated by sinister interests and the prejudices which grow out of them, as those which are associated with innumerable false judgments and wrong affections: hence, in regard to not one of them does a single case occur in which he has swerved from his principle, or faltered, or so much as shown the slightest indication of faltering, in the application of it.

On one occasion, the Emperor Alexander sent him a present by the hands of his ambassador: without opening the packet to see what it contained, Mr. Bentham politely declined accepting it. This was done, not from any personal disrespect towards the Emperor, but in order that he might feel himself perfectly unshackled, should he at any time have found it necessary to blame the acts of that Sovereign, or of his Government: it also prevented the world from suspecting him to be capable of being influenced by any such marks of court favour. The packet, it is supposed, contained a diamond ring.

That he might be in the less danger of falling under the influence of any wrong bias, he kept himself as much as possible from all personal contact with what is called the world. Had he engaged in the active pursuits of life—money-getting, power-acquiring pursuits—he, like other men so engaged, must have had prejudices to humour, interests to conciliate, friends to serve, enemies to subdue; and therefore, like other men under the influence of such motives, must sometimes have missed the truth, and sometimes have concealed or modified it. But he placed himself above all danger of this kind, by retiring from the practice of the profession for which he had been educated, and by living in a simple manner on a small income allowed him by his father: and when, by the death of his father, he at length came into the possession of a patrimony which secured him a moderate competence, from that moment he dismissed from his mind all further thought about his private fortune, and bent

*beautiful as his intellectual.* Mr. Bentham passes in England, whether with justice or not I am unable to determine, for the chief, I mean the spiritual chief, of the radical party. His name, therefore, is not in good repute with those in power, or those who see greater danger than advantages in a reform, especially a radical reform. I do not pretend to give an opinion either for or against; but it must be understood that he has never enjoyed the favour either of government or of the high aristocracy; and this must guide, even in other countries, those who desire not to commit themselves; for Mr. Bentham's ensign leads neither to riches nor to power."—Genevieve Editor's Preface to Dumont's 'Recollections of Mirabeau.'

the whole powers of his mind without distraction to his legislative and moral labours. Nor was he less careful to keep his benevolent affections fervent, than his understanding free from wrong bias. He surrounded himself only with persons whose sympathies were like his own, and whose sympathies he might direct to their appropriate objects in the active pursuits of life. Though he himself took no part in the active business of legislation and government, yet, either by personal communication or by confidential correspondence, he guided the minds of many of the most distinguished legislators and patriots, not only of his own country, but of all countries in both hemispheres. To frame weapons for the advocates of the reform of the institutions of his own country, was his daily occupation and his highest pleasure; and to him resorted, for counsel and encouragement, the most able and devoted of those advocates; while the patriots and philanthropists of Europe, as well as those of the New World,—the countrymen of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, together with the legislators and patriots of South America,—speak of him as a tutelary spirit, and declare the practical application of his principles to be the object and end of their labours.

While he availed himself of every means in his power of forming and cherishing a friendship with whoever, in any country, indicated remarkable benevolence; while Howard was his intimate friend—a friend delighted alike to find and to acknowledge in him a superior beneficent genius; while Romilly was not only the advocate of his opinions in the Senate, but the affectionate and beloved disciple in private; while for the youth Lafayette, his junior contemporary, he conceived an affection which, in the old age of both, was beautiful for the freshness and ardour with which it continued to glow; while there was no name in any country known and dear to Liberty and Humanity which was not known and dear to him, and no person bearing such name that ever visited England who was not found at his social board;—he would hold intercourse with none of any rank or fame, whose distinction was unconnected with the promotion of human improvement, and much less whose distinction arose from the zeal and success with which they laboured to keep back improvement. That the current of his own benevolence might experience no interruption or disturbance, he uniformly avoided engaging in any personal controversy; he contended against principles and measures, not men; and, for the like reason he abstained from reading the attacks made upon himself; so that the ridicule and scoffing, the invective and malignity, with which he was sometimes assailed, proved as harmless to him as to his cause. By the society he shunned, as well as by that which he sought, he endeavoured to render his social intercourse subservient to

the cultivation, to the perpetual growth and activity, of his benevolent sympathies.

With such care over his intellectual faculties and his moral affections, and with the exalted direction which he gave to both, his own happiness could not but be sure. Few human beings have enjoyed a greater portion of felicity; and such was the cheerfulness which this internal happiness gave to the expression of his countenance and the turn of his conversation, that few persons ever spent an evening in his society, however themselves favoured by fortune, who did not depart with the feeling of satisfaction at having beheld such an object of emulation. Even in his writings, in the midst of profound and comprehensive views, there oftentimes break forth a sportiveness and a humour, no less indicative of gaiety of heart, than the most elaborate and original of his investigations are of a master mind: but this gaiety was characteristic of his conversation, in which he seldom alluded, except in a playful manner, to the great subjects of his labours. A childlike simplicity of manner, combined with a continual playfulness of wit, made you forget that you were in the presence of the most acute and penetrating genius; made you conscious only that you were in the presence of the most innocent and gentle, the most consciously and singularly happy, of human beings. And from this, the true source of politeness, a benevolent and happy mind endeavouring to communicate the pleasure of which it is itself conscious, flowed those unobtrusive, but not the less real and observant, attentions, of which every guest perceived the grace and felt the charm. For the pleasures of the social board he had a relish as sincere, and perhaps as acute, as those who are capable of enjoying no others; and he partook of them freely, as far as they are capable of affording their appropriate good, without any admixture of the evils which an excessive indulgence in them is sure to bring. After dinner, it was his custom to enter with his disciple or friend (for seldom more than one, and never more than two, dined with him on the same day) on the discussion of the subject, whatever it might be, which had brought them together; and it was at this time also, that, in the form of dictation in relation to those subjects which admit of this mode of composition,—his disciple writing down his words as he uttered them,—he treated of some of the subjects which have occupied his closest attention, and in the investigation of which he has displayed the greatest degree of originality and invention.

He was capable of great severity and continuity of mental labour. For upwards of half a century he devoted seldom less than eight, often ten, and occasionally twelve hours of every day, to intense study. This was the more remarkable, as his physical constitution was by no means strong. His health, during the periods of childhood, youth, and adoles-



cence, was infirm; it was not until the age of manhood that it acquired some degree of vigour: but that vigour increased with advancing age; so that during the space of sixty years he never laboured under any serious malady, and rarely suffered even from slight indisposition; and at the age of eighty-four he looked no older, and constitutionally was not older, than most men are at sixty;\* thus adding another illustrious name to the splendid catalogue which establishes the fact, that severe and constant mental labour is not incompatible with health and longevity, but conducive to both, provided the mind be unanxious and the habits temperate.

He was a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of his hours, both of labour and of repose, was a matter of systematic arrangement; and the arrangement was determined on the principle that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. He did not deem it sufficient to provide against the loss of a day or an hour: he took effectual means to prevent the occurrence of any such calamity to him: but he did more; he was careful to provide against the loss even of a single minute; and there is on record no example of a human being who lived more habitually under the practical consciousness that his days are numbered, and that "the night cometh, in which no man can work."

The last days of the life even of an ordinary human being are seldom altogether destitute of interest; but when exalted wisdom and goodness have excited a high degree of admiration and love, the heart delights to treasure up every feeling then elicited, and every word in which that feeling was expressed. It had long been his wish that his friend Dr. Southwood Smith should be present with him during his last illness. There seemed to be on his mind an apprehension, that, among the organic changes which gradually take place in the corporeal system in extreme old age, it might be his lot to labour under some one, the result of which might be great and long-continued suffering. In this case, he knew that Dr. Smith would do every thing in his power to diminish pain and to render death easy; the contributing to the *euthanasia* forming, in Dr. Smith's opinion, as Mr. Bentham knew, no unimportant part of the duty of the physician. On the possible protraction of life, with the failure of the intellectual powers, he could not think without great pain; but it was only during his last illness, that is, a few weeks before his death, that any apprehension of either of these evils occurred to him. From the former he suffered nothing; and from the latter, as little as can be, unless when death is instantaneous. The serenity and cheerfulness of his mind,

when he became satisfied that his work was done, and that he was about to lie down to his final rest, was truly affecting. On that work he looked back with a feeling which would have been a feeling of triumph, had not the consciousness of how much still remained to be done, changed it to that of sorrow that he was allowed to do no more: but this feeling again gave place to a calm but deep emotion of exultation, as he recollected that he left behind him able, zealous, and faithful minds, that would enter into his labours and complete them.

The last subject on which he conversed, related to the permanent improvement of the circumstances of a family, the junior member of which had contributed in some degree to his personal comfort; thus exhibiting an affecting contrast between the selfishness and apathy so often the companions of age, and the generous care for the welfare of others, of which his heart was full.

Among the very last things which his hand penned, in a book of memoranda, in which he was accustomed to note down any thought or feeling that passed through his mind, for future revision and use, if susceptible of use, was found the following passage:—"I am a selfish man, as selfish as any man can be. But in me, somehow or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence. No other man is there upon earth, the prospect of whose sufferings would to me be a pleasurable one: no man is there upon earth, the sight of whose sufferings, would not, to me, be a more or less painful one: no man upon earth is there, the sight of whose enjoyments, unless believed by me to be derived from a more than equivalent suffering endured by some other man, would not be of a pleasurable nature rather than of a painful one. Such in me is the force of sympathy."

And this "force of sympathy" governed his very last hour of consciousness. Some time before his death, when he firmly believed he was near that last hour, he said to one of his disciples, who was watching over him,— "I now feel that I am dying: our care must be to minimize the pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths: it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone: you will remain with me, and you only; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount."

Such were his last thoughts and feelings; so perfectly, so beautifully, did he illustrate, in his own example, what it was the labour of his life to make others!

Mr. Bentham's death took place at his house in Queen's Square Place, Westminster, on the 6th of June, 1832. He was in the 85th year of his age.

A striking instance of Mr. Bentham's inviolable attention to the great interests of the human race remains to be told. He had a great regard for the science of medicine. He knew that the basis of medicine is anatomy,

\* The morbid changes observable in the body after death coincided with this. The state of the blood-vessels and of the viscera was that of a man of sixty years of age, rather than of eighty-five.

and that the only means of acquiring a knowledge of anatomy is through dissection. He had an utter contempt of the prejudices which withhold the means of pursuing dissection. He was satisfied that there was but one way of putting those prejudices down; and that is, that those who are above them should prove it by giving their own bodies for dissection. He therefore determined to set the example. He was aware of the difficulties that might obstruct his purpose: he provided against them. He chose three friends, to whom he was tenderly attached, and on whose firmness he thought he might rely. He prepared them for opposition, and even for obloquy. He asked them whether their affection for him would enable them to brave whatever portion of either, or of both, might fall to their share in carrying his wish into effect. They assured him, that neither opposition nor obloquy should deter them from performing what he required to the letter. "Then," said he, "I charge you, by your affection for me, to be faithful to this pledge." They were faithful; and Mr. Bentham's body was, in consequence, transferred to the Webb Street School of Anatomy and Medicine; at which place Dr. Southwood Smith delivered an admirable lecture over it, on the 9th of June 1832.\* From that lecture, with the addition of a few paragraphs from other quarters, and some obliging communications from a gentleman intimately acquainted with Mr. Bentham, we have derived the foregoing memoir; and from that lecture we subjoin an able and comprehensive view of the great practical principle which directed all Mr. Bentham's efforts.

"Nature has placed mankind under the governance of two sovereign masters, Pain and Pleasure; these two masters govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think. It is for these sovereign masters to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we shall do. This their authority is secured in and by our very nature as sentient beings. Sentient beings are impelled to action either by their sensations, or by the copies of their sensations, termed ideas. Sentient beings do and must prefer the state of pleasurable sensations, and the presence of pleasurable ideas,

\* This disposal of his body, by the deceased, was not, however, a recent act. By a will dated as far back as the year 1769, it was left for the same purpose to his friend Dr. Fordyce. The reason at that time assigned for this, is expressed in the following remarkable words:—"This my will and special request I make, not out of affectation of singularity, but to the intent and with the desire that mankind may reap some small benefit in and by my decease, having hitherto had small opportunities to contribute thereto while living." By a memorandum affixed to this document, it is clear that it had undergone his revision as lately as two months before his death, and that this part of it was deliberately and solemnly confirmed.

to the state of painful sensations, and the presence of painful ideas. Sentient beings seek, as the ultimate object and end of all their actions, the attainment of the former and the avoidance of the latter. Man is governed by the same law as all other sentient creatures. The only actual, as well as the only right and proper end of action, in every individual man, is the ultimate attainment of his own greatest happiness: the all-comprehensive, as well as the only right and proper end of the social union, or of the combination of individual men into that great aggregate which constitutes a community, is the attainment of the maximum of the aggregate of happiness—the attainment of the maximum of the aggregate of happiness by the attainment of the maximum of individual happiness.

"This, then, is the principle which this philosopher assumed as the standard of, and the guide to, every thing that is good in relation to human beings—CONDUCTIVENESS TO THE MAXIMUM OF THE AGGREGATE OF HAPPINESS. This principle he laid down as the foundation on which to establish morals, legislation and government."

"Now, what the principle of gravitation is to the whole field of physical science, the principle of felicity is to the whole field of moral science; and what Newton did when he discovered that the countless phenomena of the physical world have the former for their cause and governance, that Bentham did when he discovered that the countless phenomena of the moral world would have the latter for their cause and governance. As Newton saw that the apple falls from the tree to the ground by the operation of the same power that moves the planets in their course, so Bentham saw that, as his own greatest happiness at each moment is the only actual end of action in every sentient creature, so it is the pursuit of this end that can alone secure the maximum of the aggregate of happiness. In the former principle the great philosopher of physical nature discovered the source and the solution of all the complicated phenomena that fixed his delighted attention on the earth and in the heavens. In the latter principle, the great philosopher of human nature discovered the sure and certain guide to the attainment of the ultimate object of all sound morality, all wise legislation, and all good government—the improvement of the human being, the security and augmentation of human enjoyment. The principle of gravitation was known before Newton lived, but the extent of its operation was not perceived: the grand benefit which this philosopher achieved for the science of physics was, that he showed this principle to

"\* This principle is designated 'the Greatest Happiness Principle'; and it is called 'all comprehensive,' because it includes every interest of every individual. It is also termed 'the Principle of Felicity'; a much better name for it than 'Utility,' by which also it is, perhaps, the most commonly denominated."

be what it really is, all-comprehensive; that he applied it not only to the exposition of the phenomena observable in all bodies in the immediate neighbourhood of the earth, but also to the exposition of the phenomena observable in the heavenly bodies; that he assumed it as the great cause not only of the motions and situations of the several component parts of bodies, but also as the great cause of the motions and situations of all bodies whatsoever, considered as wholes, or each in its totality. In like manner, the fact that every sentient being aims in all his actions at his own greatest happiness, and that the object of enlightened benevolence is to promote and secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number, was known and recognised before Bentham wrote; but the grand benefit which this philosopher achieved for the science of morals was, that he demonstrated this principle to be what it really is, but what it had never before been recognised as being, all-comprehensive; the sole foundation of morals, the sole test of every thing that is good, and of every thing that is evil, in individual or private conduct, in legislative enactment, in the form or the measures of government—in a word, in the totality of human aim and action.

"The discovery and application of the true physical law at the foundation of all physical phenomena, has produced a total revolution in the philosophy of physics. The discovery and application of the true psychological law, equally at the foundation of all mental phenomena, is destined to produce a like revolution in the philosophy of morals. Before the principle announced by Newton, as affording the true exposition of the constitution and motion of all physical bodies, has already fallen every other theory, how remote soever the antiquity in which it took its origin, how plausible soever the solution it gave of apparent but deceptive phenomena, how great soever the ability with which it had been defended, and the authority by which it had been sanctioned: before the principle announced by Bentham, as affording the only true theory, and directing to the only right and proper object and end of morals, legislation, and government, is destined to fall every institution, however ancient, how much soever eulogised, how deeply soever venerated, by whomsoever pronounced to be the perfection of human reason, which is not really conducive to human happiness; every law, constitutional, civil, and penal, with whatever danger to partial and sinister interests its abrogation may be pregnant, which is not conducive to security, to liberty, and to justice; every mode of procedure in the administration of the law, which does not render justice accessible, speedy, and cheap—which does not minimise delay, vexation, and expense; every rule of conduct, whether relating to public or to private life, the observance of which does not tend to educe from the source of pleasure it is intend-

ed to regulate and control, the largest obtainable amount of felicity, and to exclude, in the completest degree, the corresponding pain with which almost every pleasure is but too apt to be linked; every sanction, physical, judicial, moral, and religious, which does not secure, at the smallest cost of suffering, the most perfect and uniform conformity of the general will and action to the appointed rule.

"And, in like manner, upon this same principle, will ultimately be established whatever institution, law, procedure, rule and sanction, human sagacity and experience may prove to be productive of happiness and exclusive of misery, however its adoption may be obstructed for a time by ignorance, by sinister interest, and by prejudice growing out of such interest.

"And had the human mind applied itself with all its faculties, with all the energy which those faculties are capable of putting forth, with sincerity of purpose, and with perseverance, to the adoption of institutions, laws, procedures, rules, and sanctions, having such, and only such ends in view; had it devoted itself to this pursuit, from that point of civilization in the history of our race which is compatible with labour of this sort, up to the present hour, what would now have been the condition of human society? What would now have been the amount of obtainable felicity—felicity actually and hourly enjoyed by the millions of human beings that make up that vast aggregate!

"If, in every community, in proportion as it advanced in civilization, every institution, constitutional and social; every law, civil and penal; every mode of procedure, judicial and criminal; every rule of action, public and private; every sanction, physical, penal, moral, and religious; had been framed with the sole purpose of securing 'the greatest happiness of all its members,—the greatest happiness of all of them, without exception, in as far as possible, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number of them on every occasion in which the nature of the case renders the provision of an equal quantity of happiness for every one of them impossible;' framed with this view, with all the intellectual power which might have been engaged in this service, aided by all the experience accumulated from generation to generation, and to the stores of which every hour of every day must, without ceasing, add; framed, that is, with all the wisdom at all times at command, wisdom necessarily approximating to perfection, with the progression of time;—had this been done, not to speak of new sources of pleasure which might, and which probably would have been opened, but of which we have now no conception; not to speak of new creations of felicity, the existence of which, however within the range of possibility, must be admitted to be imaginary, until actually in existence; not to speak of any pleasures, the reality and the value of which are

not well known and duly appreciated; had the real, the uniform purpose, been what I have been supposing, how many pleasures, now within the reach only of the few, would then have been in the possession of the many; and how many pains, from which only the few have now the means of security, would then have been averted from all!

"The contrast thus presented to the mind, between the condition of the great mass of human beings as it is, as it might have been, and as it actually would have been, had legislators and moralists aimed at the right end, and pursued it with singleness and sincerity, will be contemplated by every man with a degree of pain proportioned to the strength of his understanding, and the intensity of his sympathy.

"At an age when the intellectual power which he felt within him was in its freshness—when the moral affections which warmed his heart were unchilled by contact with the world—when the affectionate sympathy for his fellow-beings, which formed so large a part of his consciousness, and which subsequently became the ruling passion of his life, was in its first ardour, this contrast, in its full force, was brought before the view of this illustrious man. Destined by the will of his father to the study and practice of the English law, he commenced the study, and entered on the practice. But what was the position in which he found himself placed? What, when examined by a simple and clear understanding—what when the practical operation of it came to be witnessed by a pure and benevolent heart—was the English law? Like every one else, for ages past, he had been told that it was the perfection of human reason. According to those who taught it, according to those who practised it, according to those who subsisted by it, according even to those who suffered by it—suffered evils countless in number and measureless in extent—it was matchless alike for the purity of its aims, and the efficiency of the means provided for their accomplishment; it was a fabric reared by the most exalted intellects; reared with incredible labour, through a long succession of ages, with a difficulty not to be estimated, yet with a skill so admirable, and a result so felicitous, as had never before been witnessed in any work merely human. The understanding that did not bow down before it, that did not worship it with prostrate reverence, was low and base; the hand that was raised to touch so much as a single particle of it, to change it, was profane. It was the master-production of the matured, experienced, and virtuously disposed human mind; it was the wonder and perfection of civilization; it gave to this blessed country that amazing amount of felicity, by the enjoyment of which its people have been so long distinguished from all other people in the world, making them the glory of the earth, the envy of the surrounding nations.

"Such was the language universally held,

and the doctrine universally inculcated; and that not merely with religious ardour, but with enthusiast zeal; and inculcated alike from the humble desk of the village school, and the pulpit, the bar, the bench, the senate, and the throne.

"And yet the English law thus idolized, when the substance of it came to be examined by a simple and clear understanding—when the mode of administering it came to be witnessed by a pure and benevolent heart—what was it found to be? The *substantive* part of it, whether as written in books or expounded by judges, a chaos, fathomless and boundless; the huge and monstrous mass being made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuitry, irregularity, and inconsistency: the *administrative* part of it, a system of exquisitely contrived chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system which constantly places the interest of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty, that in the very proportion in which it serves his ends, it defeats the end of justice; a system of well authorized and unpunishable depredation; a system which encourages mendacity, both by reward and by punishment; a system which puts fresh arms into the hands of the injurer, to annoy and distress the injured;—in a word, a system which maximises delay, sale, and denial of justice

"'Shall I hold up this vile system?' said this just and benevolent man. 'Shall the prospect of obtaining wealth, shall the hope of being what is called rewarded with titles and honours, tempt me to assist in perpetuating it? Shall I do what in me lies to extend the wide-spread misery which flows from it? No. I will exhibit it in its true shape; I will strip off the veil of mystery which has so long concealed its deformity; I will destroy it. I will do more. For this chaos I will substitute order; for this darkness, light; for this evil, good. THE MAXIMUM OF THE AGGREGATE OF HAPPINESS—by this test I will try evil and good; this shall be my standard, this my guide. I will survey the entire range of human feelings and volitions—such, at least, as can assume the shape of actions; and as they pass in review before me, I will determine by this rule what shall be sanctioned, and what prohibited. I will rear the fabric of felicity by the hands of reason and of law!'

"With powers of mind fitted for an undertaking thus stupendous, such as in no age or country had ever before been equalled, or even so much as approached; with an ardour and energy such as in no cause, bad or good, had ever been surpassed; he betook himself to the accomplishment of this work. No difficulty stopped him; no danger appalled him; no labour exhausted him; no temptation, whether assuming the shape of good or of evil, moved him; fortune he disregarded; the pursuit of what is called pleasure he renounced; praise could as little bend him from his course, as blame could check it; human

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fear, human favour, had no control, no influence over him; human happiness was his object, judicial institution his means; and the completeness with which he has succeeded in developing the means, is comparable only to the beneficence of the end.

"In order to create, it was necessary that he should destroy; in order to build up, it was necessary that he should pull down; in order to establish law as it ought to be, it was necessary that he should demolish law as it is. Alone he went to the assault—alone he carried it on; every weapon, every mode of attack—ridicule, reasoning, invective, wit, eloquence, sarcasm, declamation, demonstration—all were pressed into his service, and each in its turn became in his hands a powerful instrument. His efforts were regarded first with astonishment, next with indignation. When he was no longer looked upon as a madman, he was hated as an enemy. He was endeavouring to subvert the most glorious of human institutions—institutions which had raised his country to the highest pinnacle of power and happiness—institutions which time, and the experience which time matures, had shown to be at least the nearest approach to perfection which the wit of man had ever devised. Such declarations (and such declarations were made in abundance, and were reiterated with all the eloquence which large bribes given now, and larger bribes promised in future, could secure) did but redouble his efforts to expose the delusion; to show that reason had seldom any thing to do in the construction of the institutions thus idolised; that they seldom aimed at the right end, and still seldom provided adequate means to accomplish the end even as far as the aim was right. Long and earnestly did he labour without any apparent effect; but at last some impression was made; the scales fell from the eyes of men of powerful intellects in commanding stations; the imposture became palpable; the monstrous idolatry before which men had allowed their understandings and their affections to fall prostrate, was seen in its true shape. A revulsion of feeling followed. Point after point was submitted to rigorous examination. Champion after champion stood forth in defence of each; champion after champion was driven from his position, however impregnable he thought it: and now, scarcely a single champion remains. The cumbrous fabric is abandoned; it totters to its fall; it is undermined; it is known to be so. The general admission is, that the law of England, as it is, cannot stand; that it must be taken down and reconstructed. Glory to the hand that has destroyed it! Glory to the hand that has built up the beautiful structure reared in its place!

"I will endeavour, in few words, to give you some conception of the foundation of this new structure; of its main compartments; of its form, such as it has assumed in the hands

of its architect, now capable of no further labour. Happily, however, as you will see, what remains to complete the edifice can be furnished by other hands.

"Comprehending in his view the entire field of legislation, this legislator divided it into two great portions—internal law, and international law: internal law, including the legislative ordinances that concern an individual community; international law, those that concern the intercourse of different communities with each other. His chief labour was directed to the construction of an all-comprehensive system or code (that is, law written and systematic) of internal law. Under the term *PANOMION*, a term derived from two Greek words, signifying 'the whole body of the laws,' he has constructed such a code. This all-comprehensive code is divided into four minor codes: the constitutional, the civil, the penal, and the administrative. The constitutional code includes the several ordinances which relate to the form of the supreme authority, and the mode by which its will is to be carried into effect. The civil code includes the several ordinances which relate to the creation or constitution of rights, and is termed the *right-conferring* code. The penal code includes the several ordinances which relate to the creation or constitution of offences, and is termed the *wrong-repressing* code. The administrative code includes the several ordinances which relate to the mode of executing the whole body of the laws, and is termed the code of procedure. *CONDUCTIVENESS TO THE MAXIMUM OF THE AGGREGATE OF HAPPINESS*—that is the end in view. Each code is a distinct instrument especially adapted to secure this end. Each code has not, indeed, been left by him in a state of completeness; but in no part of either, as far as it has been developed, is place given to a single enactment which has not for its object, immediately or remotely, the production of pleasure and the exclusion of pain. In no part, either of what he has himself done, or marked out to be done by others, is any thing commanded—in no part is any thing forbidden—but as it is, and in as far as it is, conducive to or subversive of happiness;—no constitutional provision, determining the form of the government and the mode of its operation—no action, bearing the seal of approbation or disapprobation, selected as the subject of reward or of punishment—which is not brought to this standard and tried by this test. It is only as the details under these two great divisions are studied, that it is possible to form a conception of the steadiness with which this end is kept in view, and the wisdom with which the means devised are adapted to secure it. To the civil code he has done the least; but even of this he has laid the foundation, and provided important materials for building up the fabric. For the constitutional code he has done enough to render its completion compa-

ratively easy; while the all-important branches of Offences, of Reward and Punishment, of Procedure, of Evidence, have been worked out by him with a comprehensiveness and minuteness which may be said to have exhausted these subjects, and to have left little or nothing in relation to them for any other man to do or to desire.

"But his labours did not terminate here. He found the science of morals in the same state of darkness as that of legislation. The Fitness of Things, the Law of Nature, Natural Justice, Natural Equity, Good Order, Truth, the Will of God—such were the tests of good and evil, the standards of right and wrong, heretofore assumed by moralists. Every different moralist had a different fancy which he made his standard, and a different taste which he made his test of good or evil; and the degree of conformity or non-conformity to that taste, the indication of the degree of desert; and consequently the measure of reward and punishment.

"But by establishing the foundation of morals on the principle of felicity; by showing that every action is right or wrong, virtuous or vicious, deserving of approbation or disapprobation, in proportion to its tendency to increase or to diminish the amount of happiness, this philosopher supplied what was so much needed in morals—at once an infallible test and an all-powerful motive. Happiness is the standard and the test, happiness is equally the motive; can there be, if this be not, a certain test? can there be, if this be not, an all-powerful motive? Conduciveness to happiness—this it is that constitutes the goodness of an action; this it is that renders an action a duty; this it is which supplies a motive to the performance of duty not to be resisted. I am satisfied that a particular course of conduct will conduce to my happiness: do I need any other inducement to make me pursue that course? can I resist the influence of this inducement? No. As long as this is my conviction, as long as this conviction is present to my mind, it is no more possible for me to refrain from pursuing the course of conduct in question, than it is possible for my body to refuse to obey the l.w of gravitation.

"The object of the science of morals, then, is to show what is really conducive to happiness; the happiness of every individual man; the happiness of all men taken together, considered as forming one great aggregate; the happiness of all beings whatever, that are capable of the impression: for the science, in its enlarged sense, embraces not only the human race, but the whole of the sentient creation.

"According to the felicitarian philosophy, there is no contrariety, and there never can be any real contrariety, between happiness and duty. In the true and comprehensive sense of those terms, happiness and duty are identical; always so; and always necessarily

so. They do not always appear to be so; but it is the business of the moralist to show, that whenever an apparent contrariety exists, the appearance is delusive. When he has accomplished this, he has effected his end; because, when he has accomplished this, my will, my action as necessarily follows in the direction which it is his purpose to guide it, as a stone projected from the earth necessarily falls to the earth again.

"And the apparent contrariety between happiness and duty—from what does it arise? Either from the representation of that as happiness which is not happiness, or from the representation of that as duty which is not duty. And what is at the bottom of this misrepresentation? Either I take into view *only* my own gratification, to the exclusion of the gratification of others; or I take into view *only* my *immediate* gratification, to the exclusion of a higher gratification at some future period; or I commit both errors at once. Now, it is the business of the moralist to prevent me from falling into either; to make me acquainted with the cases in relation to which the gratification of others is essential to my own—in relation to which my own gratification must necessarily flow from the gratification of others—in relation to which, if I attempt to pursue my own gratification, without taking into account the gratification of others, and more especially at the expense of their gratification, instead of securing happiness to myself, I shall be sure to involve myself in suffering: to make me acquainted in like manner with the cases in relation to which it is necessary that I should take a comprehensive view of happiness; that I should consider not merely the pleasure of the moment or the hour, but the pleasure of the year, or the remainder of my life. To make these matters as clear to my understanding as the light of day is visible to my eye, is the business of the moralist; often, no doubt, a difficult task, because, although the connexion between a certain course of conduct, and happiness and misery, may be quite as real and quite as invariable as that between light and vision, yet, not being so immediate, the invariableness of the sequence is not so clearly seen by the mind. To bring this sequence out from the obscurity in which it may be involved, and to make it manifest; to discover and to show what moral antecedents are invariably followed by what moral sequents; to establish in the mind a conviction of this invariableness of connexion between the one and the other;—this is the province of the moralist. As he multiplies the antecedents and sequents, in regard to which he makes out the fact that there is this invariableness of relation, he enlarges his science; in proportion to the completeness with which he fixes in the mind a conviction of this relation, he fulfils its end.

"It is this which our great legislator and moralist ever kept steadily in view. What-

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ever it is for a man's happiness to do, or to abstain from doing, that, as a legislator, he commands or forbids; whatever it is for a man's happiness to do, or to abstain from doing, that, as a moralist, he makes it his duty to pursue or to avoid.

"In selecting, as a legislator, the subjects of reward and punishment, he is invariably guided by this principle,—that if, by misrepresentation of consequences, by erroneous reasoning, or by fear of punishment, whether physical, moral, political, or religious, a man be prohibited from the enjoyment of any real pleasure, from whatever source derived, an injury is inflicted upon him equal in amount to the balance of pleasure of which he is deprived. For this reason, in no single instance, in any law proposed by him, is any thing commanded, which is not, in some shape or other, conducive to pleasure; nor any thing forbidden, which is not, in some shape or other, conducive to pain.

"In like manner, in deciding, as a moralist, what is proper or improper, right or wrong, virtuous or vicious, he is guided by the principle, that every one must determine from his own experience what is pleasurable and what is painful; that no one has a right to insist, that what is gratification to him, and *only* what is gratification to him, shall be gratification to another; that for any man, in the capacity of a moralist, to say—'If I do this, I shall get no preponderance of pleasure; but if you do this, you may get a preponderance of pleasure, yet it is not proper that you should do it,' is absurdity: that if such moralist apply evil in any shape to prevent the act, it is injustice and injury; that if he call in the powers of government to prevent the act, it is tyranny: that nevertheless there are pleasures which are pure, that is, unmixed with pain; pleasures which are lasting; pleasures which are cumulative, the very capacity for enjoying them continually increasing with the indulgence: that these are the truest, because the greatest pleasures; that these deserve the most careful cultivation: but that to imagine that any pleasure can come from a bad source; that whatever yields pleasure, that is, *preponderance* of pleasure, is not good—good for that reason, and in that proportion;—is to despise one pleasure because it is not another, to despise a smaller pleasure because it is not a greater; which is absurd. What a cultivation of happiness is here! What true husbandry of it! What a thorough rooting-out of the tares so often sown with the wheat while the legislator and the moralist have slept!"

Mr. Bentham's works were published in the following order:—

A Fragment on Government; being an Examination of what is delivered on the subject in Blackstone's Commentaries. 1776. 8vo.

A View of the Hard Labour Bill; being an Abstract of a Pamphlet entitled, "Draught of

a Bill to punish by Imprisonment and Hard Labour certain Offenders; and to establish proper Places for their Reception." Interspersed with Observations relative to the subject of the above Draught in particular, and to Penal Jurisprudence in general. 1778.

As Essay on the Usefulness of Chemistry, translated from the original of Bergman. 1783.\*

Defence of Usury; showing the Impolicy of the present legal Restraints on the Terms of Pecuniary Bargains. In a series of Letters to a friend. To which is added, a Letter to Adam Smith, Esq., L.L.D., on the Discouragement opposed by the above Restraints to the Progress of inventive Industry. 1787.

Letter to a Member of the National Convention. 1787.

An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation. 4to. Printed in 1780; published in 1789.

Draught on a new Plan for the Organization of the Judicial Establishments in France. 1790.

Panopticon, or the Inspection-house; containing the idea of a new principle of construction, applicable to any sort of establishment in which persons of any description are to be kept under inspection, with a plan of management adapted to the principle. 1791. 2 vols. 8vo.†

Essay on Political Tactics; containing six of the principal rules proper to be observed by a political assembly, in the process of forming a decision, with the reasons on which they are grounded, and a comparative application of them to British and French practice; being a fragment of a larger work, a sketch of which is subjoined. 1791. 4to.

Truth versus Ashurst; or, Law as it is, contrasted with what it is said to be. Written in December, 1792; printed 1823.

\* Mr. Bentham was at one time passionately fond of chemistry, and formed one of a very small class who attended Dr. Fordyce's lectures in Essex Street. The progress of chemical knowledge, however, was so rapid, and required such constant attention, that Mr. Bentham was forced reluctantly to give up the pursuit, as he found it materially interfered with his more important studies. His love of botany he indulged in to the last, and took great delight in his garden, which, with the exception of those belonging to the king, is the most extensive in the metropolis.

† Mr. Pitt entertained the highest opinion of Mr. Bentham; and immediately abandoned a scheme of his own for meliorating the condition of our prisons, when Mr. Bentham's "Panopticon" was laid before him. Acts of Parliament were passed for the purpose of establishing this plan, but in the mean time George the Third discovered that Mr. Bentham had been his antagonist in a controversy in one of the newspapers, and refused to put his name to some document, to which his signature was essential. The Minister was unable to overcome the royal disinclination; in consequence, an Act of Parliament was passed to repeal former acts; and thus was a plan which promised to produce the most beneficial results entirely frustrated.

Supply without Burden; or, Escheat *vice* Taxation; 1795: to which was prefixed a Protest against Law Taxes, which had been printed in 1793.

Traité de Législation Civile et Pénale, publiées en François d'après les MSS. par Etienne Dumont. 3 vols. 8vo. 1802.

First and Second Letters to Lord Pelham; giving a comparative View of the System of Penal Colonization in New South Wales, and the Home Penitentiary System, prescribed by two acts of Parliament of the years 1794 and 1799.

A Plea for the Constitution; also directed against the New South Wales Colony, of which he recommended the abandonment. 1803.

Scotch Reform considered, with reference to the Plan proposed for the Courts and the Administration of Justice in Scotland, with Illustrations from English Non-Reform; in letters to Lord Grenville. 1808.

Defence of Economy against Burke. 1810 —17

Defence of Economy against the Right Honourable George Rose. 1810—17.

Elements of the Art of Packing as applied to Special Juries. 1810—21.

Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses, rédigée en François par Etienne Dumont. 2 vols. 1812.

On the Law of Evidence. 1813.

Essai sur la Tactique des Assemblées Politiques, par Dumont. 2 vols. 1816.

"Swear not at all;" containing an exposure of the needlessness and mischievousness, as well as anti-Christianity, of the ceremony of an oath, with proof of the abuses of it, especially in the University of Oxford. Printed 1813; published 1817.

Table of Springs of Action. Printed 1815. published 1817.

Chrestomathia. Part I. explanatory of a proposed school for the extension of the new system of instruction to the higher branches of learning, for the use of the middling and higher ranks of life, 1816. Part II. being an Essay on Nomenclature and Classification; including a critical examination of the Encyclopedical table of Lord Bacon, as improved by D'Alembert. 1817.

Plan of Parliamentary Reform, with Reasons for each Article; and an Introduction, showing the necessity of radical, and the inadequacy of moderate Reform. 1817.

Papers relative to Codification and Public Instruction; including Correspondence with the Russian Emperor, and divers constituted Authorities in the American United States. 1817.

The Rationale of Reward, 1825. Translated by a friend from M. Dumont's "*Traité des Récompenses*," as above, with the benefit of some parts of the original, which were in English.

Church-of-Englandism and its Catechism

examined; preceded by strictures on the exclusionary system, as pursued in the National Society's Schools; interspersed with parallel views of the English and Scottish Established Churches; and concluding with remedies proposed for abuses indicated; and an examination of the parliamentary system of Church Reform lately pursued, and still pursuing, including the proposed new churches. Printed 1817; published 1818.

Bentham's Radical Reform Bill; with reasons in notes. 1819.

Observations on the Restrictive and Prohibitory Commercial System, Especially with a reference to the Decree of the Spanish Cortes of July, 1820. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham, Esq. By John Bowring.

Three Tracts on Spanish and Portuguese Affairs. 1821.

Letters to Count Toreno, on the proposed Penal Code delivered in by the Legislation Committee of the Spanish Cortes, April 26, 1821; written at the Count's request. 1822.

Codification Proposal, addressed to all Nations professing liberal Opinions. 1822. Supplement, 1827.

Preuves Judiciaires, par Dumont. 2 vols. 1823.

Leading Principles of a Constitutional Code for any State. 1823.

The Book of Fallacies; from unfinished papers of Jeremy Bentham. By a Friend. 1824.

Rationale of Judicial Evidence, specially applied to English Practice. Five thick 8vo. volumes. 1827.

Indications respecting Lord Eldon. 1827.

Rationale of Punishment. 1829.

Constitutional Code, Vol. I. 1830.

Book of Church Reform. 1830.

Dispatch-Court proposal. 1830.

Official Aptitude maximised; Expense minimised. 1830.

Justice and Codification Petitions. 1830.

Jeremy Bentham to his French Fellow Citizens, on the Punishment of Death. 1831.

Jeremy Bentham to the French Chamber of Peers. 1831.

Parliamentary Candidates' Declaration of Principles. 1831.

On the Bankruptcy Bill; or, Lord Brougham displayed. 1832.

In the second volume of Mr. Barker's "*Parriana*," p. 1—40, is printed a letter of Mr. Bentham to Mr. Bowring, respecting John Lind, the celebrated writer; the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Forster, of Colchester; and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr. Five lively letters of Mr. Bentham to Dr. Parr are printed in Parr's *Life and Works*, vol. i. p. 548—550; vol. viii. p. 4—12.

Several of the most important works, such as the "*Traité de Legislation*," have been translated into most of the European languages. Two translations of the *Traité*s were published in Russia; one of them from the



Government press. Repeated proposals have been made to publish a complete edition of Mr. Bentham's works. A few weeks before his death, Prince Talleyrand, who at all times professed his high admiration of the author, made proposals to have a complete edition of all his works in French published in Paris.

In "The Examiner" of the 10th of June, 1832, appeared the following eloquent article, evidently from the pen of one intimately acquainted with Mr. Bentham and his works:—

"Jeremy Bentham is no more! In him, the world has lost the great Teacher and Patriarch of his time; the man who, of all men who were living on the day of his death, has exercised and is exercising over the fortunes of mankind the widest and most durable influence; and who is even now in some sort governing the world, although not yet recognised and looked up to as their leader by those who are daily obeying the impulse which he gave; no unusual fate of the real guides and rulers of mankind, especially in these latter days.

"Had such a man died at an earlier period of his life of usefulness, when much of his task yet remained for him to perform, and many years of possible existence to perform it in, there would have been room for sorrow and lamentation. It is one of the evils of the untimely death of a great man, that it mixes other feelings with those with which alone the thought of a departed sage or hero ought to be associated—joy and pride that our nature has been found capable of again producing such a man, and affectionate gratitude for the good which we and our posterity have received from him. Such feelings only can find a fitting place near the tomb of Jeremy Bentham; nor know we, since all must die, what happier or more glorious end could have been desired for him, than to die just now, after living such a life. He has died full of years, and (so far as regards all minds throughout the world, which are yet fitted for appreciating him) of honours. He has lived to see many of the objects of his life in a train of accomplishment, and the realization of the remainder rendered certain at no remote period. He has achieved the hardest, but the noblest of problems—that of a well-directed and victorious existence; and has now finished his work and lain down to rest.

"This is not the time for a complete estimate of the results of his labours. He is not like one of those who go to their grave and are no more thought of. The value of such a life to mankind, which is even now insensibly making itself acknowledged, will be felt more and more, as men shall become more capable of knowing the hand which guides them. Nor need we fear any lack of opportunities for commemorating what philosophy owes to him, when all which has been doing for ten years in English politics and legislation, and all which shall be done for twice ten more, pro-

claims and will proclaim his name and merits, in no inaudible voice, to all who can trace the influence of Opinion upon Events, and of a great mind upon Opinion. These things, however, are worthy of notice at the present hour, chiefly as they conduce to a due appreciation of his life; and under this aspect also, as under so many others, will they continue valuable, not for to-day or to-morrow only, but (so far as eternity can belong to any thing human) for ever.

"Let it be remembered what was the state of jurisprudence and legislation, and of the philosophy of jurisprudence and legislation when he began his career. A labyrinth without a clue—a jungle, through which no path had ever been cut. All systems of law then established, but, most of all, that in which he himself was nurtured, were masses of deformity, in the construction of which reason, in any shape whatever, had had little to do—a comprehensive consideration of ends and means, nothing at all: their foundation, the rude contrivances of a barbarous age, even more deeply barbarous in this than in aught else; the superstructure, an infinite series of patches, some larger, some smaller, stuck on in succession wherever a hole appeared, and plastered one over another, until the monstrous mass exceeded all measurable bulk, and went beyond the reach of the strongest understanding and the finest memory. Such was the practice of law: was its theory in any better state? And how could it be so? for of what did that theory consist, but either of purely technical principles, got at by abstraction from these established systems, (or rather, constructed, generally in utter defiance of logic, with the sole view of giving something like coherence and consistency in appearance to provisions which, in reality, were utterly heterogeneous,) or of vague cloudy generalities arbitrarily assumed *a priori*, and called laws of nature or principles of natural law.

"Such was existing jurisprudence; and that it should be such, was less surprising than the superstition by which, being such, it was protected. The English people had contrived to persuade themselves, and had, to a great degree, persuaded the rest of the world, that the English law, as it was when Mr. Bentham found it, was the perfection of reason. That it was otherwise, was the only political heresy which no one had been found hardy enough to avow. Even the English constitution you might (as you did it very gently) speak ill of,—but none the English law. Whig, Tory, and Democrat joined in one chorus of clamorous admiration, whenever the law or the courts of justice were the subject of discourse; and to doubt the merits of either, appeared a greater stretch of absurdity than to question the doctrine of gravitation.

"This superstition was at its height, when Mr. Bentham betook himself to the study of English law, with no other object than the

ordinary one of gaining his living by practising a liberal profession. But he soon found that it would not do for him, and that he could have no dealing or concern with it in an honest way, except to destroy it. And there is a deep interest now, at the close of his life, in looking back to his very first publication—the “Fragment on Government”—which appeared considerably more than half a century ago, and which exhibits, at that remote period, a no less strong and steady conviction than appears in his very latest production, that the worship of the English law was a degrading idolatry—that, instead of being the perfection of reason, it was a disgrace to the human understanding—and that a task worthy of him, or any other wise and brave man, to devote a life to, was that of utterly eradicating it, and sweeping it away. This, accordingly, became the task of his own existence: glory to him! for he has successfully accomplished it. The monster has received from him its death wound. After losing many a limb, it still drags on, and will drag on for a few years more, a feeble and exanimate existence; but it never will recover. It is going down rapidly to the grave.

“Mr. Bentham has fought this battle for now almost sixty years; the greater part of that time without assistance from any human being, except latterly what M. Dumont gave him in putting his ideas into French; and for a long time almost without making one human being a convert to his opinions. He exhausted every mode of attack: he assailed the enemy with every weapon, and at all points: now he fell upon the generalities, now upon the details; now he combated evil by stripping it naked, and showing that it was evil; and now by contrasting it with good. At length his energy and perseverance triumphed. Some of the most potent leaders of the public became convinced; and they, in their turn, convinced or persuaded others; until at last the English law, as a systematic whole, is given up by every body; and the question, with all thinking minds even among lawyers, is no longer about keeping it as it is, but only whether, in re-building, there be a possibility of using any of the old materials.”

“Mr. Bentham was the original mover in this mighty change. His hand gave the impulse which set all the others at work. To him the debt is due, as much as any other great work has ever been owing to the man who first guided other men to the accomplishment of it. The man who has achieved this, can afford to die. He has done enough to render his name for ever illustrious.

“But Mr. Bentham has been much more

“We mean the old technical terms and distinctions; for the substantive provisions of that, or any other system of law, must of course consist, in the far greater proportion, of things useful or objectionable.”

than merely a destroyer. Like all who discredit erroneous systems by arguments drawn from *principles*, and not from mere *results*, he could not fail, even while destroying the old edifice, to lay a solid foundation for the new. Indeed, he considered it a positive duty never to assail what is established, without having a clear view of what ought to be substituted. It is to the intrinsic value of his speculations on the philosophy of law in general, that he owes the greater part of his existing reputation; for by these alone is he known to his continental readers, who are far the most numerous, and by whom, in general, he is far more justly appreciated than in England. There are some most important branches of the science of law, which were in a more wretched state than almost any of the others when he took them in hand, and which he has so exhausted, that he seems to have left nothing to be sought by future inquirers; we mean the departments of Procedure, Evidence, and the Judicial Establishment. He has done almost all that remained to perfect the theory of punishment. It is with regard to (what is the foundation of) all the civil code, that he has done least, and left most to be done. Yet even here his services have been invaluable, by making far clearer and more familiar than they were before, both the ultimate and the immediate ends of civil law; the essential characteristics of good law; the expediency of codification, that is, of law *written* and *systematic*; by exposing the viciousness of the existing language of jurisprudence, guarding the student against the fallacies which lurk in it, and accustoming him to demand a more precise and logically constructed nomenclature.

“Mr. Bentham’s exertions have not been limited to the field of jurisprudence, or even to that of general politics, in which he ranks as the first name among the philosophic radicals. He has extended his speculations to morals, though never (at least in his published works) in any great detail; and on this, as on every other subject which he touched, he cannot be read without great benefit.

“Some of his admirers have claimed for him the title of founder of the science of morals, as well as of the science of legislation, on the score of his having been the first person who established the principle of general utility, as the philosophic foundation of morality and law. But Mr. Bentham’s originality does not stand in need of any such exaggeration. The doctrine of utility, as the foundation of virtue, he himself professes to have derived from Hume: he applied it more consistently, and in greater detail, than his predecessors; but the idea itself is as old as the earliest Greek philosophers, and has divided the philosophic world, in every age of philosophy, since their time. Mr. Bentham’s real merit, in respect to the foundation of morals, consists in his having cleared it more thoroughly

than any of his predecessors from the rubbish of pretended natural law, natural justice, and the like, by which men were wont to consecrate as a rule of morality, whatever they felt inclined to approve of, without knowing why.

"The most prominent moral qualities which appear in Mr. Bentham's writings, are love of justice, and hatred of imposture: his most remarkable intellectual endowments, a penetrating deep-sighted acuteness, precision in the use of scientific language, and sagacity and inventiveness in matters of detail. There have been few minds so perfectly original. He has often, we think, been surpassed in powers of metaphysical analysis, as well as in comprehensiveness and many-sidedness of mind. He frequently contemplates a subject only from one or a few of its aspects; though he very often sees further into it, from the one side on which he looks at it, than was seen before even by those who had gone all round it. There is something very striking, occasionally, in the minute elaborateness with which he works out, into its smallest details, one half-view of a question, contrasted with his entire neglect of the remaining half-view, though equally indispensable to a correct judgment of the whole. To this occasional one-sidedness, he failed to apply the natural cure; for, from the time when he embarked in original speculation, he occupied himself very little in studying the ideas of others. This, in almost any other than himself, would have been a fault; in him, we shall only say, that, but for it, he would have been a greater man.

"Mr. Bentham's style has been much criticised; and undoubtedly, in his later writings, the complicated structure of his sentences render it impossible, without some familiarity, to read them with rapidity and ease. But his earlier, among which are some of his most valuable productions, are not only free from this defect, but may even, in point of ease and elegance, be ranked among the best English compositions. Felicity of expression abounds even in those of his works which are generally unreadable; and volumes might be filled with passages selected from his later as well as his earlier publications, which, for wit and eloquence, have seldom been surpassed.

"Few persons have ever lived, whose lot in life, viewed on the whole, can be considered more enviable than that of Mr. Bentham. During a life protracted far beyond the ordinary length, he enjoyed, almost without interruption, perfect bodily health. In easy circumstances, he was able to devote his whole time and energies to the pursuits of his choice—those which exercised his highest faculties, moral and intellectual, and supplied him with the richest fund of delightful excitement. His retired habits saved him from personal contact with any but those who sought his acquaint-

ance because they valued it. Few men have had more enthusiastic admirers: and if the hack writers of his day, and some who ought to have known better, often spoke of him with ridicule and contempt, he never read them, and therefore they never disturbed his tranquillity. Along with his passion for abstruse studies, and the lively interest which he felt in public events, he retained to the last a child-like freshness and excitability, which enabled him to derive pleasure from the minutest trifles, and gave to his old age the playfulness, light-heartedness, and keen relish of life, so seldom found except in early youth. In his intercourse with his friends he was remarkable for gaiety and easy pleasantry; it was his season of relaxation; and in conversing he seldom touched upon the great subjects of his intellectual exertions."

For the following graphic description of Mr. Bentham, we are indebted to the kindness of a young friend:—

"The person of Mr. Bentham, during the latter years of his life, was eminently striking: simplicity was the main feature in his appearance; and that feature was so strongly impressed upon those who casually beheld him, as to trench somewhat on those bounds to which simplicity is so nearly allied. Who can read the 'Werther,' without feeling that it verges on the very borders of the ridiculous? and who, at the same time, is not softened into womanhood at the powerful picture of despair and hopelessness drawn in that simple garb? So it was with Mr. Bentham: there were persons who did not scruple to intrude upon the old man's privacy, for the purpose of drawing an unworthy caricature; but there were others who approached him with reverence, and who departed, as did the visitors of the Prophet of old, with peace in their hearts.

"I recollect well the day on which I first saw him. A parcel of us were playing at rackets in a small court attached to his grounds at Westminster, and we were also making a huge noise of laughter at the bad jokes of one who is now no more. Presently we heard a loud voice shout some words out of a window, which I misinterpreted into 'Don't make that noise,'—but which, when I enjoined quietness, were laughingly translated into 'D—e, you may come and make a noise;' meaning that his secretary, who was with us, might go and play on the organ, as the morning's studies were concluded. Shortly afterwards the old philosopher came out, leaning on the arm of his 'dear friend and quondam pupil,' R. D—e. His apparel hung easily about him; and consisted chiefly of a gray coat, light breeches, and white woollen stockings hanging loosely about his legs; whilst his venerable locks, which floated over the collar and down his back, were surmounted with a straw hat of most grotesque and indescribable shape, communicating to his appearance a strong

contrast to the quietude and sobriety of his general aspect. He winded round the walks of his garden at a pace somewhat faster than a walk, yet not quite so quick as a trot; his supporter having some little difficulty in keeping up with him. As he approached where I stood, D——e beckoned me to come forward, which I did; when he introduced me by name to his venerable instructor, who smiled upon me, and held out one of his hands, which I was only prevented from treating as subjects do those of emperors, by a feeling of false shame, lest my action should excite the ridicule of my racket companions. He spoke a few words to me and then passed on, leaving a trace on my mind of the most pleasing description, yet not untinged with melancholy at the thought that his career was so nearly concluded. I often saw him after that time; and was wont to take up a position in one corner of the grounds whence I could see him without being observed. I never looked upon his face without feeling the truth of the remark which has brought together the extremes of human life, and found a similitude between age and infancy. There was a settled expression of bland and pleasing thought, altogether free from any thing like the slightest indication of passion. He seemed to have passed through life unscathed by those turbulent feelings which result from an indulgence of the passions: the lines of his countenance were well defined and deeply engraved; but there was no scowl on the brow; there were no marks of contempt or scorn about the mouth: an open and somewhat laughing aspect seemed to intimate the quiet meditation in which his manhood and age had passed away. Yet was he by no means unapt, or unobservant of what passed around him. His table-talk partook largely of reminiscences of by-gone days, but he would now and then indulge in some lively sally upon those who were his guests. To one of them, a gentleman alike distinguished by the honesty and earnestness of his opinions, and by the talent with which he supports them with his pen, but to whose conversation Garrick's joke on Goldsmith might be applied—'He writes like an angel, but talks like poor poll'—he once said, whilst at table, 'J——, take that pen in your hand.' The pen was taken. 'There; now, J——, you're one of the cleverest fellows in England. Put it down.' The pen was laid down. 'There; now, J——, you're one of the greatest noodles I know of. Don't talk, J——, don't talk. Write! write!'

"He passed the evening of his days surrounded by friends and admirers, who were delighted to pay him that homage which was his due; and he sunk at last into the repose of the grave, with the conviction that his life had been useful to his fellow creatures, blameless to others, and pleasing to himself."

Mr. Bentham's will is dated the 30th of May, 1832, and is signed in a firm hand. He appoints Dr. Bowring, "who for these twelve

years or thereabouts has been my most intimate and confidential friend, my executor; and in the event of and during his incapacity, by reason of absence, infirmity, or any other cause, from taking possession of my effects or my body, I appoint my dear friend Edwin Chadwick, barrister-at-law, to officiate in his stead." He then gives directions in detail for the disposition of his body by his dear friend Dr. Southwood Smith, and by his executor, for the advancement of the medical science, to which we have already adverted. He gives to Dr. Bowring his interest in "The Westminster Review" and "whatever sum may be found requisite for the publication of a complete collection of all my works, and the completion of such of them as are not yet published." He also gives to Dr. Bowring all his manuscripts and books relating to finance, political economy, parliamentary reform, emancipation of the colonies, and Panopticon. He gives to his nephew, George Bentham, all his manuscripts relating to logic and nomography, and all his collections relating to language. He gives to his friend Edwin Chadwick all his books and works relating to jurisprudence and his collections for legislation, also his pamphlets on the poor laws; he gives him, moreover, a legacy of 100*l.* as one of his executors. He gives to his dear friend and quondam amanuensis and pupil, Richard Doane, barrister-at-law, all his books on English law, and also his organ. He gives to John Herbert Koe, barrister-at-law, one of his former amanuenses, the books which he had lent him, and which are now in his possession. The remainder of his books are left to the London University. He gives rings bearing his effigy, and containing portions of hair, to several of his friends and distinguished individuals, amongst whom are the following: La Fayette; Jose del Valle, formerly President of the Republic of Guatemala; M. Van der Weyer, Ambassador from his Belgic Majesty; Jean Baptiste Say, the French Political economist; Felix Bodin, Member of the Chamber of Deputies; Messrs. Bickersteth, Chadwick, Doane, and Tyrrel, barristers-at-law; Dr. Bowring; Dr. Southwood Smith; Dr. Arnot; General Miller; Mrs. Austin, wife of the Professor of Jurisprudence at the London University; Joseph Parkes, of Birmingham; Albany Fonblanque; Francis Place; John Stuart Mill, the son of the historian of British India; Col. Thompson; William Tait, of Edinburgh; and George Wheatly, of Whitehaven. A very handsome provision is made for his servants. His freehold property he leaves by the ordinary law of descent to go to his nephew: his leasehold and other property he leaves in equal shares to his nephew and his two nieces, the children of his late brother, Sir Samuel Bentham. In conclusion, he makes his nephew residuary legatee; charging him "to co-operate cordially with my executor, and lend him all the aid in his power in the execution of his trust."



From the same.

### CHARLES BUTLER, ESQ.\*

MR. BUTLER was celebrated for his great researches in the jurisprudence not only of this but of foreign countries. Few men surpassed him in the extent of his reading on legal subjects. He possessed a great power of illustrating the complex and difficult subject of our laws of real property. But the high reputation of this distinguished man was not based upon his professional attainments alone. He was an accomplished literary and scientific scholar. An ardent lover of freedom, he warmly sympathised with the oppressed people of Ireland; and during the latter years of Catholic exclusion gave practical proofs of the deep interest he felt in the struggle for religious toleration.

He was born on the 15th of August, 1750, at the house of his father, Mr. James Butler, who carried on the trade of a linen draper in Pall Mall. His uncle was the Reverend Alban Butler, the author of "The Lives of the Saints," and several other able works.

No one ever discovered a passion for literature at an earlier period of life. Bred up in the Roman Catholic religion, he was in the first instance sent for education to an academy kept by a Roman Catholic at Hammersmith, and afterwards removed to an English Catholic college in the university of Douay, under the care of secular priests. This was one of the seminaries of education, which, as education at home was denied them, the piety of the Roman Catholics founded on the Continent. Their design was to educate, for the ecclesiastical state, a succession of youths, who might afterwards be sent on the English mission; but the Catholic gentry availed themselves of these seminaries for the education of their children.

Having highly distinguished himself at Douay, Mr. Butler returned to England, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn in the year 1775. Soon afterwards he became the pupil of Mr. Holliday, well known as a conveyancer of that day. About this period he formed an intimate acquaintance with Lord Eldon; and it will be seen that that eminent person did not forget his early friend when he had an opportunity of serving him.

When Mr. Butler quitted the chambers of Mr. Holliday, the legal prospect for one holding his religious opinions was sufficiently bounded. A Roman Catholic could not be called to the bar, or hold any official situation whatever. Under these circumstances, Mr. Butler selected that branch of the law which he considered as most suited to his taste, and the exercise of his abilities, and commenced practice under the bar as a conveyancer; which part of the profession was then becoming particularly celebrated, and counted amongst its members the eminent names of Fearne, Booth, Duane, Shadwell, and others.

Mr. Butler soon obtained a very considerable practice, and acquired the esteem and respect of his profession: indeed his mild and conciliatory manners, his varied information, and his extensive knowledge, could not fail to make his acquaintance and friendship much sought for.

In the act Geo. 3, c. 32, (an act passed for the relief of the Catholics) a clause was inserted, § 6, as it is understood, by the instrumentality of Lord Eldon, then Solicitor-General, for dispensing with the necessity of a barrister taking the oath of supremacy, or the declaration against transubstantiation, substituting a declaration in another form. Soon after the passing of this act, Mr. Butler availed himself of its provisions, and in the year in which it was passed he was called to the bar; being the first Catholic barrister since the revolution in 1688. He took this degree, however, rather for the sake of the rank than with any intention of going into Court; and we believe that he never argued any case at the bar except the celebrated case of *Cholmondeley v. Clinton*, before Sir Thomas Plumer and the House of Lords; and his argument is reported at great length in the reports of Mr. Merivale and Messrs. Jacob and Walker, and the other reporters of that case. He had for a long period enjoyed a very large practice as a conveyancer: and his ability as a draftsman and chamber-counsel was universally acknowledged. Early in the year 1832, the Lord Chancellor informed him, that if he chose to accept a silk gown, he was desirous of giving it to him; and he was accordingly called within the bar, and made a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He took this honour, however, without any view to practice, and has, we believe, never appeared in Court, except on the day on which he received his rank, when the Lord Chancellor departed from the common rule, and complimented him on his advancement. This honour was thrown open to him by the Catholic Relief Act.

Mr. Butler was a very voluminous author. The following is a list of his principal publications;—

An anonymous "Essay on Houses of Industry," a pamphlet intended to ameliorate the condition of the poor. It was published in 1773; was written, at the request of Sir Harbord Harbord (afterwards Lord Suffield) and Mr. Chad, in reply to a pamphlet recommending the Houses of Industry, the production of Mr. Potter the editor of *Æschylus*; and had particular reference to the county of Norfolk. "An Essay on the Legality of impressing Seamen," which appeared in 1778, and went through two editions. The object of this pamphlet, which was undertaken at the request of Mr. Astle, who had been desired by Lord North to procure such a work, was to bring forward all the reasons which could be urged in favour of the practice of impressment, and to prove that it was unques-

tionably legal, and warranted as well by ancient as by modern usage. This pamphlet introduced the writer to the acquaintance of the Earl of Sandwich, then the first Lord of the Admiralty; and some pages in the second edition were written by his Lordship. It was dedicated to Lord Loughborough, at that time Solicitor-General, and procured for Mr. Butler repeated instances of the good will of that distinguished person. The arguments, however, being principally taken from a speech of Sir Michael Foster, Mr. Butler did not include it in the collection of his works. In 1779 Mr. Butler was intrusted by the Earl of Sandwich with his defence against the attack of the Duke of Richmond in the House of Lords; and he prepared the speech which his Lordship delivered on that occasion. About the same time, Mr. Butler amused himself, in conjunction with his friend the celebrated Mr. Wilkes, in an inquiry on the authorship of Junius; and having communicated the result in a letter to a friend, it was inserted, without his knowledge, in the *Anti-jacobin Review*. "Notes to Coke upon Littleton," Mr. Butler's most celebrated professional work. In 1785, Mr. Hargrave relinquished his part of this undertaking, having annotated down to folio 190, being nearly one half of the work, which consists of 393 folios. The other half was undertaken by Mr. Butler, and published in 1787. The merits of this edition of Lord Coke's first Institute have been proved by numerous reprints; and Mr. Butler's notes have been universally considered the most valuable part of the work. They were the first attempts to render clear and simple the doctrines relating to real property; and they have in this an additional value, as having led the way for the other elementary and practical works, which have lightened so considerably the labours of the student. They are as admirable in style as they are profound in information; and have the great and almost unequalled merit, of rendering some of the most abstruse learning plain and easy of comprehension. Their only fault is the form in which they are given, being necessarily unconnected and unarranged. Although much has since been written on the same subject, in them will still be found the best and clearest account of the doctrine of uses and trusts; and on many points they contain the most valuable information.\* In 1797, Mr. Butler first printed his "*Horæ Biblicæ*" a work of great ability, written with the design of calling greater attention to Biblical literature, and of communicating the result of the author's researches on the subject. The first part con-

tains an historical and literary account of the original text, early versions, and printed editions of the Old and New Testament, or the sacred books of the Jews and Christians; the second part contains an historical and literary account of the Koran, Zend-Avesta, Kings, and Edda, or the works accounted sacred by the Mahometans, the Parsees, the Hindûs, the Chinese, and the Scandinavian nations. To these are added two tracts; the one "A dissertation on a supposed general Council of Jews, held at Angeda, in Germany, in 1650;" the other, "An Historical Account of the controversy respecting the 1 John, chap. v. ver. 7,—commonly called the Verse of the Three Heavenly Witnesses." There have been five editions of the *Horæ Biblicæ*; and it forms the first volume of Mr. Butler's collected works. It has also been translated into French. In 1804, Mr. Butler published his "*Horæ Juridicæ Subæciivæ*;" being a connected Series of Notes respecting the Geography, Chronology, and Literary History of the principal Codes and original Documents of the Grecian, Roman, Feudal, and Canon Laws." This valuable work was reprinted in 1807, and is included in the second volume of Mr. Butler's works. In 1806, when the Emperor of Austria publicly renounced the empire of Germany, a question arose on its territorial extent. This led Mr. Butler to investigations, which produced his "*Succinct History of the geographical and political Revolutions of the Empire of Germany, or the principal States which composed the Empire of Charlemagne, from his Coronation in 800 to its Dissolution in 1806; with some Account of the Imperial House of Hapsburgh, and of the six secular Electors of Germany; and Roman, German, French, and English nobility.*" Of this work there were three editions; and it forms part of the second volume of Mr. Butler's collected works. In 1809, Mr. Butler edited the sixth edition of Fearn's "*Essay on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises*;" the study of which profound and useful work he greatly facilitated by his clear arrangement and intelligent notes. *Essay on the Character of Lord Mansfield*; written at the request of Mr. Seward, for insertion in his *Anecdotes*.

Mr. Butler was a constant advocate of his own religious community; although he was in some respects so opposed to the more rigid portion of it, that Bishop Milner, on one occasion, angrily spoke of him as "a decided enemy to the hierarchy of his church." His earliest writings connected with his religious party were in the three Blue Books privately circulated among the Roman Catholics in 1790—1792, and which were jointly written by Mr. Joseph Wilkes, a Benedictine Monk, and Mr. Butler. "An Historical Account of the Laws respecting Roman Catholics" was published by Mr. Butler in 1795. "A Letter to an Irish Nobleman on a proposed Repeal of the Penal Laws against the Irish Catholics;"

\* The long annotation on feuds, which was inserted in this work, was an enlargement of the first literary composition Mr. Butler had ever sat down seriously to compose,—a History of the Feudal Law, a succinct outline of which had been completed in manuscript before the year 1772.

and "A Letter to a Nobleman on the Coronation Oath," both in 1801. "A Letter to a Catholic Gentleman on Bonaparte's projected Invasion," 1803; and "A Letter to an Irish Gentleman on the Fifth Resolution of the English Catholics, at their Meeting, January 31, 1810." In 1813, when a vigorous effort was made for the removal of the restrictive laws, Mr. Butler published an "Appeal to the Protestants of Great Britain and Ireland;" several thousands of which were sold or circulated. The author, in his *Reminiscences*, says that "it gave universal satisfaction to the Catholics, and did not offend Protestants." A tolerable crop of answers to it appeared; but none obtained much public attention. The ablest was published by a society of gentlemen, who styled themselves "The Protestant Association:" the late worthy and learned Mr. Granville Sharpe was their president. It expressed some of the prejudices of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but was written with temper and moderation." In 1815 Mr. Butler delivered an "Inaugural Oration, on occasion of the Ceremony of laying the first stone of the London Institution:" it was published at the request of the managers, and he had the honour of being appointed standing Counsel to the establishment. He subsequently drew up the Act of Parliament which secured its prosperity. He soon after published his "Historical Memoirs of the Church of France, in the Reigns of Louis the Fourteenth, Lewis the Fifteenth, Lewis the Sixteenth, and the French Revolution," in one volume, octavo. The same studies led him to several biographical works, which were published in the following order:—"The Life of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray; to which are added, the Lives of St. Vincent of Paul, and Henric-Marie de Boudon; a Letter on Ancient and Modern Music; and Historical Minutes of the Society of Jesus," 1810, 8vo. "The Life and Writings of J. B. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux," 1812. "The Lives of Dom. Armand-Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, of the Monastery of La Trappe; and of Thomas à Kempis. With some account of the principal Religious and Military Orders of the Roman Catholic Church," 1814, 8vo. "Biographical Account of the Chancellor l'Hôpital and of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, with a short Historical Notice of the Mississippi Scheme," 1814. Mr. Butler's subsequent works were, "An Historical and Literary Account of the Formularies, Confessions of Faith, or Symbolic Books of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and principal Protestant Churches," 1816, 8vo. Appended to this were four essays: 1. "An Historical Account of the Monastic Orders of the Church of Rome." 2. "Essay on the Discipline of the Church of Rome, respecting the general Perusal of the Scriptures in the vulgar Tongue by the Laity." 3. "On the Work intitled, 'Roman Catholic Principles in reference to God and the King,' published

in 1680." 4. "An Essay on the Re-union of Christians;" which Essay exposed him to some severe animadversions from the violent of all parties. In a letter to Dr. Parr he says, "The chief aim of all my writings has been to put Catholic and Protestant into good humour with one another, and Catholics into good humour with themselves."—"I never had any notion that the re-union of Christians was practicable." "Historical Memorials respecting the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics, from the Reformation to the present Time," 1819, two vols. 8vo. "Dissertation on Mystical Devotion;" published in the *Retrospective Review*, 1820. "An Inquiry, whether the Declaration against Transubstantiation, contained in Act 30, Charles II., could be conscientiously taken by a sincere Protestant," 1822. "Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esquire, of Lincoln's Inn," (chiefly consisting of the history of his literary labours, and additional reflections on the same subjects,) 1822; second volume, 1827. "A continuation of the Rev. Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints to the present Time, with some Biographical Accounts of the Holy Family, Pope Pius the Sixth, Cardinal Ximenes, Cardinal Bellarmine, Bartholomew de Martyribus, and St. Vincent of Paul: with a Republication of his Historical Memoirs of the Society of Jesus," 1823. "The Book of the Roman Catholic Church; in a Series of Letters addressed to Robert Southey, Esquire, on his 'Book of the Church,' " 1825, 8vo. Mr. Butler, in the second volume of his *Reminiscences*, enumerates ten replies, which were elicited by this work; to which he rejoined in the two following publications: "A Letter to the Right Rev. C. J. Blomfield, Bishop of Chester, in Vindication of a Passage in 'The Book of the Roman Catholic Church,' censured in a Letter addressed to the Author by his Lordship," 1825; and "Vindication of 'The Book of the Roman Catholic Church,' against the Rev. George Townsend's 'Accusations of History against the Church of Rome,' with Notice of some Charges brought against 'The Book of the Roman Catholic Church,' in the Publications of Dr. Phillpotts, the Rev. J. Todd, the Rev. J. B. White, and in some anonymous Publications; with Copies of Dr. Phillpotts' Fourth Letter to Mr. Butler, containing a Charge against Dr. Lingard; and a Letter of Dr. Lingard to Mr. Butler, in Reply to the Charge," 1826, 8vo. After the appearance of the Vindication, six additional replies were published by the writers on the Protestant side of the question, in reference to which Mr. Butler published an Appendix to his Vindication. "The Life of Erasmus; with Historical Remarks on the State of Literature between the Tenth and Sixteenth Centuries," 1825. "The Life of Hugo Grotius; with brief Minutes of the Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of the Netherlands," 1826. "Reply to the Quarterly Re-

view, on the Revelations of La Sœur Nativité," 1826. "A Letter on the Coronation Oath; with a Notice of the recently published Letters of the late King to Lord Kenyon, and his Lordship's Answers; and Letters of Mr. Pitt to the King, and his Answers," 1827, 8vo. "A Short Reply to Dr. Phillpotts' Answer (in his 'Letters to a Layman') to Mr. Butler's Letters on the Coronation Oath," 1828, 8vo. "A Memoir of the Catholic Relief Bill, passed in 1829, being a Sequel and Conclusion of the 'Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics,'" 1829, 8vo. "Memoir of the Life of Henry-Francis d'Aguesseau: with an Account of the Roman and Canon Law," 1830, 8vo. "Mr. Butler had always been an admirer of D'Aguesseau, and it must have been a solace to his old age, to trace the history of that great man's life. In the latter part of it he takes an opportunity to glance at the state of law-reform in our own country, and praises the labours of Sir Robert Peel, the Law Commissioners, Mr. Humphreys, and Mr. Sugden. He states the arguments briefly for and against a Code, and seems rather to lean in favour of a sort of codification. Thus he proposes that a code of the law of Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises should be made, by enacting that all the principles in Mr. Fearn's celebrated book on these subjects should be declared to be law. He deplors the numerous points in which the law of England is open to doubt; and says, that "the cases of *Doe v. Hilder*, and *Doe v. Burdett*, have thrown the law on outstanding estates and interests into an uncertainty that cries to Heaven."

Some letters of Mr. Butler to Dr. Parr are printed in Parr's *Life and Works*, vol. viii. pp. 505—512; followed by a long letter from Dr. Parr to Mr. Butler, full of a variety of remarks on his "Reminiscences." The correspondence was also published in the second volume of the "Reminiscences," pp. 188—262, where some variations may be observed in Mr. Butler's Letters; and there are some letters of Dr. Parr not in his Works.

Two works which Mr. Butler commenced and left unfinished, were a "Life of Christ, or Paraphrastic Harmony of the Gospels;" and a "History of the Binomial Theorem." He mentions in his "Reminiscences" that some of his happiest hours of study were those devoted to mathematics; but that he divorced himself from them because he found they interfered with his professional duties.

Mr. Butler's habits of life were remarkably temperate and regular; and his application to intellectual pursuits was unremitting. M. Pelissou, in his account of M. Huet, the celebrated Bishop of Avranches, observes of that prelate, that from his earliest years he gave himself to study; that, at his rising, his going to bed, and during his meals, he was reading, or had others to read to him; that neither the fire of youth, the interruption of

business, the variety of his employments, the society of his friends, nor the bustle of the world, could ever moderate his ardour for study. These expressions Mr. Butler applied to his uncle, Mr. Alban Butler, the author of "The Lives of the Saints," and says, "he believes that, with some justice at least, he may also apply them to himself;" adding, however, that his love of literature never seduced him from his professional duties. "Very early rising, a systematic division of his time, abstinence from all company, and from all diversions not likely to amuse him highly,—from reading, writing, or even thinking on modern party politics,—and, above all, never permitting a bit or scrap of time to be unemployed,—have supplied him with an abundance of literary hours. His literary acquisitions are principally owing to the rigid observance of four rules: to direct his attention to one literary object only at a time; to read the best book upon it, consulting others as little as possible; when the subject was contentious, to read the best book on each side; to find out men of information, and, when in their society, to listen, not to talk." In another place, he observes, "It cannot be said of him, as of M. Tessier, that he was so absorbed in his literary pursuits, that his wife was frequently obliged to drag him from his library to his bureau. To this necessity, the loved and revered person to whom the *Reminiscences* owes thirty-seven years of happiness, was never exposed."

Mr. Butler married a lady of the name of Eyston, and has left two surviving daughters; the elder married to Colonel Stoner, the younger to Andrew S. Lynch, Esq., the Chancery Barrister. He preserved to the last the faculties of his mind; but his bodily health had of late much declined. His last illness, however, was of short duration. He died at his house in Great Ormond Street, on the 2d of June, 1832, aged nearly 82; universally respected and lamented.

The materials of this Memoir have been derived principally from Mr. Butler's own "Reminiscences," and from "The Legal Observer."

From the Athenæum.

#### FROM CAPT. J. E. ALEXANDER'S TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

The following is an account of a great natural curiosity, the Lake of Asphaltum, in Trinidad:—

"At Point La Braye are seen masses of pitch, which look like black rocks among the foliage. At the small hamlet of La Braye a considerable extent of coast is covered with pitch, which runs a long way out to sea, and forms a bank under water. The pitch lake is situated on the side of a hill, eighty feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three-quarters of a mile; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is



covered with pitch in a hardened state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it.

"The road leading to the lake runs through a wood, and on emerging from it the spectator stands on the borders of what at a first glance appears to be a lake, containing many wooded islets, but which on a second examination proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices three or four feet deep and full of water. The pitch at the sides of the lake is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks towards the middle, with the shoes off in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become so heated that it is necessary to dance up and down in a ridiculous manner. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and as one moves along the impressions of the feet remains in the surface of the pitch.

"During the rainy season, it is possible to walk over the whole lake nearly, but in the hot season a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and a half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance is, that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch.

"In standing still on the lake near the centre for some time, the surface gradually sinks, till it forms a great bowl as it were, and when the shoulders are level with the general surface of the lake it is high time to get out. Some time ago, a ship of war landed casks to fill with the pitch, for the purpose of transporting it to England; the casks were rolled on the lake, and the hands commenced filling, but a piratical-looking craft appearing in the offing, the frigate and all hands went in chase—on returning to the lake, all the casks had sunk and disappeared.

"Science is at a loss how to account for such an extraordinary phenomenon as this pitch lake, for it does not seem to occupy the mouth of an exhausted crater, neither is the hill on which it is situated of volcanic origin, for its basis is clay.

"The flow of pitch from the lake has been immense, the whole country around, except near the Bay of Grapo, which is protected by a hill, being covered with it, and it seems singular that no eruption has taken place within the memory of man, although the principle of motion still exists within the centre of the lake. The appearance of the pitch which had hardened, is as if the whole surface had boiled up into large bubbles, and then suddenly cooled; but where the asphaltum is still liquid, the surface is perfectly smooth.

"Many experiments have been made for the purpose of ascertaining whether the pitch could be applied to any useful purpose. Admiral Cochrane, who was possessed of the enterprising and speculative genius of his family, sent two ship-loads of it to England, but after a variety of experiments, it was ascertained, that in order to render the asphaltum fit for use, it was necessary to mix such a quantity of oil with it, that the expense of the oil alone would

more than exceed the price of pitch in England. A second attempt was made by a company styled the Pitch Company, who sent out an agent from England, but finding that Admiral Cochrane had failed, and being convinced that any further attempt would be useless, he let the matter drop."

Forty miles distant from the Lake of Asphaltum, is another natural curiosity, an assemblage of mud volcanoes, of which the largest is about 150 feet in diameter:—

"They are situated in a plain, and are not more than four feet elevated above the surface of the ground, but within the mouth of the crater, boiling mud is constantly bubbling up; at times, when the old craters cease to act, but when that is the case, new ones invariably appear in the vicinity, the mud is fathomless, yet does not overflow, but remains within the circumference of the crater. From what I recollect of the Crimea, I should say that there are remarkable similarities between it and Trinidad, geologically speaking: in both there are mud volcanoes; in both there are bituminous lakes; and both have been frequently visited with earthquakes."

The account of the Havanna is interesting; and a very choice place it appears to be.

"In a city, the population of which is so mixed, the habits of the lower classes so demoralized, among whom gambling, and its concomitant, drunkenness, is so prevalent—in a city where there is no police, and where, by paying the priests handsomely, absolution may be obtained for the most atrocious crimes, no wonder that robberies and assassinations are of almost daily occurrence. Some time ago no fewer than seven white people were murdered in different parts of the city in one day.

"People are robbed in open day in the following manner: Two villains come on each side of a pedestrian, displaying long knives under their arms while a third deliberately takes out his watch, purse, gold shirt-buttons, &c., and whispers that if the least noise is made, the knife will do its office; and though the plundered individual may afterwards recognise the robbers, he is afraid to give evidence against them, and must just put up with his loss.

"When the least scuffle takes place in the streets all the doors and windows are hastily closed in the neighbourhood; the inmates of the houses are so much afraid of being called upon to give evidence in case of a murder.

"The bodies of the murdered are exposed for a day in the street, behind the gaol, in order that their relatives may claim them. One forenoon I happened to be passing the government house with my friend Mr. Jackson, and observed a small crowd collected; we looked over the shoulders of the people, and saw a ghastly sight. In an open bier, with legs and handles to it, lay the corpse of a white man, about forty years of age, rather good-looking, and wearing a grim smile on his countenance. A dreadful gash was in his throat, his hands were also cut in the death-struggle, and his trowsers and shirt were torn, and literally steeped in gore. This was a Gallician shopkeeper, who had been

murdered in his own store, two or three hours before. \* \* \* All this took place within a few yards of the custom-house guard, with perfect impunity to the murderers.

The following boarding-house keeper seems to us just suited to the place;—and with this portrait we shall conclude.

"One of the most remarkable characters in Havanna, was Nic, the keeper of a boarding-house, frequented principally by English and American captains and supercargoes. He was a Yorkshireman of low extraction, vulgar in his appearance and language, shrewd and mercenary in his character. \* \* \* Nic was an undertaker as well as a tavern-keeper, and had a loft, or larder, as he called it, of ready-made coffins of all sizes, with which he could accommodate his guests at the shortest notice; and he had also a private burial-ground. 'Take care of Nic's stick,' became a current saying in Havanna; for when a stranger arrived Nic would talk to him, and all the while be measuring him with a short stick, in case a coffin was required.

"An acquaintance told me that he lived for some time at Nic's house, and there got acquainted with a very pleasant young man, an English supercargo, who was full of health and spirits, and fondly anticipated the successful result of a mercantile speculation. One day my acquaintance missed him, and he asked Nic what had become of him. 'He is in the next room,' said Nic coolly; 'we'll go in and see him after dinner.' When the coffee had been discussed, and the cigars lighted, Nic asked the company to follow him; they did so, and found the supercargo a yellow corpse in his bed-room, and laid out for interment; he had just succumbed to the demon of the West. My acquaintance was shocked beyond measure at such a sudden and awful event, for he really had a regard for the young man. Nic made a joke of the matter, and, rubbing his hands, jeeringly said, 'Well, who's for a rubber at whist?'"

From the Literary Examiner.

#### THE SLAVE TRADE AS IT NOW EXISTS.\*

THE Western Coast of Africa is a country where no European can live long: we nevertheless maintain several settlements there, the greatest of which is Sierra Leone. In this colony no man shakes hands with his friend with any full assurance that he will find him "stirring" next morning; where it is usual to ask at the door, not, Is your master at home? but, Is he alive? the answer being most frequently, "No, Sir, he was buried yesterday." Ostensibly this is for the sake of the blacks, and in our abhorrence of the slave trade. Sierra Leone is the place to which captured slaves are sent to be liberated

—that is to say, apprenticed. But in all this zeal for the suppression of the slave trade, which has in Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, Gambia, and elsewhere, cost millions of money, and hundreds of thousands of white lives, (probably not worth much to begin with,) the slave trade is not put down; on the contrary it flourishes, and the more so that we have driven the dealers to expedients to avoid our feeble interference. The job at Sierra Leone is a Black Job, it is true, but it is nevertheless a true job. If that settlement and all the proceedings connected with it had been honest, the slave trade in these Western African seas would have been put down and utterly extinguished years ago. It is pretended we wish to destroy the slave traffic, and yet with the Portuguese we make a treaty that we will not interfere with their man-dealing but on one side of the Equator: with the Spanish we make a treaty that we will only seize such traders as have slaves on board, so they drown their captives as soon as our cruisers chance to appear; with the French we make a treaty that they shall look into their own slave vessels themselves; so they send a squadron to amuse itself between Ascension Island and the Canaries by way of practice in sailing. The slave vessels under French colours consequently insult our slave-suppressing frigates with crowds of slaves aboard, and sometimes by hoisting false colours, act as decoys and draw our vessels away from a course in which some true quarry is about to rise. In the mean time, we are keeping up extensive and most expensive establishments, in various parts of the coast, and now a new one is started more fatal than the rest, in the island of Fernando Po; and in addition to all this, a number of national ships, supported at great cost, and which, owing to the fatal sickness of the crews, are obliged to be continually replaced.

It has been some consolation hitherto, that though we were wasting our own money, and sacrificing our own countrymen, that still it was in the cause of humanity. Here Mr. Surgeon Leonard steps forward, and proves that very much on the contrary, we do indeed stop two out of sixty thousand slaves per annum, and send them to apprenticeship in Sierra Leone, but then it appears we aggravate the lot of all the rest—the fifty-eight thousand that remain. The slave trade is now, as regards the British cruisers—smuggling; smugglers are never ceremonious with their cargo; if they cannot run it, they throw it overboard. But by this teasing of the trade, for it is absurd to call it even an attempt at suppression, the wretched slaves are far worse treated than they would be under the mere stimulus of cupidity; the slaves are chased and run down on account of these slaves, and the brutality of captains and sailors rises up against the innocent cause of their danger. The risk of capture, moreover, is just enough to make each slave captain so earnest to cram his ves-

\* Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa, in his Majesty's Ship Dryad, and of the service on that station for the suppression of the Slave Trade, in the years 1830, 1831, and 1832. By Peter Leonard, Surgeon, Royal Navy. Edinburgh. William Tait. 1833.

sel to the very utmost, that in case of escape his cargo may pay him or his owner for other losses. Hence, crowding, overloading, chains, not to hold the poor creatures safe, but to keep them in small space; and as a man may be packed horizontally in a less space than in any other position, hence the dreadful crushing of victims between two-foot decks, such as we hear of in Mr. Leonard's records.

Some of the facts which fell almost immediately under Mr. Leonard's cognizance, will speak more directly to the hearts of the humane, than any general statement of the atrocities permitted by our blundering, or else dishonest diplomates. It is not the fault of our seamen.

On the 22d of February, the *Primeira* was detained by the *Black Joke*; the schooner had three hundred and eleven slaves on board.

"The tender on first seeing the *Primeira*, fired several blank cartridges to bring her to, but paying no attention to this mild injunction, shot was had recourse to, one of which took effect, *killing two slaves* and the cook of the vessel, and *wounding two slaves*, the mate, and four of the crew. The slaves consisted of 111 men, 45 women, 98 boys, 53 girls, and four infants at the breast, one of whom was born since the period of capture, whose mother, unhappy creature, sickly and emaciated, was suckling it on deck, with hardly a rag to cover either herself or her offspring. The small space in which these unfortunate beings are huddled together is almost incredible. The schooner is only 130 tons burden, and the slave deck only two feet two inches high, so that *they can hardly sit upright*. The after part of the deck is occupied by the women and children, separated by the wooden partition from the other slaves. The horrors of this infernal apartment—the want of air—the suffocating heat—the filth—the stench—may be easily imagined. [Not very easily, we should think.] The men were bound together in twos, by irons riveted round their ancles." p. 105.

On another occasion, when the *Marinerito* was captured after a sharp engagement, the state of the cargo is thus described:—

"Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink, the allowance of which is at all times scanty—and almost without air during the whole of the engagement—death had already begun to make frightful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture, thirty of them had paid the debt of nature. One hundred and seven, were placed in a wretched hole called an hospital, at Fernando Po, where every day still added one or two to the fatal list from privation, terror, and mental affliction. \* \* \* Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub for them to drink out of; but being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half pint a man was about to be served out, and when given to understand that

they might take as much of it and as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body with headlong eagerness to dip their parched and fevered tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell upon the deck, were lapped and sucked up in a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them, and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst that gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth and champed them into atoms. Then to see the look of gratification—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel from which, by their glistening eyes, they seem to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment, &c. &c." p. 135.

On board the *Regulo* only 204 slaves were taken out of about 450. The rest were thrown overboard by the traders, bound two and two; our pursuing vessels were, however, too close upon them to permit the monsters to complete their work. On board the *Rapido* no slaves were found: the vessel was nevertheless seized, though at a great risk of the naval officers being severely fined for the detention. Persons had, however, witnessed the drowning of all their cargo, and the seizure was at length declared valid by the mixed commission of Sierra Leone. *This was actually long held a dubious case.* In another vessel, but one female slave was aboard, enough to authorize a capture; one of our cruisers hove in sight; the poor girl was tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea.

Had our cruisers been ordered to "suppress the slave trade," they would have performed the task within a couple of years. Complaints would of course have been made by the Spanish and other governments, but with what face could they have stood up for their slave merchants after all their hypocritical lamentations over the existence of this horrible trade? The slave trade should be proclaimed piracy, and put down wherever found, and by whomsoever practised; away with mixed commissions, settlements, garrisons, and all other sources of delay, expense, sickness, and death!

The squadron now in those seas, with proper instructions, would alone suffice, in a very short time, to wipe out this foul blot upon the history of our race, and almost extinguish the very name of this species of man-butchery.

From the Monthly Magazine.

#### GLANCE AT THE GREAT POWERS.

THERE is one word that by common consent is now generally applied to every thing political, and which powerfully attests the indecision and uncertainty—those marked attributes—of our times: this word is Question. In fact every thing, whether at home or abroad, comes under this category. Internally, we

have the East and West India questions, the Currency question, the Corn-law question, &c. &c. Externally, the Belgian, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, the Greek, and the Turco-Egyptian questions, the solution of which baffles the calculation of the most skillful observers of the varying aspect of the political horizon.

Amid this chaos of interests, this conflict of principles, a faint glimmering of light breaks upon our darkened vision. The Ministerial journals now tell us that the Belgian question is on the eve of its final adjustment; but this language has been held by the government scribes "*usque ad nauseam*." Let us therefore examine through what phases it is yet doomed to pass. First, then, as a preliminary arrangement, we shall have a cessation of coercive measures on the part of England and France; the affair being thus placed upon the identical bases it was before the embargo. After a little diplomatic coquetry, the northern powers will again join the Conference, and a new series of protocols will be commenced. Three years of negotiation, and two years of hostilities, will thus have brought things back to nearly their point of departure.

This Belgian question is another proof of a very evident truth, that ever since the "untoward event" of Navarino, every thing that has been done in Europe has been "*de par et pour la Russie*." Occupied by projects of internal reform and social reorganization, the attention of both England and France has been of late exclusively devoted to their internal concerns, a circumstance of which Russian diplomacy has skillfully profited to develop its projects of political aggrandizement. Thus, in France, we find the Chamber of Deputies occupied with the examination of the "*projet de loi*" relative to the municipal laws. This is an immense question, striking, as it does, at the root of the system of centralization and laxity of administration of the French government. It is a daring conception of the republican party; for should the measure proposed by Odillon Barot and his party pass, it will exhibit the most extended application of the federal system the world has yet beheld. That the central system has been carried too far we admit; but such a sweeping reorganization as the one contemplated—nothing, in fact, less than giving a separate administration to each of the fifteen thousand communes into which France is municipally divided—would soon prove a death-blow to the monarchy. In whatever shape the measure may ultimately pass, it clearly indicates that the republican party are not so inconsiderable as they have been represented. Louis Philippe wears an uneasy crown. The external direction of the movement, compressed at the frontier by his timid policy, threatens every moment, by its recoil, to hurl him from his throne. Like Louis the XVth, he may, on looking around him, exclaim, "*Je plains mon successeur*:"

and who is bold enough to point out his successor?

Europe may be likened to a lumbering volcano. On the absolute soil of Spain, we behold the curious spectacle of the exercise of the elective franchise, such as it is. But when convoked, the Cortes will be but the shadow of those that, with the energy of the better periods of Spanish history, used thus to address their king:—*Nos que valemos tanto que vos—Nos, que podemos mas que vos*—(We who are as good as you—we who have more power than you): for the members of this legislative assembly will be solely composed of the noblesse, the dignitaries of the church, and the deputies of the towns that still retain the "*reto en Cortes*:" these last are elected by the Ayuntamientos (corporations), the members of which have either become hereditary, or are nominated by the king. In this body, therefore, there will not be even the simulacrum of popular representation; it will be a mere *lit de justice* to register the act of recognition of the infant queen; after which it will be thrown aside as a piece of useless lumber: while Ferdinand, having attained his object, will relapse into the arms of the Camarilla.

In the south-western section of the Peninsula, the aspect of affairs is not more cheering. Don Pedro still remains shut up in Oporto, at the head of an army in which every state of Europe is represented but that of his daughter, viz. Portugal itself. Instead of acting boldly in the field, like the pretender Charles Edward, he has wasted his time in pitiful intrigues that have rendered him the contempt both of friend and foe; and should he ultimately prove successful, such is the rancorous animosity that subsists between the two parties, that it will require at least a quarter of a century to heal the wounds of civil war; and double that time, to reorganize the finances of the kingdom, and to cultivate upon her soil the seeds of freedom, for among the present race of Lusitanians, the materials of free institutions are slender indeed.

Having travelled from the Scheldt to the Tagus, let us now take wing to the banks of the mighty Danube; there we find the arch-Metternich, the framer of Holy Alliances, the soul of anti-liberal crusades—Metternich, at whose name freedom grows pale, and who is held in universal execration from one end of the continent to the other. In spite, however, of those ancient and tenaciously preserved traditions of the policy of Austria—accustomed to wear out her enemies rather than conquer them—we certainly did not consider her so blinded to her own interest, as to be prepared for her besotted neutrality in the affairs of the East. We ask Prince Metternich's pardon; but we thought him sufficiently well informed on what the merest tyro in diplomacy looks upon as his a, b, c; namely, that it is the vital interest of Austria, to pre-



serve Turkey as a stay against the encroachments of Russia. Will the policy of principles prevail again at Vienna over that of interests? Will Austria, allured by the charm of some miserable portions of territory, that may be thrown to her in the *carée* of the Turkish empire—will she close her eyes to the danger of being turned in the South and East by Russia, and to have in her rear the natural enemy whom she should always look boldly in the face?

There can be no doubt that the late affair at Frankfort will prove a fortunate event for the Autocrat. Only let Austria and Prussia have once their attention concentrated upon Germany, and as far as those two powers are concerned, he will have it all his own way on the Bosphorus. We strongly suspect too, that the Russian police had some hand in this matter; nay, to go farther—was the motive principle of an *emeute* that came so "*apropos*" to give a prospect for the East to Russia, and one for Frankfort to the garrison of Mayence, who were aware before-hand of the very hour their presence would be necessary? The sweets of the Austro-Prussian occupation are already felt in their full force in that free city. Nothing is heard but the insolent "*serenade*" of the Hungarian grenadiers, or Prussian *uhlans*; but what to the Germans must prove an intolerable tyranny, is the ordonnance, forbidding any person to pass a sentinel with a lighted pipe. Will they stand this? If so, they will stand any thing. Is there not one among them, who, in the language of Beranger, will exclaim,—

"Peuples—

Formez une Sainte Alliance et donnez vous la main!"

The consummate sagacity of Russian diplomacy has not on this occasion belied itself; but on the other hand, the conduct of Metternich is unaccountable. Terrified by a mere phantom of liberal opinions, artfully conjured up by Russia, we find him moving the armies of Austria upon the Tyrol and the Voralberg, when they should be concentrating upon the Turkish frontier; while Prussia, with equal fatuity, is occupied with the reorganization of her universities—the hot-bed, as she thinks, of revolutionary principles.

On what part of the continent of Europe can the gaze of the political philosopher rest with feelings of satisfaction? On every side, he sees a conflict of interests and principles—strife and debate. But there is one country whose fate is nearly forgotten; looked upon as a worn out tradition, beautiful even in her desolation—that country is Italy.

"L'antica regina del universo."

In the dominions of the King of Sardinia, a conspiracy with the most extensive ramifications has been discovered; but these partial movements rivet more firmly the chains of

her oppressors; it is only on a general and united effort, that the star of freedom will rise on her benighted soil. But divided as she is by intrigue, prejudices, and territorial interests, the centralization of Italy under one government is a political Utopia. As it has ever been, her fate to the end of the chapter will, we fear, be, in the language of her own Felceja,

"Pugnar col braccio di Straniere gente  
Per servir sempre o venatrice o venta."

And now for Greece—a kingdom engendered by European diplomacy, and protected as it were by three powers, or rather by three distinct interests. The Greek people have risen victorious from a bloody struggle that created the sympathy of a civilized world; but this victory has been dearly purchased. A soil strewn with ruins—nearly a whole generation exterminated!—such are the results of a war prolonged beyond measure by the egotism of European diplomacy. In fact, there no longer remains but the skeleton of a nation—independent it is true, but without laws, without government, without administration, without every thing, in fact, but arms, still reeking, and which her citizens have, as is too often the case, drawn in the service of anarchy after having made so noble a use of them against tyranny. First, a kind of government at once permanent and provisional was formed, at the head of which was placed a Greek, who had become a Russian—an ingenious combination, destined to nationalize the *bastinado* under which it was intended to curb that haughty and independent population. Such was, in fact, the administration of Capo d'Istria. Force kept down the turbulent spirit of the Palikari; but under this European Pacha, nothing changed, nothing prospered, and soon the President himself fell a victim to his own despotism. Now, a new arrangement is tried. We shall not examine the strangeness of that conception that sends to reign at Athens, over the soldiers of Canaris and Colocotroni, a German child, who possessed no other titles to his crown than some insipid odes written by his father in favour of the cause of Greece. We shall confine ourselves solely to point out the consequences of this choice to the two constitutional governments, parties in the arrangement, which has thus delivered over to the despotic powers of the continent the new throne and its regency—an enormous fault, which the affairs of the East have gloriously brought to light: for it is necessary to understand, that in the present situation of the Ottoman Porte, the Greek question presents itself under a new aspect. Connected, as she now is, with the great interests of the balance of power among the states of Europe, it is no longer a philanthropical, but a political question, aye, and one of the first magnitude; for at the moment when we see Russia assuming over the Turkish empire

a protectorate pregnant with danger to the whole of Europe, at a moment when the last bonds of our ancient alliance with Turkey are severed, it behoves this government in particular to have an eye on Greece. She is, we admit, nothing as yet; but with the frontier that has been given to her by the last treaty, she may become something, and she is in fact in the actual negotiations in an important diplomatic position. To withdraw from her affairs—to throw away all ulterior influence upon the political direction of her government, will be to add to a fault already committed one still more glaring.

As a European question, what is now passing at Constantinople must arrest the attention of every observer. For our part, when we heard that an accommodation had been brought about between the Sultan and the Egyptian Pacha, we placed no reliance on the news—the conditions of the treaty being in too direct opposition to the views of Russia to give it even the shadow of probability. The flames of war in the East are again kindled. Ibrahim is unintimidated by the presence of the Russians at Scutari, and the Sultan has recovered that blind confidence that he displayed when he reviewed his army that found a grave at Konish. The Porte, it is now evident, has only been negotiating to gain time, while Pozzo di Borgo in the west, with his usual ability, has cajoled both Lord Palmerston and the Duc de Broglie. When there was still time to have seized the initiative, we closed our eyes upon the ambition of Russia. Now, mistress of the Dardanelles, she may interdict our entry whenever she pleases. The Turco-Egyptian question appears further from the solution than ever, thanks to our diplomacy: force will henceforth decide it; and who can say what nations may be arrayed upon this vast field of battle, when victory cannot regulate the destinies of Asia without having a mighty influence upon those of Europe.

The campaign about to open will be the theatre of great events. Ibrahim occupies Anatolia with an army of 60,000 men: the whole population, Christian as well as Mussulman, have declared in his favour. His name alone took Smyrna; and the Egyptian fleet, manned by good sailors, and directed by good European officers, will not fear to try their strength with the clumsy ships of the Black Sea. This fleet keeps up his communications with Egypt, where the Vice King has a powerful force in reserve.

The preparations of Russia, on the other hand, sufficiently indicate how clearly she understands all the importance of the struggle; 15,000 men occupy an entrenched camp at Scutari; a new corps d'armée has just been embarked at Odessa; and the corps, traversing the principalities, would reach Constantinople early in May. Thus she prepares for war with the same vigour as if she were making it on her own account. Paskiewitch, celebrated

for his successes against the Persians, has traced the plan of campaign; and Count Orloff has been selected to carry it into execution, in his double capacity of Generalissimo and Ambassador-extraordinary. The Muscovites are not only at Constantinople, but masters of all the most important points of the empire, of the Balkan and the Dardanelles. The Sultan exists but by their permission; and the commerce of Europe with the East, is now at the mercy of a Hetman of Cossacks.

When we recollect the bloody wars formerly waged by the maritime powers of Europe for the monopoly of pepper or of the Newfoundland fisheries, is it not astonishing that two powers like England and France should not seek to arrest the onward roll of the tide of Russian ambition that threatens to swallow up every power in Europe? Since 1815, she has extended herself, in the north, beyond the Vistula, and in the east to the mouth of the Danube. The late war with Persia added several provinces to her empire; her armies and her establishments already envelop the Black Sea; the Sultan has delivered to her the keys of the Dardanelles; she has given a king to Greece; and we may at this rate shortly expect to see her flag waving before Malta and Gibraltar, or to hear a wild Tartar hurrah under the walls of Fort George!

## THE LOVE-CHILD.

(Continued.)

In the smith's shop, where many of the villagers were accustomed to congregate on winter evenings, to gossip, gambol, and play at all rours on the anvils, I had heard horrid tales about bloodhounds in foreign parts; and my grandmother's parlour was adorned with a coloured print, in which a leash of the breed were depicted in the act of tearing down a poor naked black. One of them, as I remember to this day, had leaped upon the man's shoulder, and thrusting his head forward, had grabbed him by the throat. Blotches of blood were distributed about the dog's jaws—the victim's tongue lolled forth—it was an awful affair, and I never could look at it without suffering that strange cutaneous emotion which produces "goose's flesh." I was far from an obedient boy; and my wrathful grandmother had often threatened to take me by the scruff of the neck, hurl me over the palisades of Squire Patch's court-yard, and let the blood-hounds "worry me a trifle, or two,"—these were her very words.

The ugly monsters (they had been christened SIN and DEATH) were, as I have stated, now on my track—their business was with me.

My first impulse was to go down the bed of the brook, break cover in Cuckold's Harrem field, and make off towards Farmer Bel-

roy's house, or my grandmother's hovel. Belroy, I felt satisfied, would protect me; and my formidable grandmother was in my estimation, single-handed, a match for any thing that drew the breath of life. A hare once took shelter, literally, on her hearth—even beneath the grate; and in defiance of a whole army of red-coats belonging to a distant hunt, and a full pack of strong hounds, she preserved the wretched animal's life. The dogs and their attendant gentlemen broke through her miserable window and the mud wall beneath it; but my fierce grandmother, who was a washerwoman, stood in the breach, and by dexterously plying the simple artillery of boiling water from an enormous crock, compelled the beleaguers to beat a retreat, after having suffered considerable loss. Most of the leading hounds, and many of the gentlemen and their horses, were dreadfully scalded: the dogs howled with agony, and ran to and fro, snapping at every thing in their way, as though they were mad. One of them, I remember, flew at an old elder tree in front of the hut, and seemed to derive immense consolation from gnawing its rough trunk. The gentlemen roared hideously, and the horses snorted, neighed, whinnied, kicked, pranced, pawed, and tore up the hard gravel road with their desperate teeth, in so frightful a manner, that I besought my grandmother, in screams, to desist. Not she indeed! While any of those who had battered her mud castle remained within range of her liquid projectile, she continued to deal it forth by the ladle-full; exclaiming, ever and anon, "You'd worry a hare, would you? She has turned into a witch, you see! When water fails I've irons at the fire, and, God help me! I shall try to flatten your faces!" The gallant hunt retired discomfited and disgraced; but the poor hare, notwithstanding all that we could do for it, died the next day, as my grandmother said, "of a bursten heart," from her efforts in the chase. During the night she squealed like a child in agony—her dying look was dreadfully human. I shall never forget it.

Could I but get beneath or behind my grandmother's stiff, thick, patched petticoat, I should have dared to pebble the noses of Sin and Death with a consciousness of perfect impunity; could I have reached Farmer Belroy's kitchen, I felt sure that I should have nothing to fear from any thing appertaining to Squire Patch; but in the open fields I should incur the risk of being *viesced*, and run down. I therefore determined on steering for another haven, namely, the cottage of Ezra, the gamekeeper, who had shot me in the leg. It was much nearer than Farmer Belroy's or my grandmother's, and it could be come at, entirely, with the exception of one meadow and a garden, through thick cover. It lay, however, in quite a different direction, and to reach it I was compelled to retrace my soundings up the bed of the brook. As I

passed silently and unseen the spot where I had made my plunge, the bloodhounds, Sin and her half-bred daughter Death, whose sire was a bulldog, were baying above me, and I heard Squire Patch shrieking for the Caddiscombe otter hounds. Quietly making my way up the stream, I at length reached the root of a tall and noble maiden oak, which rose from one of its banks, and after having overtopped the underwood, among which it was born, soared bravely up into broad daylight far above the ridge of the little ravine. This friendly tree I climbed with ease, and travelling to the extremity of one of its upper branches, alighted safely on the level of the wood.

Fear, as the novelists of Leadenhall-street observe, lent me wings, and I flew through the copse. In five minutes I had reached the back door of Ezra's cottage. I opened it, shut it quietly behind me, shot the lower bolt, the only one I could reach, and, being barefooted, came into the kitchen without being heard. Kitty was clasped in the arms, and weeping on the shoulder, of her brother, Blue Peter, the poacher. The interview was clandestine; I revealed myself by coughing; and they looked like guilty things. Kitty, notwithstanding my filth, clutched me up to her bosom, and kissed me. Blue Peter laughed. I frankly told them my story; and within a few moments from its conclusion, I was stripped, plunged into a large tub of soap-suds—it was Kitty's washing day—and after having been properly towelled, put to bed. I was still in a state of horrible alarm; but Blue Peter vanquished my bitter apprehensions of the bloodhounds, by assuring me that no canine nose in the world could follow me up a maiden oak. Kitty brought me a podger of hot milk enriched with lots of sugar, and a dash of smuggled brandy, and in half an hour after I had entered the cottage, I was sleeping, at mid-day, in a fine feather-bed—fast as a top.

My repose was, however, doomed to be brief as that hurried but less comfortable slumber which befel me on the bank of the brook. I had a violent and vivid dream, in which, as I subsequently found, imagination had been powerfully assisted or excited by reality. Squire Patch was Satan, cast out of the herd of swine: he vomited bloodhounds in couples—an eternal succession of twins—fac-similes of Sin and Death—and these the swine devoured. Meanwhile my grandmother danced on an upturned washing-tub, and her reverend donkey brayed. Each of the pigs—and there were millions—seemed identical with our Sir Simon—but it is necessary to explain.

My grandmother, as I have said, was a washerwoman—about half a grade above a pauper; but proud, reckless, and independent as any supreme lord of lives and property in the universe. Although earning but a scanty subsistence by the labour of her hands

in her old age, after having spent the early and middle part of life in comparative opulence—she feared nothing—she cared for nobody. She had prospectively paid for her bit of burial-ground in the parish church. Her coffin had, for years, been under the bed; its cover possessed hinges and a lock and key; the solemn utensil contained her valuables—a little tea—a little sugar—the keg of cider—the small stone jar of illegitimate white brandy—her thin-worn wedding ring which, unlike herself, not being fitted to endure hard work, had snapped—a lock of Billy Timms' hair, the youth of her maiden love—great grandfather's battered Bible, on the yellow fly-leaf of which was scrawled a register of the birth of every babe born in the family for three generations, *except myself*—several old silver thimbles, pierced through by severe use, in her better days—a gaudy garnet brooch—three singular silk gowns—my grand-uncle's breeches with five *bona fide* gold buttons, formed of seven shilling pieces, at each of the knees—several certificates of marriage, stuffed for better security into the toes of so many high-heeled shoes—a padusoy and a stuffed parrot—the sight of which was the only thing in the world that could make her shed tears. God knows why—I never asked, and I never found out. She always produced it with the Bible on Sunday mornings, when it was her invariable practice to take out her spectacles—they had but half a glass left—and read me a chapter. On these occasions she frequently talked of teaching me my letters; but the next day a career of steam and soap-suds was commenced, which lasted throughout the week, and my education was forgotten, until the Sabbath appearance of her battered Bible and its never-failing accompaniment the green poll-parrot with blue cheeks.

To carry home her linen she always had a Ned—that is, always within my memory; and I could hardly believe Blue Peter, the poacher, when he first told me that our fine, tall, stately, stout, long-eared friend, who looked as though he had ever been just as he was, had actually pined for some time about the dead body of his dam on the common, and would have died without an owner, if granny hadn't kindly taken to the ragged, miserable foal, and reared him. Poor as we were, the Ned was always fat and sleek—his neigh could be heard for miles—he pranced with pride, and to him were ascribed the finest mules on the Caddiscombe railroad. He was now grey as a badger with age, but his youthful energy had not departed. Though grisly, he galloped most gallantly beneath the weight of granny and her customers' linen. He worked only two days in the week—Monday and Saturday—during the other five he fed in perfect freedom on the common. Once upon a time, Squire Patch's people had caught and put him in harness, by way of a lark; but his emancipation was speedily achieved by a

trifling exertion of his prodigious powers—the coachman said “that he could kick a town down.”

This capital creature was a very useful piece of property: but touching my grandmother's other animal nothing laudatory can be said. Nobody could recollect where she had picked him up. The bacon was all bought—there had not been a porker in the parish within the memory of man. Sir Simon had neither contemporaries, progeny, or subjects—he was himself alone—the Pig.

There were plenty of cocks and hens—cows, bulls, bullocks, rams, ewes, lambs, and chilver hogs—but no pig barring Sir Simon. The Ned had not a name—the pig had. Every body knew him as Sir Simon. He was the kindest, the most patient animal in the world. If the boys had nothing better to do, they sought him out, on the common, and three or four of them at once bestrode him. When fairly mounted he would ejaculate a note or two, expressive of mock-heroic indignation, raise his head, cock his tail, and set off at full speed. In a few moments his riders were invariably thrown. Buckle himself could not sit a pig at full speed. The scapular and caudal vertebrae are so much lower than the lumbar—at least they were in Sir Simon, the only pig I ever rode—that with the animal's violent action the rider is inevitably shuffled over his head, or shelved over his tail, unless he can take and maintain hold of the latter organ and one of the ears. But this Sir Simon would on no account permit. He was good humoured to a fault; he would dig on the common for the roots he loved with a squib tied to his tail, but the moment you touched his ears you put him in a passion—he debased you to the level of a dog, and knocked you ten feet off, topsy turvy, without the least remorse. His tusks were like the canine teeth of a tiger, but he never used them, even when irritated, except against dogs. He would lift a boy by an upward action of his snout over a fern bush, and leave him unhurt upon the sward beyond; but if a strange dog tackled him, it was his sublime pleasure to adopt a demi-lateral, demi-perpendicular action of the head, by which his assailant was mortally ripped, and tossed, sprawling in the agonies of death, over the swine's head. To the boys Sir Simon was a rough, good-humoured playmate on an emergency; to a dog he was dire.

The pig had but one predilection: he never testified the least particle of love towards me, my grandmother, or any other human being; but for the Ned he entertained a decided partiality. He was always with him, except when once now and then he would stroll into Cuckold's Harem wood for a feast of beech-mast and acorns. Where the Ned was grazing, there the pig was ploughing. He trotted by the side of his long-eared friend, when their mutual mistress took home her clean



linen; he *couched* on the common, at his back. He recognised nothing but the Ned; but the Ned never seemed to take the least notice of him.

The realities that mingled with my dream were my grandmother's screams, the howls of Sin, Squire Patch's shouts, and Sir Simon's deep guttural triumphant grunt. I awoke in a violent fright, and as soon as I became conscious of where I was, stole on tiptoe to the window for information. In the high road from the peak of Transom Torr, which the front of Ezra's cottage commanded for nearly a quarter of a mile, there was to me a most appalling piece of work. At one timid, anxious, furtive peep through the jessamine which partially shaded the window, I saw that I had occasioned a frightful commotion. The living picture before me told its story in an instant. From what I saw, the conviction flashed upon me that some good-natured friend had gone down to my grandmother, and told her about Squire Patch having uncoupled the bloodhounds on my track. The old woman, as a matter of course, had mounted her palfrey, and come off at full speed to the rescue. On reaching the scene of action, Death, the younger of the bloodhounds, having a dash of the bull-dog breed in her derived from her sire, had pinned the Ned. Sir Simon, perceiving the nose of his friend between the jaws of a dog, had torn the latter from neck to navel. Sin, a witness of the catastrophe, having no bull-dog blood in her veins, had taken to her heels—Sir Simon, who went to great lengths when he was put up, had followed, supported by my desperate grandmother, and her enraged Ned.

All this, as I subsequently ascertained, had taken place; but, as I have said, the facts flashed upon me at a glance. First came the liver-coloured bloodhound, Sin,—a single object—the very centre of the living picture,—fat, gasping, and scarcely able to maintain a gallop: drops of burning sweat rolled over her red fevered tongue (the only part in which dogs perspire); her eyes were bloodshot, and the protruded pupils were dragged backward, and fixed in horrid alarm on her pursuers; her tail was between her legs, her back was smooth, not a hair on it was elevated. Next came Sir Simon:—his tusks were gory; he frequently licked his hirsute lips; the bristles on his back were all bolt upright; his tail, which naturally had a trifling curl, looked as though he had tied it into a knot; by setting in action some of the muscles about his jaws, his long rugged tusks were fully developed—he grunted with glee.

My granny and her Ned followed. The old lady was in a desperate plight. Her cap had blown off, and her long grisly hair, divided into numerous ropy rat's tails, shot out in straight lines from the back of her head. Her brown sinewy arms were in violent motion, for she was urging the Ned, by thumping

his neck with her white fists, soddened in soap suds, to increase his speed. But this exertion on her part was needless. The Ned seemed to be personally interested in the exploit; his lips were margined with crimson foam; the spirit of vengeance beamed forth from his dark eyes; his ears lay flat on his neck; his flexible and wounded upper lip was in constant motion; he frequently revealed his long teeth, and evidently had an intense desire to have a *scrunch* at the bones of the bloodhound.

Squire Patch and his visitors—the troop of boys who had followed me from Transom Torr—two or three gamekeepers—that infernal postillion who flogged me so—the blacksmith, hot from his forge—the tailor, in slippers—Mr. Smikes, the shoemaker, trying to tuck up his intractable new leathern apron—old hobbling Holloway—Shriek, the parish clerk—in fact, two-thirds of the village formed a busy back-ground to the picture. Patch was blaspheming as though he had been Beelzebub: he could not overtake my granny, and foresaw that his darling bloodhound must inevitably fall a prey to the tusk of the pig. Among the multitude I perceived Ezra; he had a fowling piece in his hand, which he contrived to charge as he ran. Leaping on a dunghill, clothed with weeds in brilliant blossom, by the road side, he knelt down and levelled at Sir Simon. I stood on the tips of my great toes, and clenched my hands until I saw the result of his fire. It took effect.

The small shot, however, merely tickled the pig's thick hide; he received them as a possé of practical jokes, and uttering two or three very gruff, but, to those who knew him, intensely jocose grunts, galloped on with increased speed, although, as I perceived, when he passed, a few of the long bristles that clothed his nether haunch were strung with liquid rubies. There was a patch of flat green turf, at the other side of the road, on which, when the pig had passed, I discovered Blue Peter sprawling in a paroxysm of laughter.

But the scene, however comic it might have been to him, was truly dolorous to me. The last glimpse I obtained of Sir Simon, his enormous ears were flapping up and down like an eagle's wings, triumphantly, as it seemed, bearing him onward to his prey. Granny, mounted on her infuriate Ned, was hard by his haunch; no aid was at hand, and I foresaw that, if Sin had nine lives, they would in a few moments be nine times annihilated. Sir Simon would rip up his flanks—the Ned would scrunch his ribs, and granny would complete the massacre by tearing him limb from limb. The fatal consequences of so audacious an exploit would not be felt so much by the Ned, Sir Simon, or granny, as by me—the first cause of the calamity. Ezra, I was sure, had detected me behind the jessamine as he passed, and I determined to decamp.

After having made my wet and grimy toilet

I descended the stairs, and—Kitty having gone out to see the fun—made my escape by the back-door, sneaked along the garden, and through the ditch of the meadow, into cover. I descended the maiden oak—traversed the brook until the point where it reached Cuckold's Harem Field—emerged there and threw myself flat in a diagonal furrow. Many hours elapsed, and when the west began to grow rosy, I ventured to peep above the corn-blades. My eye fell upon the face of a human being—it was that of dear little Agnes.

Her father being from home again, she had brought me successively, my breakfast, dinner, and supper. Supposing that I was playing the truant, and would probably make my appearance before night, she had kindly concealed my absence from the servants. How I loved her! The bacon, though cold, was capital. I did not eat—I devoured! Her aspect gradually brightened up, and at length my voracity so much amused her, that she cackled like a pullet. While she was in this pleasant mood, having satisfied my appetite, and drained a shooting horn of stout old cider, which she had brought with the bacon, I recounted my recent exploits and perils, and from my mode of treating them, they seemed to strike her as being replete with fun. Once now and then, however, she turned pale, and stared at me awfully; and when I showed her the ridges raised on my urchin hide, by the short-docker of that atrocious postilion—basq-born as myself—she recoiled with horror, and I had much ado to prevent her from running away. As soon as I could prevail upon her to resume the seat she had previously occupied, I excited her interest by discoursing on my future prospects. I had made the village by far too hot to hold me, and I considered it very advisable to be off. It was Saturday evening, and I proposed, during the night, to crawl away to Caddiscombe, where, if Lavolta kept his word, I should meet with him at the fair, on Monday morning. Agnes suggested, that the intervening Sabbath would starve me. To knock this objection on the head, I proposed to pocket my untouched maternal mess of fried potatoes, and vesper ditto of brown bread and cheese: besides, I should meet with lots of hawthorn buds, and it was hard, if, after all my experience—as I meant to work my way as much as possible in covert—I could not find at least one squirrel's winter hoard of nuts unexhausted, in the Caddiscombe woods.

We were sitting opposite each other in the diagonal furrow, into which I had first thrown myself. Agnes, with a melancholy glance, surveyed the space between my naked head and naked ankles—she gazed on tatters. Granny never thought of buying me raiment—I clothed myself. The nether garments I wore, were my own. I purchased them for a penny three months before, from Dick Withers, who had found them somewhere; my jacket was a loan.

I had no pretension to shirt, waistcoat, hat, shoes, or stockings. Had I accepted the two latter articles from Ezra and his wife, perhaps I should not have had the courage to have worn them—in me, and among my companions, it would have looked proud.

Agnes, without speaking a word, took from her bosom a little *huswife*, given to her for the purpose of dressing her dolls. Selecting a little fairy needle, and threading it with a bit of blue silk, she knelt down and commenced sowing up a large rent which revealed the whole of my right knee. We soon began to talk again, and before she had proceeded far in cobbling up the numberless breaches in my garments, I had half persuaded her to be the companion of my meditated expatriation—for such the flight to Caddiscombe to both of us appeared. Her father had often threatened to pack her off to a boarding-school; but do what she would to make him angry, he still delayed the fulfilment of his menace, which it was her intense desire to bring about, for she felt sick of home, and longed to learn dancing. Poor little dear! She had no mother—no sisters or brothers—no companions. Her intercourse with humanity was rigidly restricted: with nothing to do, she felt herself enslaved. When a good girl, she was allowed to play with her dolls in the parlour or the garden; when deemed naughty, she was shut up with them in the brown closet, behind the back bed-room.

We were just on the point of coming to a conclusion, when somebody tittered—we looked up, and there was Blue Peter; over his shoulder gleamed the ruddy countenance of Dolly. They had overheard us, and in a few moments our project, so far as regarded Agnes, was utterly annihilated. Neither of them would, for an instant, entertain it. Agnes was lugged home, shrieking, by Dolly; and Blue Peter promised to hide me under a hen-coop in his own cottage, during the Sabbath, and put me far and free on the road to Caddiscombe long before the sun rose on Monday morning; for he thought that I could not do better than try my luck with Lavolta. My grandmother, he said, was ruined, out and out; for not only did Sir Simon sacrifice Sin, but the ferocious old woman had most severely thrashed Squire Patch.

On hearing this, I would on no account trust myself, for a whole day, to the protection of Blue Peter's hen-coop, but determined to get away at once—threatening the poacher that I would bite him if he attempted to prevent me. Peter took this very good-humouredly, and offering me his back, said he would carry me a clear mile on my road. Pocketing my provisions, and taking the ribbon of Agnes from the deserted bush-magpie's nest, where I had deposited it—I had not thought of it while the young darling was present—I mounted my friend's back, and away we went.

We had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile, when he pulled up under a broad oak. The sky above us was still, in patches, blue and bright; but the spray and budding foliage of the trees made our path occasionally gloomy. Beneath the oak we were in perfect shade. Casting his recalcitrant eye upwards, he said that there were three pheasants at perch on a lofty slender branch, which would not bear him. "They're *craning* out their necks," quoth he; "steal up and twist 'em. Mind me—they be wide awake, but bothered between the lights." I moved, as an amendment, that I should take up three pebbles, and hit them one by one off the roost. We were, however, walking on a bed of thick elastic moss, and Blue Peter, partially falling in with my views, in the absence of pebbles, furnished me with a few penny pieces. I got up the oak with ease, and when upon a level with the birds—they had not yet tucked their heads under their wings—I placed three of my monetary missiles, one upon the other, between my finger and thumb, and carefully, but with all my strength, let go. There were three of them, but I only hit one: down he fell—it was a splendid cock—like lead; the others dashed up into the light and disappeared.

Blue Peter was pleased, and gave me sixpence. Soon after we parted; and being excessively tired, I crept into the hollow of a tree that had fallen, and enjoyed a sound repose. When I awoke it was past mid-day; but this fact it took me an hour's labour to ascertain. I had crept in easily enough, but I found it a matter of appalling difficulty to retrograde. At one time, I felt all but certain that my bed would prove my coffin. The worst of my position was, that although faint with hunger and exertion, I could not get at the fried potatoes, the bread, and the cheese in my pockets—both my hands being unfortunately above my head. At last, by an accidental tortuous exertion, I emancipated myself; and after breakfasting by the side of a pond, from which, as I sat silently, two or three thrushes came for mud to plaster the interior of their nests, I went on my way.

Before nightfall I reached Caddiscombe, and ventured into the market-place, where the fair was about to be held. It was a cattle as well as what is called a pleasure fair. All was bustle, and every body seemed big with preparation for the next morning. I wandered to and fro, half stupefied by the uproar, for several hours, without seeing Lavolta. About two o'clock in the morning the hurly-burly had considerably decreased—the sheep and swine were penned—the horned cattle tethered, and it behoved me to look out for a bed. Crawling into the group of cattle, I at length found a recumbent cow tied to a post, whose large belly and bursting udder offered peculiar attractions. I scratched the poor creature's head—rubbed her painful dugs, which the calf, muzzled and tied to one of her horns,

had not sucked for at least two meals, and having sufficiently ingratiated myself, ventured to lie down and take one of the teats in my mouth. When I had sucked my fill, all around me being tolerably quiet, I untethered the calf, slipped off his muzzle, and let him have a bellyfull; then, curling myself on the cow's warm paunch, I composed myself to sleep. Towards morning my slumbers were dreadfully interrupted by vehement hammering, and when I thought proper to open my eyes, right opposite me, where the night before a number of bare poles had slightly intercepted the moonbeams, I perceived a superb erection, in front of which, about ten o'clock, I experienced the felicity of seeing Lavolta.

He was clad from top to toe in velvet, and silk, and spangles—the most splendid personage I had ever beheld. Squire Patch was a cow-boy to him. But I should never have detected him but for the large blue wen, which he called a mole, under his left ear. The moment I recognised this, I dashed up the steps. My costume and boldness produced a burst of merriment from the spectators, and Lavolta tickled me down with a tandem whip, which he wielded with extraordinary grace and emphasis. It was clear that he did not recollect me. To make myself known to him, I threw myself on my hands, and with legs aloft, proceeded to mount the steps. As soon as I came within his reach, he gave me two or three encouraging taps with the crop of his whip, and when I reached the stage on which he stood, he took me by the shoulder, and led me kindly to the entrance of a dark narrow passage, down which he desired me to grope, and consider myself a part of his establishment.

From the same.

## AMATEUR NATURALISTS.

### BRIDGWATER TREATISES.

MANY of our readers are probably aware that the Earl of Bridgwater bequeathed the sum of eight thousand pounds to be applied in the production of a work on the Power, Wisdom, and Glory of God, as manifested by the Creation—conferring on Davies Gilbert, then President of the Royal Society, the power of selecting the fortunate author. The cautious president, however, divided the special trust reposed in him with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. Of this great triumvirate, the first patent official act was, instead of confiding the labour to one philosopher, to parcel it out among eight—namely, Mr. Whewell, Mr. Kirby, Dr. Roget, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Kidd, and Dr. Somebody-else, whose specific designation we forget. It has been objected to this arrangement, by an able writer in one of our most sterling and upright periodicals, "that the testator's intentions would have been more fully carried into

effect by making it worth the while of a man of acknowledged power to devote a few years to the completion of the whole task. In that case," the writer continues, "he might have bestowed his whole and undivided abilities upon the subject, and thus struck out some novelty, and at any rate brought to bear the entire weight of modern science on the labour." From this we must beg to differ. Who, in a few years, or even in a life, could do so? No one. A man may be an admirable Crichton—he may fence and sing *à merveille*—speak seven languages—and dispute in the schools against all comers; but we rarely meet with one who has attained pre-eminence even in any two or three, out of the many branches of science. Each of these requires long research, and patient industry—they are not to be carried at a *coup-de-main* even by the most brilliant talent, however strengthened it may be by an intimate acquaintance with some sister science. Every one of them is a jealous mistress—to be won only by constant attention. What does Dr. Buckland know of entomology? Could he give such unanswerable proofs of the existence of a Deity, from the physiology of insects as Samouelle or Kirby? from that of the molluscous animals as Sowerby? from that of birds as Swainson or Yarrell? from human anatomy as Bell? from natural chemistry as Faraday? from Botany as Brown? But, in geology, Buckland is a giant—and it is fit that he should "stick to his wax."—A young gentleman was one day making some awkward attempts on the Thames to skate. The spectators tittered; and a foolish friend, hoping to put them to the blush, remarked, "It is true that he does not shine as a skater; but nobody can beat him as a swimmer." "Then," said some one, "let him break the ice and swim." Had one person presumed to have written the projected grand Bridgewater Treatise, while floundering among fish, or grovelling with the reptiles, it would prove of no avail for his friends to assert that he was a great astronomer, or learned in the causes of capillary attraction.

We admit that the Bridgewater Treatises, according to the present arrangement, may display many instances of the same conclusions being drawn from different arguments. But what of that? The instances, at least, will be correct—or at least so far correct as not to be beneath the highest level of human knowledge, which they could not possibly be, had they all been presented to us by one hand.

The first of the Bridgewater Treatises, entitled "Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology, by the Rev. William Whewell, M. A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge," appeared some weeks ago; and coterminously with it, came out a work, by the Rev. Henry Fergus, of Dunfermline,—*"The Testimony*

*of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfections, and Government of God."* From his title, it will be seen, that the author has evidently aimed at the production of the book contemplated by the Earl of Bridgewater—of performing that in one volume, for which eight have been deemed necessary by the late President of the Royal Academy, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London—adding too, the Testimony of Revelation to that of Nature. His intentions were doubtless excellent, and his abilities are apparently of a high order. But he has attempted a task, which no man living could execute: it is not extraordinary, therefore, that in some sections of his work, he should fail;—he has done so,—particularly where he ventures to skim the surface of Natural History. He does not pretend to go deep into the subject; but even on the froth he is strangely out of his element.

From the Same.

#### RECENT ATROCITIES OF THE RUSSIANS IN POLAND.

COMMUNICATIONS with Poland are now so difficult, that the public prints can give but vague and imperfect details on the deplorable fate of that heroic land. Russia, it is true, does not conceal her intentions with regard to Poland any longer from the rest of Europe. In abolishing the constitution guaranteed by the treaty of Vienna, she proclaims loudly her project of reducing the country to the rank of a province; but what she yet wishes to enshroud in a veil of mystery, is the atrocity of the measures she puts in force to attain this object. We shall present to our readers a few facts and official documents, the authenticity of which we can guarantee. The simple reproduction here, without either reflection or commentary, will perhaps silence those men who, like Durham and his clique, extol to the skies the good faith and generosity of the Emperor Nicholas.

The exportation of children is one of the means made use of to consummate the destruction of the Polish people. The imperial ukases for this measure spread terror and desolation through the kingdom. The terrified mothers ceased to send their children to the schools—so much so, that the municipal body of Warsaw was at last obliged to issue a proclamation, in which it declared, that the Emperor took under his protection only poor and orphan children; but the determination of this quality was made to depend on the arbitrary will and caprice of the military commandants.

It must however be allowed, that there are some men among the Russians who are sensible of the atrocity of their master's orders, but who, nevertheless, seek to propagate a belief that every thing done relatively to Poland is with the consent of the three united powers of



Russia, Prussia, and Austria. It is also worthy of remark, that the ukase only makes mention of orphans; but then, according to its definition, an orphan is, 1st, a child without a father, although he may possess a fortune; 2dly, a child whose parents are living, but who are in indigent circumstances. In order to find out these orphans, the following measures were taken by the Russian government:—They invited, at Warsaw, through the intermedium of the commissaries of police, and in the provinces through that of the "*commissaires d'arrondissements*," all those who required assistance for their children, to send in a declaration to that effect, which was accordingly done by a great many. Having thus obtained a long list of poor children, they were immediately seized; and in order to give a colouring of justice to the measure, it was stated to be in conformity to the wishes of their parents that the emperor took them under his protection. As to the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the veteran legions of Poland, their children were seized by force, and those who resisted were immediately delivered over to the military tribunals to be tried for insubordination. However, the major part of these men, settled for some time at Warsaw, had, by their labour and savings, derived the means of educating their own children. One of them, who possessed a house and garden in the Faubourg, and whose son had been seized, having in vain petitioned by writing for his release, found at last means of gaining access to the presence of Prince Paskiewicz. Throwing himself with his wife at the feet of the field marshal, he represented to him forcibly that he possessed the means of bringing up his son. "What! have you a house?" said the viceroy; "Good; but the emperor possesses millions of houses, he will therefore give your son a much better education than you can."

The little boys who used to hawk fruit and flowers about the streets of Warsaw, were publicly seized—for these all came under the category of vagabonds—and placed in the barracks of Alexander. Their heads were shaved, and they were sent off into the interior of Russia. To the frontiers of the kingdom they were transported on wagons; but once arrived there, the remainder of the journey was made on foot. An eye-witness has assured us, that out of 450 children of the first division transported, scarcely 115 reached Bobruyak alive: the rest had either perished, or were left behind to do so in the Russian hospitals. The next step was to seize all the male children of the parochial schools of the capital! But this was comparatively nothing to what took place in Lithuania, in Samozitia, Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine. There, children of both sexes were seized at the caprice of subaltern military commandants, and dragged off to the interior of Russia.

To every column of these unfortunate crea-

tures there were attached some little Russian carriages (*kibitki*) for transporting the provisions, and such children as were unable to walk. If a child was taken ill on the march, he was abandoned in the *Steppe*, with a portion of bread and water placed by his side, sufficient to last for three or four days. Several persons recently arrived from Siberia, have fallen in with the corpses of some of these unfortunate young creatures, stretched beside the bread of which they had been unable to avail themselves. They likewise saw Polish prisoners, though heavily ironed, carrying in their arms some of these abandoned victims, whom they had picked up in their line of march. Again, these orders were executed in so arbitrary a manner, that the Cossacks and Baskirs who escorted the columns of prisoners, frequently sold the children to the Jews, or made presents of them to the Russian peasantry. But we will not descant more on the tender mercies of the autocrat towards the innocent children of Poland. We shall proceed to the second means of annihilation of the population of Poland—"the conscription." It is true that we have seen an imperial ukase which forbade the enlistment, in the Russian army, of the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the old Polish army; but by a singular interpretation of the amnesty granted to those men who returned from Austria and Prussia, it has been limited only to those who possess some landed property—an event of such rare occurrence among this class of men in Poland, that in 40,000 there would not be found perhaps ten who were by this means exempt from military service. After having thus annulled the effects of the amnesty, the soldiers were given to understand that it was a great favour accorded to them—that of receiving military pay in some remote part of Asia, instead of punishing them for their revolt. The inevitable effect of all these dispositions will be to deprive Poland of more than one-half of her adult population. It would be impossible to describe the terror caused by this ruthless order. On every side nothing was heard but lamentations, and the low breathings of implacable vengeance. One woman, indignant at so many atrocities, cried out, "May the tyrannical czar be drowned in the tears of Polish mothers!" Young men of the noblest families are now serving as privates in Russian regiments at 4,000 or 5,000 versts from Warsaw. Some time ago, the military commandant in that city, proposed to the Polish officers of the late engineer and artillery corps to enter the Russian service; but they, one and all, though they expressed their readiness to serve as civil engineers, refused to wear the Russian uniform. The emperor, informed of this, commanded every one of them to send in, in writing, the motives upon which their decision was based.

But what is another source of great abuse in Poland is, the procedure of the Russian

court martials. *Before passing sentence, they are obliged to ask the field-marshal the nature of the penalty to be awarded.* An auditor afterwards makes a report upon the affair, and, without ever seeing the accused, *they condemn him according to the order they receive.* After the capture of Warsaw a term was assigned within which all the inhabitants were ordered to deliver up their arms to the public authorities. A serjeant of the national guard had in his house the firelocks of the detachments he formerly commanded; he accordingly ordered his servant to carry them to the arsenal. On the eve of the expiration of the prescribed term, the servant, from some trifling cause, did not go till the next day; the serjeant was in consequence immediately arrested. The officer who had to take cognizance of this affair did not understand Polish, and the serjeant was equally unacquainted with Russian. They addressed a few words to him which he did not understand, and then made him get into a kibitka. It was only on arriving at the fortress of Zamosk that he learnt he was condemned to six months' hard labour. Whenever field-marshal Prince Paskiewicz appears in public, it is with all the arrogance and ostentation of a Persian satrap. As he was one day riding out, surrounded by a numerous staff, he met in one of the streets a labourer, who was quietly pursuing his occupation, heedless of the military cortège. Enraged at this "insouciance," and looking on it as a mark of disrespect to his illustrious person, the prince ordered the poor fellow to be seized, and to receive, in his presence, fifty lashes of the knout.

The destruction of literary and scientific establishments is a third means employed by the Russian government to extinguish Polish nationality. The national library of Warsaw, containing 200,000 volumes, and especially rich in MS. of the ancient Slavonian literature, has been conveyed to St. Petersburg.

The numismatic cabinet, and that of engravings, have shared the same fate. The first was unique in Europe for the collection of ancient Polish and Slavonian coins: the last was presented for the use of the nation by the king Stanislaus Augustus and Count Stanislaus Potocki. Besides these spoiliations, they have studiously carried off every thing that could revive the recollection of the ancient glory of the kingdom of Poland. In fact, the destruction of Polish nationality is pursued even in the most trifling details. Only the Russian colours are now seen, with which the military posts and parapets of all the bridges are painted; the public authorities are strictly ordered to tie together the leaves of all the official documents with these colours; the decoration of the white Eagle has been changed; the Russian Eagle has been substituted for that of Poland, and the colour of the ribbon from light to dark blue.

The bulletin of laws and the decrees of the

administrative council, contain at present the Russian text opposite to the Polish; the Polish national cockade has been changed,\* and their decoration "*virtuti militari*," now glitters upon the breast of every Russian. In the mean time the fortifications of the citadel of Warsaw are rapidly advancing, while the outward aspect of that city has undergone a complete transformation. Nothing to be seen but Russian reviews—nothing to be heard but the shrill cry of the bearded Russian coachmen, as they drive at a furious rate their haughty masters with their starved beasts. On every side an Asiatic ostentation reigns. In the principal streets all the first floors are occupied by Russian families; but the capital supports her misfortune with heroic dignity. The inhabitants seldom appear abroad. In no public fête is the face of a Pole seen. The people, with all the energy of their character, appear resolved to rise superior to their fate. Sanguine in their hopes of deliverance, they look for the arrival of the French and Hungarians as if they were only a few leagues from their gates; and ever ready to fight for their independence, they stand erect and feel their moral superiority over their barbarous oppressors.

In Lithuania, some thousands of inhabitants, goaded to desperation, have taken refuge in the forests of Biallossies, where they have been carrying on with some success a partisan warfare. There are among them many distinguished individuals, followed by their families and the entire population of some villages, who had only this alternative left them, of saving themselves and their children from death and exile.

The indomitable spirit of the gallant Poles keeps the Russian authorities constantly on the alert. During the day, of late, the streets are constantly patrolled by strong Russian detachments, and more than once the garrison has bivouacked all night in the streets and public squares. So fearful are they lest their troops should imbibe any local attachments, that all intercourse between the Russian officers and the Polish inhabitants is strictly forbidden. The cantonnments of their regiments are constantly changed, and it is the intention of the Russian government to relieve their army of occupation every six months—rather an expensive measure, we apprehend, for the exhausted treasury of Nicholas Paulovitch.

From the stern and lofty resignation of the gallant Poles there are some sanguine spirits, who fondly imagine that the regeneration of their ill-fated land may yet be achieved, and that the first "*coup de canon*" fired in Europe would be the trumpet of Polish resurrection. But even were the prospects of a general war less remote than they really are, such a glo-

\* When this declaration was sent to General Rudiger, he said "C'est une carte blanche pour avoir un soufflet à l'étranger."

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rious consummation is now a political dream. The energies of Poland may be unsubdued, but her resources are exhausted; her elements of resistance are scattered, while she writhes within the iron grasp of her gigantic and ruthless foe beyond the power of redemption. No! the fate of that gallant people is irrevocably sealed; the favourable moment for action has been twice allowed, within the space of twenty years, to escape, and Poland will remain to the latest posterity a monument of the false policy of two different but not remote periods. The first was, the political error of Napoleon, the non-reorganization of that ancient kingdom at the period of the invasion of Russia in 1812. We allow that the failure of that great enterprise may be attributed to military causes, to the violation of the principle of a *base*, and to the extension upon too gigantic a scale of the line of operations—still it was a fatal political error that materially influenced the final direction of the tide of affairs. But equally fatal, if not more so, to the future independence of western Europe, will prove the temporizing inertia, the drivelling policy of the governments of France and England, who have deserved the curses of future generations.

Well do we recollect that when a universal cry of sympathy resounded through regenerated France in favour of heroic Poland, that Sebastiana strove in a Machiavellian discourse to convince the Chamber of Deputies of the strategic impossibility of an armed intervention on the part of France in favour of Poland, by holding up to them the gigantic military means of the powers of the north. Never was legislative assembly so cajoled and deceived. Not only was the operation practicable, but we boldly assert that the issue of the campaign would have been widely different: it was not necessary to march across Germany. Had France or England have only despatched a squadron to the Baltic, it would have acted upon the very line of communication of the Russian army—it might also have thrown into Polangen both arms and ammunition, of which the Poles stood in such need, that the third rank of their regular regiments, and the entire of their partisan corps, were armed only with scythes. Again, while the manly effects of this intervention upon the population of Poland would have been electric, its paralyzing influence on the operations of the Russians, whose general was compelled to change his manoeuvres five different times, would have been decisive.

We are aware that it will be urged that such a line of policy would have thrown the weight of Austria and of Prussia into the opposite scale. But could their open hostility have proved more fatal to the cause of Polish independence than their treacherous neutrality? So far from it, the attention of these two states would have been attracted to a more distant sphere of action—to the Tyrol

and Italy—to Westphalia and the Rhine, conquered dependencies, that only waited till the tri-coloured flag was unfurled, to rise, and with one majestic effort hurl the oppressors from their soil. But, alas, for the honour of our times, a master-mind to conjure up this storm to save Europe, was no where to be found. Poland has expired; and from what is passing in the East, the balance of power is now a political chimera, and all this may be laid at the door of the *doctrinaires* of France and their confederates, the Whigs of England.

From Fraser's Magazine.

### WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

"There's something in a flying horse,  
There's something in a huge balloon,"

—as the poet of *Peter Bell* says; and we may add, there's something in an easy chair—for in one, as our readers will observe by casting their eyes on the opposite picture, sits that poet aforesaid, namely, William Wordsworth, himself, *in propria persona*.

No man of his generation has been so much praised and abused. He truly prophesied, in his preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, that these poems would be enthusiastically admired, or consigned to the uttermost contempt. Not long after their publication, the cackling brood of the Edinburgh reviewers came into existence, and they were determined to crow down Wordsworth. Some local Westmoreland spite actuated Brougham; and Jeffery was from the beginning, as he will be to the end, a mean and petty creature. Accordingly, the *Lyrical Ballads*, and all that ever fell from Wordsworth's muse, were decried as the most unmeaning nonsense that ever emanated from the brain of a driveller; and though they fought their way gallantly up in the world, in the teeth of this adverse criticism, and much more founded upon it (for of hack critics it is true, as of dogs, that the filth of one acts as an incentive to the filth of another), yet, to the very last of Jeffery's career, Wordsworth was set down as an ass, great as that belaboured by Peter Bell. A criticism even on the *Excursion*, the greatest didactic poem in our language, commenced with "This 'will never do.'"

He may now despise the Edinburgh reviewers, and all that to them appertains; but they had their effect in their day. Even Lord Byron, when attacking the crew in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, fell into their slang; and the strictures which he poured forth so unsparingly on Wordsworth—simple Wordsworth—were taken from the *Edinburgh Review*. It will be seen, by the edition of his works now editing for Murray, that his lordship repented afterwards of his injustice, and described his sarcasms as unfair and illiberal. Without this testimony, we might have in-

ferred the fact from the circumstance of his having imitated the great Laker in some half dozen of his poems, and transferred some of the most striking passages of him whom, in *Don Juan*, he stigmatised as "mad beyond all hope," into the most celebrated of his own productions.

The reaction which took place in Lord Byron's mind, has taken place in the mind of the reading populace in general, and people are now good enough to admit that the author of the *Sonnets to Liberty*, *Laodamia*, *Dion*, the *Song in Brougham Castle*, the *Old Cumberland Beggar*, the "Sweet Highland Girl," *Yarrow Unvisited*, the *White Doe of Rylstone*, and fifty other things, any of which would immortalize an ordinary writer, is something of a poet, to be named in the days which have produced an *Alaric Watts* or a *Robert Montgomery*. His fame will increase, and the more steadily the more such productions as the *Idiot Boy*, and *Alice Fell*, and all the rest of that tribe of compositions are forgotten.

This he will not believe. Talk to Wordsworth of the *Idiot Boy*, at which all mankind have laughed, and he will tell you, with a most solemn intonation of voice, and great magniloquence of style, that Charles Fox was most particularly struck with admiration of that very poem, and caution you against committing the rash act of censuring a production written by such a poet as Wordsworth, and panegyrised by such a critic as Fox. The various other pieces of nonsense which he has published are furnished with sponsors equally famous; and as parents are generally strenuous in defence or patronage of their rickety children, so does the *stars* of our poet shine most conspicuously in favour of those compositions which, to eyes not parental, appear the most deformed and unsightly. Any man of common sense in half an hour would, by blotting a couple of dozen pages from Wordsworth's works, render them secure from criticism; but these very couple of dozen are the pages which he would most strenuously insist on retaining, stunning you with oratory to prove them the most superb things ever composed.

For the rest, he is a good sturdy Tory, a most exemplary man in all the relations of life, and a stamp-master void of reproach.

From the Athenæum.

#### THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

LAST year, about the end of October, as I was returning on foot from Orleans to the chateau of Bardy, I beheld before me, on the high road, a regiment of Swiss guards. I hastened forward to hear the military music, of which I am extremely fond; but before I had overtaken the regiment the band had ceased playing, and the drum alone continued

to mark the measured footsteps of the soldiers.

After marching for about half an hour, the regiment entered a small plain, surrounded by a wood of fir trees. I asked one of the captains if the regiment was going to perform evolutions.

"No, Sir," he replied; "we are going to try, and probably shoot, a soldier belonging to my company, for having robbed the citizen upon whom he was billeted."

"What!" I exclaimed, "is he to be tried, condemned, and executed all in an instant?"

"Yes," the captain replied; "Such are the terms of our capitulations." This to him was an unanswerable reason: as if all things had been considered in the capitulations; the fault and its penalty,—justice, and even humanity.

"If you have any curiosity to witness the proceedings," said the captain, politely, "I shall be happy to get you a place. They will soon be over."

I never avoid such scenes; for I imagine that I learn, from the countenance of a dying man, what death is. I therefore followed the captain.

The regiment formed into square. Behind the second rank, and on the borders of the wood, some of the soldiers began to dig a grave, under the command of a subaltern; for regimental duty is always performed with regularity, and a certain discipline maintained, even in the digging of a grave.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were seated upon drums; on their right, and a little more in front, a ninth was writing upon his knees, but with apparent negligence, and simply to prevent a man from being put to death without some legal forms.

The accused was called forward. He was a fine well-grown young fellow, with mild, yet noble features. By his side stood a woman, who was the only witness against him. The moment the colonel began to examine this woman, the prisoner interrupted him:

"It is useless, Colonel," he said; "I will confess every thing; I stole this woman's handkerchief."

THE COLONEL. You, Piter! why you passed for an honourable man, and a good soldier.

PITER. It is true, Colonel, that I have always endeavoured to satisfy my officers. I did not steal for myself: it was for Marie.

THE COLONEL. And who is Marie?  
PITER. Why Marie who lives—there—in our own country—near Areneberg—where the great apple-tree is—I shall, then, see her no more!

THE COLONEL. I do not understand you, Piter; explain yourself.

\* By the capitulations, are to be understood, the treaties entered into between the Swiss Cantons and the foreign governments, under whom their soldiers served.



PITER. Well, Colonel, read this letter.

And he handed to the Colonel a letter, every word of which is engraven on my memory.

"My dear friend, Piter,—I seize the opportunity of sending you this letter by Arnold, a recruit who has enlisted in your regiment. I also send a silk purse which I have made for you. I did not let my father see that I was making it, for he always scolds me for loving you so much, and says you will never return. But you surely will come back, won't you? But whether you come back or not, I shall always love you. I first consented to become yours on the day you picked up my blue handkerchief at the Areneberg dance, and brought it to me. When shall I see you again? What pleases me is the information I have received, that the officers esteem you, and your comrades love you. But you have still two years to serve. Get through them as fast as you can, and then we will be married. Adieu, my good friend Piter. Your dear MARIE.

P. S.—Try to send me something from France, not for fear I should forget you, but that I may always carry it about me. Kiss what you send, and I am sure I shall soon find out the place of your kiss."

When the colonel had finished reading the letter, Piter resumed: "Arnold," he said, "delivered this letter last night when I received my billet. I could not sleep all night for thinking of Marie. In her letter she asks me for something from France. I had no money,—I have mortgaged my pay for three months in order to help my brother and cousin, who set out on their return home a few days since. This morning, on rising, I opened my window. A blue handkerchief was drying upon a line, and it resembled the one belonging to Marie. The colour and the blue stripes were actually the same. I was base enough to take it and put it in my knapsack. I went out into the street; my conscience smote me, and I was returning to the house to restore it to its owner, when this woman came up to me, with the guard, and the handkerchief was found in my possession. This is the whole truth. The capitulations require that I should be shot;—let me be shot instantly;—but do not despise me."

The judges were unable to conceal their emotion; nevertheless they unanimously condemned Piter to death. He heard the sentence without emotion; then advancing towards his captain, requested the loan of four francs. The captain gave him the money. He then approached the old woman from whom he had taken the handkerchief and I heard him utter these words:

"Madam, here are four francs; I know not whether your handkerchief be worth more, but if it be, it costs me dear enough, and you may excuse me from paying the difference."

Then, taking the handkerchief, he kissed it and gave it to the captain. "Captain," said he, "in two years you will return to our

mountains; if you go near Areneberg, do me the favour to ask for Marie, and give her this blue handkerchief; but do not tell her the price I paid for it." He then knelt, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, rose, and walked with a firm step to the place of execution.

I retired into the wood, that I might not witness the last scene of this tragedy. A few shots soon made known that it was over.

Having returned to the little plain an hour after, I found the regiment gone, and all quiet; but as I followed the border of the wood, in order to reach the high road, I perceived traces of blood, and a mound of freshly moved earth. Cutting a branch of fir, I made a rude cross, which I placed upon the grave of one already forgotten by all save myself and Marie.

From the same.

# MÉCANIQUE CÉLESTE.\*

Two quarto volumes of this work are before us, and they do honour to the American nation. It is not our purpose, here, to say any thing respecting the original; such an estimate of its value as could be given within our limits, would be useless to men of science, and unintelligible to every body else. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the merits of the translation. The translator is thoroughly master of his subject: a circumstance essential in the translation of a scientific work, though not always required by modern publishers when they wish to have such works "done into English." As a consequence, his style is lucid and his language simple. In the notes the abridged calculations of La Place are worked out at full length; and in many of these intermediate steps of demonstration we find examples of ingenious and delicate analysis, which could have been supplied only by a perfect master of the calculus. It may be questionable whether the translator has not adhered too closely to the notation of the original; we approve of the plan, because it is that with which we are most familiar, but we know that many modern mathematicians deem parts of it unnecessarily cumbrous. The appendix to the second volume is of great value, but we think it rather too brief. Much remains yet to be done for the simplification of analytical trigonometry; and we wish that Dr. Bowditch would have undertaken a task for which he is manifestly so competent.

The typography of the work is beautiful, and wonderfully accurate; and hence we can readily pardon the compositors for adding their names to the imprint,—they may be justly proud of their success.

\* Mécanique Céleste. By the Marquis de la Place. Translated, with a Commentary, by Nathaniel Bowditch, LL. D. Boston, Hilliard & Gray: London, O. Rich.

From the same.

# SCRAPS FOR THE YEAR 1833, IN WHICH IS INCLUDED TROLLOP-ANIA.

WE were some time deciphering the enigmatical title page of this work, which announces, by a combination of trees and men, that it is "designed, executed, and published, by D. C. Johnston, Artist, Boston," U. S. We regret that we cannot at once dip our pen in aquafortis, and thus make manifest to our readers the caricature skits, which are here humbly offered in illustration of various passages in "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." They are not, indeed, particularly good, yet it is impossible to avoid laughing at the "Dress Box, Chatham Garden Theatre," and "Trollope at Home, in de first col'rd Circles." The artist, however, is not a jot less willing to ridicule his own countrymen; and the Militia officers come in for a full share. In one sketch we have a couple of drunken fellows, whiffing cigars, stupefying over their potations, and holding the following dialogue—"Now, colonel, I'll bet you a whole glass, that next trainin I'll captivate Farmer Snooks's pig-sty." "Poh, when you've been in real service like me—that is, engaged in half a dozen sham fights—you may talk of making captives; I wonder how many captives Bonaparte have made if it had'n't been for ball-cartridges? If he'd tried a sham fight, I guess he'd have found out as how it takes a little harder fighting to get a victory, than when they have leaden bullets to help 'em."—"Another is called "Liberality on both Sides," and represents a ragged militia officer, and a still more ragged bandy-legged negro, at the bar of a public house, and is illustrated by the following:—"Cuff, you're a good honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man wat's lived an honest life, if he is black; you shall take a glass to drink with me, Cuff—" "Well, captain, I's berry dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it; some niggers is too proud to drink with a militia officer; but when he sober he jis as good as nigger, 'specially if de nigger's dry."

From the same.

## GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

BURNET, we understand, has commenced the promised engraving of Allan's "Sir Walter Scott reading in his Study at Abbotsford." The picture was painted under the poet's own eye: each antiquarian item of furniture, or curious nick-nack, is represented with singular truth and effect, and the likeness of Scott is one of the happiest we have seen. It has the merit of being the last portrait taken from the life, and the size of the plate is such as to enable the engraver to do justice to whatever the painter has introduced.

We have just received the *North American Review* for April, and it is an excellent num-

ber. It is possible, that we may have been flattered into this favourable opinion, seeing that the "Memoir of Sir Walter Scott," which appeared in the *Athenaeum*, has been reprinted in America, and forms the leading article—but, to say nothing of this, there is an admirable paper on the "History of Philadelphia," which abounds in pleasant anecdotes; another on Thatcher's "Indian Biography;" others on Abercrombie "On the Intellectual Powers;" "Southey's Life of Bunyan"—"The Progress of Society;" a soporific for all who have a nervous dread of revolutions—and one on "Spanish Language and Literature," which we have not yet had time to examine.

We have already received notice that a reply to Moore's theological work is preparing for immediate publication, to be called, "A Guide to an Irish Gentleman in Search for a Religion."

Miss Edgeworth, after a silence of some years, is about to open her lips again in romance: Ireland, we hear, is the scene of the story, and the price paid little less than a thousand pounds. Mr. Murray has discovered, we understand, a published poem by Crabbe, of which the world was ignorant: it bears "George Crabbe, surgeon," on the title-page,—indeed, his poetry smacks more of the dissecting-table than of the pulpit: little of his early history is known. A volume of Poems from the pen of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley is also nearly ready.

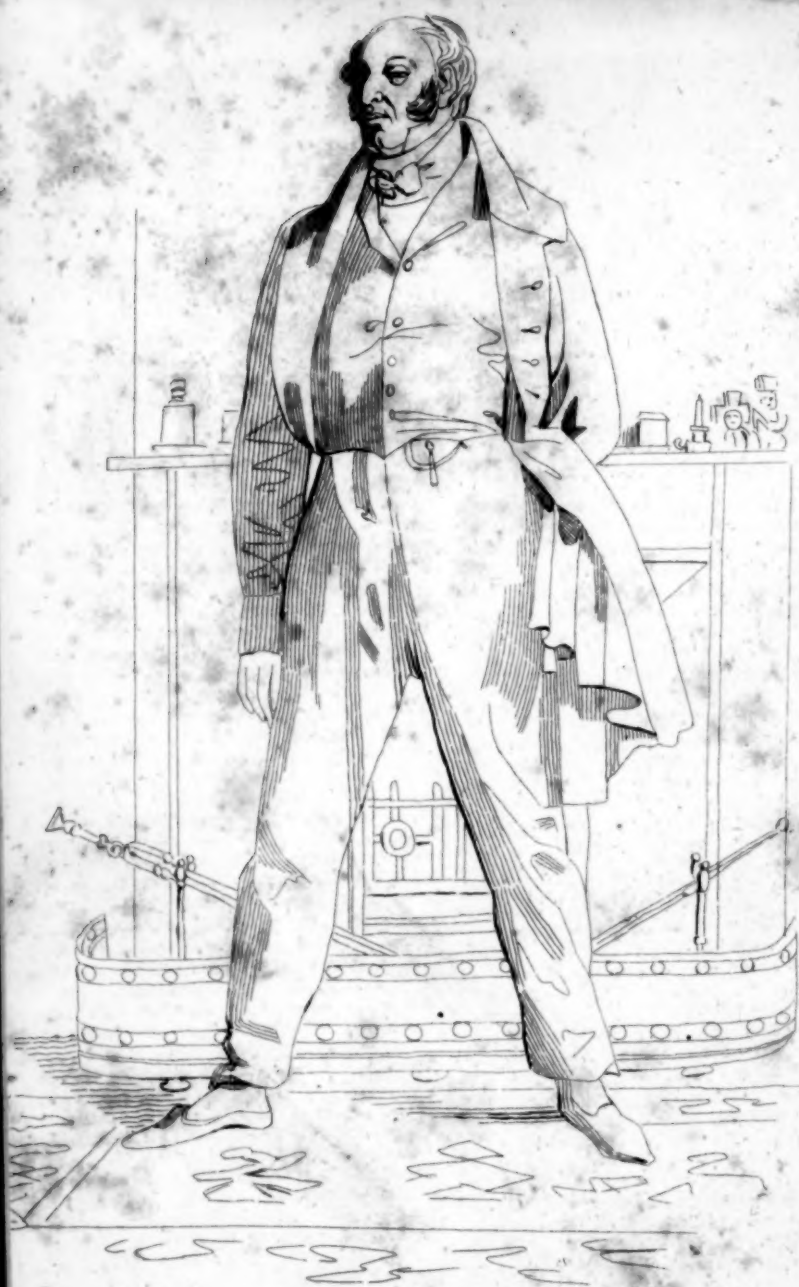
*University of Dublin.*—May 17.—Mountford Longfield, L.L.D., E.T.C.D., gave today his introductory lecture on political economy. He is the first professor on the new foundation of Archbishop Whately. He has fully satisfied the expectations which were entertained of him from his very high character; and his election as professor does much honour to the provost and board of Trinity College.

The fine statue of Bishop Heber, from the chisel of Chantry, will, we hear, be ready for its place in St. Paul's, during the autumn; the figure is kneeling, the left hand rests on a book, the right is laid on the breast, and there is an air of sincere devotion about the brow, and a natural elegance about the drapery, which make it one of the finest works of the eminent sculptor. It is to be placed in the eastern side of the cathedral, and will be as a companion to the monument of Bishop Middleton, by Lough.

Stanfield, we are told, is about to depart on a mission to the land of Crabbe, for the purpose of making drawings for the new edition of the poet's works.

*The New American Orchardist*, by William Kenrick.—We are happy to see that the Americans are turning their attention to horticulture; their enemies, and their friends, whose opinions are better worth attention, have often upbraided them with the neglect.





*James Morier*

AUTHOR OF "HAJJI BABA IN ENGLAND"

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